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A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL

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CHAPTER I

IN every large city throughout the world, thousands of women are so set aside as outcasts from decent society that it is considered an impropriety to speak the very word that designates them. Lecky calls this type of woman "the most mournful and the most awful figure in history"; he says that "she remains, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal sacrifice of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people." But evils so old that they are embedded in man's earliest history have been known to sway before an enlightened public opinion, and in the end to give way to a growing conscience, which regards them first as a moral affront and at length as an utter impossibility. Thus the generation just before us, our own fathers, uprooted the enormous upas of slavery, "the tree that was literally as old as the race of man," although slavery doubtless had its beginnings in the captives of man's earliest warfare, even as this existing evil thus originated.

The Twin of Slavery, and the New Conscience Concerning It

Those of us who think we discern the beginnings of a new conscience in regard to this twin of slavery, as old and outrageous as slavery itself and even more persistent, find a possible analogy between certain civic, philanthropic, and educational efforts directed against the very existence of this social evil, and similar organized efforts which preceded the overthrow of slavery in America. Thus, long before slavery was finally declared illegal, there were international regulations of its traffic, state and federal legislation concerning its extension, and many extra-legal attempts to control its abuses; quite as we have the international regulations concerning the white slave traffic, the state and interstate legislation for its repression, and an extra-legal power in connection with it so universally given to the municipal police that the possession of this power has become one of the great sources of corruption in every American city.

Before society was ready to proceed against the institution of slavery as such, groups of men and women, by means of the underground railroad, cherished and educated individual slaves. It is scarcely necessary to point out the similarity to the "rescue homes" and preventive associations which every great city contains.

It is always easy to overwork an analogy, and yet the economist who for years insisted that slave labor continually and arbitrarily limited the wages of free labor, and was, therefore, a detriment to national wealth, was a forerunner of the economist of to-day who points out the economic basis of the social evil — the connection between low wages and despair, between overfatigue and the demand for reckless pleasure.

Before the American nation agreed to regard slavery as unjustifiable from the standpoint of public morality, an army of reformers, lecturers, and writers set forth its enormity in a never-ceasing flow of invective, of appeal, and of portrayal concerning the human cruelty to which the system lent itself. We can discern the

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scouts and outposts of a similar army advancing against this existing evil: the physicians and sanitarians who are committed to the task of ridding the race of contagious diseases; the teachers and lecturers who are appealing to the higher morality of thousands of young people; the growing literature, not only biological and didactic, but of a popular type more closely approaching "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Throughout the agitation for the abolition of slavery in America, there were statesmen who gradually became convinced of the political and moral necessity of giving to the freedmen the protection of the ballot. In this current agitation, there are at least a few men and women who would extend a greater social and political freedom to all women, if only because domestic control has proved so ineffectual.

The Old Abolitionist Movement and the New

We may certainly take courage from the fact that our contemporaries are fired by social compassions and enthusiasms to which even our immediate predecessors were indifferent. Social compunctions have ever manifested themselves in varying degrees of ardor through different groups in the same community. Thus, among those who are newly aroused to action in regard to the social evil are many who would endeavor to regulate it and believe they can minimize its dangers, still larger numbers who would eliminate all trafficking of unwilling victims in connection with it, and yet others who believe that as a quasi-legal institution it may be absolutely abolished. Perhaps the analogy to the abolition of slavery is most striking in that these groups, in their varying points of view, are like those earlier associations which differed widely in regard to chattel slavery. Only the so-called extremists, in the first instance, stood for abolition, and they were continually told that what they proposed was clearly impossible. The legal and commercial obstacles, bulked large, were placed before them, and it was confidently asserted that the blame for the historic existence of slavery lay deep within human nature itself. Yet gradually all of these associations reached the point of view of the abolitionist, and before the war was over even the most lukewarm unionist saw no other solution of the nation's difficulty. Some such gradual conversion to the point of view of abolition is the experience of every society or group of people who seriously face the difficulties and complications of the social evil. Certainly the national organizations, such as the National Vigilance Committee, the American Purity Federation, and the American Alliance for the Suppression and Prevention of the White Slave Traffic, stand for the final abolition of commercialized vice. Local vice commissions, such as the able one recently appointed in Chicago, although composed of members of varying beliefs in regard to the possibility of control and regulation, united, in the end, in recommending a law enforcement looking toward final abolition. Even the most skeptical of Chicago citizens, after reading the fearless document, shared the hope of the commission that "the city, when aroused to the truth, would instantly rebel against the social evil in all its phases." A similar recommendation of ultimate abolition was recently made unanimous by the Minneapolis Vice Commission, after the conversion of many of its members. Certainly all of the national societies have before them a task only less gigantic than that faced by those earlier associations in America for the suppression of slavery, although it may be legitimate to remind them that the best-known anti-slavery society" in America was organized by the New England abolitionists in 1836, and only thirty-six years later, in 1872, was formally disbanded because its object had been accomplished. The long struggle ahead of these newer associations may also claim its martyrs and its heroes. Few righteous causes have escaped baptism with blood, and, if one may paraphrase Lincoln's speech, if blood were exacted drop by drop in measure to the tears of anguished mothers and enslaved girls, the nation would still be obliged to go into the struggle.

White Slavery as an Organized Traffic

Throughout this article, the phrase "social evil" is used to designate the sexual commerce permitted to exist in every large city, usually in a segregated district, wherein the chastity of women is bought and sold. Modifications of legal codes regulating marriage and divorce, moral judgments concerning the entire group of questions centering about illicit affection between men and women, are quite other questions, which are not considered in these articles. Such problems must always remain distinct from those of commercialized vice, as must the treatment of an "irreducible minimum" which will doubtless always exist.

Nothing is gained by making the situation better or worse than it is, nor in any wise different from what it is. This ancient evil is indeed social in the sense of community responsibility, and can only be understood and at length remedied when we face the facts and measure the resources which may at length be massed

against it. Perhaps the most striking indication that our generation has become the bearer of a new moral consciousness in regard to the existence of commercialized vice is the fact that the mere contemplation of it throws the more sensitive men and women among our contemporaries into a state of indignant revolt. It is doubtless an instinctive shrinking from this emotion, and an unconscious dread that this modern sensitiveness will be outraged, which justifies to themselves so many moral men and women in their persistent ignorance of the subject. Yet one of the most obvious resources at our command, which might well be utilized at once, if it is to be utilized at all, is the overwhelming pity and sense of protection which the recent revelations in the white slave traffic have aroused for the thousands of young girls, many of them still children, who are yearly sacrificed to the "sins of the people." All of this emotion ought to be made of value, for, quite as a state of emotion is invariably the organic preparation for action, so it is certainly true that no profound spiritual transformation can take place without it.

At the present moment, even the least conscientious citizens agree that, first and foremost, this organized traffic in what has come to be called "white slaves" must be suppressed, and that those traffickers who procure their victims for purely commercial purposes must be arrested and prosecuted. As it is impossible to rescue girls fraudulently and illegally detained, save through governmental agencies, it is naturally through the line of legal action that the most striking revelations of the white slave traffic have come. For the sake of convenience, we may divide this legal action into those cases dealing with the international trade, those with the state and interstate traffic, and the regulations with which the municipality alone is concerned.

The Case of the Girl Imported from Abroad

First in value in the white slave commerce is the girl imported from abroad, who, from the nature of the case, is most completely in the power of the trader. She is literally friendless and unable to speak the language, and, at last discouraged, she makes no effort to escape. Many cases of the international traffic were recently tried in Chicago and the offenders convicted by the federal authorities. One of these cases, which attracted much attention throughout the country, was of Marie, a French girl, the daughter of a Breton stone-mason so old and poor that he was obliged to take her from her convent school at the age of twelve years. He sent her to Paris, where she became a little household drudge and nursemaid, working from six in the morning until eight at night, for three years sending her wages, which were about a franc a day, directly to her parents in the Breton village. One afternoon, as she was buying a bottle of milk at a tiny shop, she was engaged in conversation by a young man who invited her into a little *pâtisserie*, where, after buying her sweets, he introduced her to his friend, Monsieur Paret, who was gathering together a theatrical troupe to go to America. Paret showed her pictures of several young girls, gorgeously arrayed, and announcements of their coming tour, and Marie felt much flattered when it was intimated that she might join this brilliant company. After several clandestine meetings to perfect the plan, she left the city with Paret and a pretty French girl to sail for America with the rest of the so-called actors. Paret escaped detection by the immigration authorities in New York through his ruse of the "Kinsella troupe," and took the girls directly to Chicago. Here they were placed in a disreputable house belonging to a man named Lair, who had advanced the money for their importation. The two French girls remained in this house for several months, until it was raided by the police, when they were sent to separate houses. The records that were later brought into court show that at this time Marie was earning two hundred and fifty dollars a week, all of which she gave to her employers. In spite of this large monetary return, she was often cruelly beaten, was made to do the household scrubbing, and was, of course, never allowed to leave the house. Furthermore, as one of the methods of retaining a reluctant girl is to put her hopelessly in debt and always to charge against her the expenses incurred in securing her, Marie, as an imported girl, had begun at once with the huge debt of the ocean journey for Paret and herself. In addition to this large sum, she was charged, according to universal custom, with exorbitant prices for all the clothing she received, and with any money that Paret chose to draw against her account. Later, when Marie contracted typhoid fever, it was necessary to send her to a public hospital. It was during her illness there, when a general investigation was made of the white slave traffic, that a federal officer visited her. Marie, who thought she was going to die, freely gave her testimony, which proved to be most valuable.

The federal authorities, following up her statements, at last located Paret in the city prison at Atlanta, Georgia, where he had been convicted on a similar charge. He was brought to Chicago, and on his testimony Lair was also convicted and imprisoned.

The Demoralization of the Victim a Valuable Asset

Marie has since married a man who wishes to protect her from the influence of her old life; but, although not yet twenty years old and making an honest effort, what she has undergone has apparently so far warped and weakened her will that she is only partially successful in keeping her good resolutions, and she sends each month to her parents in France ten or twelve dollars, which she confesses to have earned illicitly. It is as if the shameful experiences to which this little convent-bred Breton girl was forcibly subjected had finally become registered in every fiber of her being, until the forced demoralization had become genuine. She is as powerless now to save herself from her subjective temptations as she was helpless five years ago to save herself from her captors.

Such demoralization is, of course, most valuable to the white slave trader; for when a girl has become thoroughly accustomed to the life, and testifies that she is in it of her own free will, she puts herself beyond the protection of the law. Marie herself, at the end of her third year in America, wrote to the police appealing for help; but the lieutenant who, in response to her letter, visited the house, was convinced by Lair that she was there of her own volition and that, therefore, he could do nothing for her. It is easy to see why it thus becomes part of the business to break down a girl's moral nature by all those horrible devices which are constantly used by the owner of a white slave. Because life is so often shortened for these wretched girls, their owners degrade them morally as quickly as possible, lest death release them before their full profit has been secured. In addition to the quantity of sacrificed virtue, to the bulk of impotent suffering, which these white slaves represent, our civilization becomes permanently tainted with the vicious practices designed to accelerate the demoralization of unwilling victims in order to make them commercially valuable. Moreover, a girl thus rendered more useful to her owner will thereafter fail to touch either the chivalry of men or the tenderness of women, because good men and women have become convinced of her innate degeneracy. The very revolt of society against such girls is used by their owners as a protection to the business.

A Thousand White Slave Traders Driven Out of Chicago

The case against the captors of Marie, as well as twenty-four other cases, was ably and vigorously conducted by Edwin W. Sims, United States district attorney in Chicago. He proceeded under a clause of the immigration act of 1908, which was unfortunately declared unconstitutional early the following year, when for the moment federal authorities found themselves unable to proceed directly against this international traffic. They could not act under the international white slave treaty signed by the contracting powers in Paris in 1904 and proclaimed by the President of the United States in 1908, because it was found impossible to carry out its provisions without federal police. The long consideration of this treaty by Congress made clear to the nation that it is in matters of this sort that navies are powerless, and that, as our international problems become more social, other agencies must be provided, a point which arbitration committees have long urged. The discussion of the international treaty brought the subject before the entire country as a matter for immediate legislation and for executive action, and the White Slave Traffic Act was finally passed by Congress in 1910, under which all prosecutions have since been conducted. When the decision on the immigration clause, rendered in 1909, threw the burden of prosecution back upon the states, Mr. Clifford Roe, then assistant state's attorney, within one year investigated 348 such cases, domestic and foreign, and successfully prosecuted 91, carrying on the vigorous policy inaugurated by United States Attorney Sims. In 1908 Illinois passed the first pandering law in this country, changing the offense from disorderly conduct to a misdemeanor and greatly increasing the penalty.

As a result of this vigorous action, Chicago became the first city to look the situation squarely in the face, and to make a determined, business-like fight against the procuring of girls. An office was established by public-spirited citizens. Mr. Roe was placed in charge, and empowered to follow up the clues to the traffic, wherever found, and to bring the traffickers to justice. The white slave traders have become so frightened that the foreign importation of girls to Chicago has markedly declined. It is estimated by Mr. Roe that since 1909 about a thousand white slave traders, of whom thirty or forty were importers of foreign girls, have been driven from the city.

The Position of the Friendless Immigrant Girl

Throughout the Congressional discussions of the white slave traffic, beginning with the Howell-Bennett act in 1907, it was evident that the subject was closely allied to immigration; and

when the Immigration Commission made a partial report to Congress in December, 1909, upon "the importation and harboring of women for immoral purposes," their finding only emphasized the report of the Commissioner-General of Immigration made earlier in the year. His report had traced the international traffic directly to New York, Chicago, Boston, Buffalo, New Orleans, Denver, Seattle, Portland, Salt Lake City, Ogden, and Butte. As the list of cities was comparatively small, it seemed not unreasonable to hope that the international traffic might be rigorously prosecuted, with the prospect of finally doing away with it, in spite of its subtle methods, its multiplied ramifications, and its financial resources. Only officials of vigorous conscience can deal with this traffic, but one certainly can imagine no nobler service for federal and state officers to undertake than this protection of immigrant girls. It is obvious that a foreign girl who speaks no English, who has not the remotest idea in what part of the city her fellow countrymen live, who does not know the police station or any agency to which she may apply, is almost as valuable to a white slave trafficker as a girl imported directly for the trade. The cadet makes every effort to intercept such a girl before she can communicate with her relatives. Although great care is taken at Ellis Island, and a girl's destination is carefully indicated upon her ticket and her friends communicated with, after she boards the train the governmental protection is withdrawn, and many untoward experiences may befall a girl between New York and her final destination. Only this year, a Polish mother of the Hull-House neighborhood failed to find her daughter on a New York train upon which she had been notified to expect her, because the girl had been induced to leave the train at South Chicago, where she was met by two young men, one of them a clever cadet well known to the police, and the other a young Pole purporting to have been sent by the girl's mother.

The immigrant girl also encounters dangers upon the very moment of her arrival. The cabmen and expressmen are often unscrupulous. One of the latter was recently indicted in Chicago upon the charge of regularly procuring immigrant girls for a disreputable hotel. The non-English-speaking girl handing her written address to a cabman has no means of knowing whither he will drive her, but is obliged to place herself implicitly in his hands. The Immigrants' Protective League has brought about many changes in this respect, but has upon its records some piteous tales of girls who were thus easily deceived.

An immigrant girl is occasionally exploited by her own lover whom she has come to America to marry. I recall the case of a Russian girl thus decoyed into a disreputable life, deceived by a fake marriage ceremony. Although not found until a year later, the girl had never ceased to be distressed and rebellious. Many Slovak and Polish girls coming to America without their relatives board in houses already filled with their countrymen, who have also preceded their own families to the land of promise, hoping to earn money enough to send for them later. The immigrant girl is thus exposed to dangers at the very moment when she is least able to defend herself. Such a girl, already bewildered by the change from an old world village to an American city, is unfortunately sometimes convinced that the new country freedom does away with the necessity for a marriage ceremony. Many others are told that judgment for a moral lapse is less severe in America than in the old country. The last month's records of the Municipal Court in Chicago, set aside to hear domestic relation cases, show sixteen unfortunate girls, of whom eight were immigrants, representing eight different nationalities. These discouraged and deserted girls become an easy prey for the cadets, who have sometimes been in league with their lovers.

Immigrant Parents Often Unable to Protect Their Daughters

Even those girls who immigrate with their families and sustain an affectionate relation with them are yet often curiously free from chaperonage. The immigrant mothers frequently do not know where their daughters work, save that it is in a vague "over there" or "downtown." They themselves were guarded by careful mothers, and they would gladly give the same oversight to their daughters; but the entire situation is so unlike that of their own peasant girlhood that, discouraged by their inability to judge it, they make no attempt to understand their daughters' lives. The girls, realizing this inability on the part of their mothers, elated by that sense of independence which the first taste of self-support always brings, sheltered from observation during certain hours, are almost as free from social control as is the traditional young man who comes up from the country to take care of himself in a great city. These immigrant parents are, of course, quite unable to foresee that while a girl feels a certain restraint of public opinion from the tenement-house neighbors among whom she lives, and while she also responds to the public opinion of her associates in a factory where she works, there is no public opinion at all operat-

ing as a restraint upon her in the hours occupied in the coming and going to work through the streets of a city large enough to offer every opportunity for concealment. So much of the recreation which is provided by commercial agencies, even in its advertisement, deliberately plays upon the interest of sex, because it is under such excitement and that of alcohol that money is most recklessly spent. This great human dynamic, which it has been the long effort of centuries to limit to family life, is deliberately utilized for advertising purposes. It is inevitable that many girls yield to these allurements; on the other hand, one is filled with admiration for the many immigrant girls who, in the midst of insuperable difficulties, resist all temptations.

The Case of Olga, a Swedish Immigrant Girl

Such admiration was certainly due Olga, a tall, handsome girl, a little passive and slow, yet with that touch of dignity which a continued mood of introspection so often lends to the young. Olga had been in Chicago for a year, living with an aunt, who, when she returned to Sweden, placed her niece in a boarding-house which she knew to be thoroughly respectable. But a friendless girl of such striking beauty could not escape the machinations of those who profit by the sale of girls. Almost immediately Olga found herself beset by two young men, who continually forced themselves upon her attention, although she refused all their invitations to shows and dances. In six months the frightened girl had changed her boarding-place four times, hoping that the men would not be able to follow her. She was also obliged to look constantly for a cheaper place, because the dull season in the cloak-making trade came early that year. In the fifth boarding-house, she finally found herself so hopelessly in arrears that the landlady, tired of waiting for the "new cloak-making to begin," at length fulfilled a long-promised threat, and one summer evening at nine o'clock literally put Olga into the street, retaining her trunk in payment of the debt. The girl walked the street for hours, until she fancied that she saw one of her persecutors in the distance, when she hastily took refuge in a sheltered doorway, crouching in terror. Although no one approached her, she sat there late into the night, apparently too apathetic to move. With the curious inconsequence of moody youth, she was not aroused to action by the situation in which she found herself. The incident epitomized to her the everlasting riddle of the universe, to which she could see no solution, and she drearily decided to throw herself in the lake. As she left the doorway at daybreak for this pitiful purpose, she attracted the attention of a passing policeman. In response to his questions, kindly at first, but becoming exasperated as he was convinced that she was either "touched in her wits" or "guying" him, he obtained a confused story of the persecutions of the two young men, and in sheer bewilderment took her to the police station on the very charge against the thought of which she had so long contended.

The girl was doubtless sullen in court the next morning. She was resentful of the policeman's talk; she was oppressed and discouraged, and, therefore, taciturn. She herself said afterward that she "often got still that way." She so sharply felt the disgrace of arrest, after her long struggle for respectability, that she gave a false name and became involved in a story to which she could devote but half her attention, being still absorbed in an undercurrent of speculative thought which continually broke through the flimsy tale she was fabricating.

With the evidence before him, the judge felt obliged to sustain the policeman's charge, and, as Olga could not pay the fine imposed, he sentenced her to the city prison. The girl, however, had appeared so strange that the judge was uncomfortable, and gave her in charge of a representative of the Juvenile Protective Association, in the hope that she could discover the whole situation, meantime suspending the sentence. It took hours of patient conversation with the girl, and the kindly services of a well-known alienist, to break into her dangerous state of mind and to gain her confidence. Prolonged medical treatment averted the threatened melancholia, and she was at last rescued from that meaningless despondency, hostile to life itself, which has claimed many young victims.

Our Negative Immigration Policy

It is strange that we are so slow to learn that no one can safely live without companionship and affection, that the individual who tries the hazardous experiment of going without at least one of them is prone to be swamped by a black mood from within. It is as if we had to build little islands of affection in the vast sea of impersonal forces, lest we be overwhelmed by them. Yet we know that in every large city there are hundreds of men whose business it is to discover girls thus hard pressed by loneliness and despair, to urge upon them the old excuse that "no one cares what you do," to fill them with cheap cynicism concerning the value of

virtue, all to the end that a business profit may be secured.

Had Olga yielded to the solicitations of such men, and had the immigration authorities in the federal building of Chicago discovered her in the disreputable hotel in which her captors wished to place her, she would have been deported to Sweden, sent home in disgrace from the country which had failed to protect her. May we not hope that in time the nation's policy in regard to immigrants will become less negative, and that some protection will be extended to them during the three years when they are deported so promptly if they become criminals or paupers?

Cities Force Their Police into Corruption

However difficult it may be for the federal authorities to accomplish this, certainly no one will doubt that it is the business of the city itself to extend much more protection to young girls who so thoughtlessly walk upon its streets. Yet, in spite of the grave consequences which lack of proper protection implies, the municipal treatment of commercialized vice not only differs in each city, but varies greatly in the same city under changing administrations.

The situation is enormously complicated by the pharisaic attitude of the public, which wishes to have the comfort of declaring the social evil to be illegal, while at the same time it expects the police department to regulate it and to make it as little obvious as possible. In reality, the police, as they themselves well know, are not expected to serve the public in this matter, but to consult the desires of the politicians; for, next to the fast-and-loose police control of gambling, nothing affords better political material than the regulation of commercialized vice. First in line is the ward politician who keeps a disorderly saloon which serves both as a meeting-place for the cadets and as a market for their wares. Back of this, the politician higher up receives his share of the toll which this business pays, that it may remain undisturbed. The very existence of a segregated district under police regulation means, of course, that the existing law must be nullified, or at least rendered totally inoperative. When police regulation takes the place of law enforcement, a species of municipal blackmail inevitably becomes intrenched. The police are forced to regulate an illicit trade, but, because the men engaged in an unlawful business expect to pay money for its protection, the corruption of the police department is firmly established and, as the Chicago Vice Commission report points out, is merely called "protection to the business." The practice of grafting thereafter becomes almost official. On the other hand, any man who attempts to show mercy to the victims of that business, or to regulate it from the victim's point of view, is considered a traitor to the cause. Quite recently, a former inspector of police in Chicago established a requirement that every young girl who came to live in a disreputable house within a prescribed district must be reported to him within an hour after her arrival. Each one was closely questioned as to her reasons for entering the life; if she was very young, she was warned of its inevitable consequences and urged to abandon her project. Every assistance was offered her to return to work and to live a normal life. Occasionally the girl was desperate, and it was sometimes necessary that she be forcibly detained in the police station until her friends could be communicated with. More often, she was glad to avail herself of the chance of escape, practically always, unless she had already become romantically entangled with a cadet whom she firmly believed to be her genuine lover and protector.

The Story of a Bohemian Factory Girl

One day a telephone message came to Hull-House from the inspector, asking us to take charge of a young girl who had been brought into the station by an older woman for registration. The girl's youth, and the innocence of her replies to the usual questions, convinced the inspector that she was ignorant of the life she was about to enter and that she probably believed she was simply registering her choice of a boarding-house. Her story, which she told at Hull-House, was as follows: She was a Milwaukee factory girl, the daughter of a Bohemian carpenter. Ten days before she had met a Chicago young man at a Milwaukee dance-hall, and after a brief courtship had promised to marry him, arranging to meet him in Chicago the following week. Fearing that her Bohemian mother would not approve of this plan, which she called "the American way of getting married," the girl had risen one morning even earlier than factory work necessitated, and had taken the first train to Chicago. The young man met her at the station, and took her to a saloon, where he introduced her to a friend, an older woman, who, he said, would take good care of her. After the young man disappeared, ostensibly for the marriage license, the woman professed to be much shocked because the little bride had brought no luggage, and persuaded her that she must work a few weeks in order to earn money for her trousseau, and that she, an

older woman who knew the city, would find a boarding-house and a place in a factory for her. She further induced her to write postal cards to six of her girl friends in Milwaukee, telling them of the kind lady in Chicago, of the good chances for work, and urging them to come down to the address which she sent. The woman told the unsuspecting girl that, first of all, a newcomer must register her place of residence with the police, as that was the law in Chicago. It was, of course, when the woman took her to the police station that the situation was disclosed. It needed but little investigation to make clear that the girl had narrowly escaped a well-organized plot, and that the young man to whom she was engaged was a professional cadet. Mr. Clifford Roe took up the case with vigor, and although all efforts failed to find the young man, the woman who was his accomplice was fined one hundred and fifty dollars and costs. The one impression that the trial left upon our minds was that all the men concerned in the prosecution felt a keen sense of outrage against the method employed to secure the girl, but took for granted that the life she was about to lead was in the established order of things, if she had chosen it voluntarily. In other words, if the efforts of the cadet had gone far enough to involve her moral nature, the girl—who, although unsophisticated, was twenty-one years old—could have remained in the hideous life quite unchallenged. The woman who was prosecuted was well known to the police, and was fined, not for her daily occupation, but because she had become involved in interstate white slave traffic. One touch of nature redeemed the trial; for the girl suffered much more from the sense that she had been deserted by her lover than from horror over the fate she had escaped, and she was never wholly convinced that he had not been genuine. She asserted constantly, in order to account for his absence, that some accident must have befallen him. She felt that he was her natural protector in this strange Chicago to which she had come at his behest, and continually resented any imputation of his motives. The betrayal of her confidence, the playing upon her natural desire for a home of her own, was a ghastly revelation that, even when this trade is managed upon the most carefully calculated commerical principles, it must still resort to the use of the oldest of the social instincts as its basis of procedure.

Case of a Chicago Police Inspector Who Tried to Protect Young Girls

This Chicago police inspector, whose desire to protect young girls was so genuine and so successful, was afterward indicted by the grand jury and sent to the penitentiary on the charge of accepting "graft" from saloonkeepers and proprietors of the disreputable houses in his district. His experience was a dramatic and tragic portrayal of the position into which every city forces its police. When a girl who has been secured for the life is dissuaded from it, her rescue represents a definite monetary loss to the agency which has secured her, and incurs the enmity of those who expected to profit by her. When this enmity has sufficiently accumulated, the active official is either "called down" by higher political authority or brought to trial for those illegal practices which he shares with his fellow officials. It is, therefore, easy to make such an inspector as ours suffer for his virtues, which are individual, by bringing charges against his grafting, which is general and almost official. So long as the customary prices for protection are adhered to, no one feels aggrieved; but the sentiment which prompts an inspector to "side with the girls" and to destroy thousands of dollars' worth of business is unjustifiable. He has not stuck to the rules of the game, and the pack of enraged gamesters, under full cry of "morality," can very easily run him to ground, the public meantime being gratified that police corruption has been exposed and the offender punished. Yet hundreds of girls, who could have been discovered in no other way, were rescued by this man in his capacity of police inspector. On the other hand, he did little to bring to justice those cadets and others responsible for securing the girls, and, while he rescued the victim, he did not interfere with the source of supply. Had he been brought to trial for this indifference, it would have been impossible to find a grand jury to sustain the indictment; he was really brought to trial because, from the point of view of the implied contract with the politicians, he had devised illicit and damaging methods to express that instinct for protecting youth and innocence which every kindly man on the police force doubtless possesses. Were this instinct freed from all political and extra-legal control, it would in and of itself be a tremendous force against commercialized vice, which is so dependent upon the exploitation of young girls. Yet the fortunes of the police are so tied up to those who profit by this trade, and to their friends the politicians, that the most well-meaning man upon the force is constantly handicapped.

Several illustrations of this occur to me: Two years ago, when very untoward conditions were discovered in connection with a certain five-cent theater, a young policeman arrested the proprietor, who was later brought be-

fore the grand jury, indicted, and released upon bail for nine thousand dollars. The crime was a heinous one, involving the ruin of fourteen little girls; but so much political influence had been exerted on behalf of the proprietor, who was a relative of the Republican committeeman of his ward, that, although the license of the theater was immediately revoked, it was reissued to his wife within a very few days, and the man continued to be a menace to the community. When the young policeman who had made the arrest saw him, in the neighborhood of the theater, talking to little girls, and reported him, the officer was taken severely to task by the highest Republican authority in the city. He was reprimanded for his activity, and ordered transferred to the stock-yards, eleven miles away. The policeman well understood that this was but the first step in the process called "breaking"; that, after he had moved his family to the stock-yards, in a few weeks he would be transferred elsewhere; and that this change of beat would be continued until he should at last be obliged to resign from the force. His offense, as he was plainly told, had been his ignorance of the fact that the theater was under political protection. In short, the young officer had naïvely undertaken to serve the public, without waiting for his instructions from the political bosses.

Guarding Boys and Girls in the City Streets

While the legal control of commercialized vice is thus tied up with city politics, the general public has no opportunity of determining whether a given police administration is lax or severe in this control, save by the difference in the number of women who are allowed to ply their trade upon the street. Many of these women are sent out and protected by cadets, and they are also utilized to secure patronage for the disreputable houses. Some of them are desperate creatures, making one last effort before they enter a public hospital to face a miserable end; others are young girls trying occasionally to earn money for much-desired clothing or pleasures. Their suggestive presence on the streets is, perhaps, one of the most demoralizing influences to be found in a large city, and such vigorous efforts as were recently made by the former chief of police in Chicago, when he successfully cleared the streets of their presence, demonstrates that legal suppression is possible. Were the streets kept clear, many young girls would be spared familiar knowledge that such a method of earning money is possible. I have personally known several instances in which girls have begun street solicitation through sheer imitation. A young Russian woman found herself in dire straits after the death of her mother. Her only friends in America had moved to New York. She was in debt for her mother's funeral, and as it was the slack season for the miserable sweat-shop sewing she had been doing, she was unable to find work. One evening, when she was quite desperate with hunger, she stopped several men upon the street, as she had seen other girls do, and in her broken English asked them for something to eat. Only after a young man had given her a good meal at a restaurant did she realize the price she was expected to pay and the horrible thing which the other girls were doing. Even in her shocked revolt, she could not understand, of course, that she herself epitomized that hideous choice between starvation and vice which is, perhaps, the crowning disgrace of civilization.

The legal suppression of street solicitation would not only protect girls, but would enormously minimize the risk and temptation to young men and boys. The entire system of recruiting for commercialized vice is largely dependent upon boys, who are scarcely less the victims of the system than are the girls themselves. Certainly this aspect of the situation must be seriously considered. In 1908, when Mr. Clifford Roe conducted successful prosecutions against one hundred and fifty cadets in Chicago, nearly all of them were local boys who had used their personal acquaintance to secure their victims. The accident of a long acquaintance with one of these boys, born in the Hull-House neighborhood, filled me with questionings as to how far society may be responsible for these wretched lads, many of them beginning a vicious career when they are but fifteen or sixteen years of age. Because the trade constantly demands very young girls, the cadets require the assistance of immature boys, for in this game, above all others, "youth calls to youth." Such a boy is often incited by the professional cadet to ruin a young girl, because the entire position of a cadet is much safer if the character of the girl is blackened before he sells her, and if he himself can not be implicated in her downfall. The cadet thus keeps himself within the letter of the law, and, when he is even more cautious, he induces the boy to go through the ceremony of a legal marriage by promising him a percentage of his wife's first earnings.

The Bulk of the White Slave Traffic Drawn from the Youth of the Community

Only yesterday I received a letter from the young man whom I had known from his early

boyhood, written in the state penitentiary, where he is serving a life sentence. His father was a drunkard, but his mother was a fine woman, devoted to her children, and she patiently supported her son Jim far beyond his working age. At the time of his trial, she pawned all her personal possessions and mortgaged her furniture in order to get three hundred dollars for his lawyer. Although Jim had long led the life of a loafer and had never supported his mother, he was affectionately devoted to her and always kindly and good-natured. Perhaps it was because he had been so long dependent upon a self-sacrificing woman that it became easy for him to be supported by his wife, a girl whom he met when he was temporarily acting as porter in a disreputable hotel. Through his long familiarity with vice, and the fact that many of his companions habitually lived upon the earnings of "their girls," he easily consented that his wife should continue her life, and he constantly accepted the money which she willingly gave him. After his marriage he still lived in his mother's house, refusing, however, to take more money from her; but she had no idea of the source of his income. One day he called at the hotel, as usual, to ask for his wife's earnings, and, in a quarrel over the amount with the landlady of the house, he drew a revolver and killed her. Although the plea of self-defense was urged in the trial, his abominable manner of life so outraged both jury and judge that he received the maximum sentence. His mother still insists that he sincerely loved the girl whom he so impulsively married, and that he constantly tried to dissuade her from her evil life. Certain it is that both Jim's wife and mother are filled with genuine sorrow for his fate, and that in some way the educational and social resources in the city of his birth failed to protect him from his own lower impulses and from the evil companionship whose influence he could not withstand. He is but one of thousands of weak boys who are constantly utilized to supply the white slave traders with young girls, for it is generally estimated that at any given moment three fourths of the girls utilized by the trade are under twenty years of age, and that most of them were procured when even younger.

It is clear that the bulk of the entire traffic is conducted with the youth of the community, and that the social evil, ancient though it may be, must be renewed in our generation through its younger members. The fact that recent investigation of the white slave traffic has emphasized the youth of its victims doubtless in a measure accounts for the new sense of compunction which fills the community. It is safe to predict that in time the lives and temptations of these boyish victims, as well as those of the girls, will be placed before the public by that group of vigorous writers who have begun to investigate the white slave traffic. They are fearlessly following the clues they find, even when they lead to men of high finance and to those of impeccable social standing, quite as another set of magazine writers are investigating commercial corruption, following its ramifications wherever they may lead, into political, social, or religious life. These writers have shown that the profits of the landlord are no small part of the vested interests involved, for it is apparently difficult to resist the high rentals which houses in the segregated districts can command if rented for purposes of vice. Many appeals made to such men in Chicago for help in ridding the community of a place notoriously dangerous to young people have never succeeded. The supposedly respectable landlords defend themselves behind the old sophistry, "If I did not rent my house for such a purpose, some one else would," and the more hardened ones say that "it is all in the line of business." Both of them are enormously helped by the secrecy surrounding the ownership of such houses, although it is hoped that the laws requiring that the name of the owner and the agent of every multiple house be posted in the public hallway will at length break through this protection. These investigators of the social evil, these pioneers in a new field of corruption, make it clear that the white slave market is being extended not only in the direction of supply, but also in that of demand; that procured girls represent a risked capital upon which it is necessary to induce men, by every possible means, to spend money, that a satisfactory rate of interest may be secured. The writing upon this subject in America is at present in the pamphleteering stage, although an ever-increasing number of short stories and novels deal with it, some of them approximating the plays through which Bernard Shaw constantly places the truth before the public in England, as Brieux is doing for the public in France. Both playwrights produce in the spectators a disquieting sense that society is involved in commercialized vice and must speedily find a way out. Such writing is like the roll of the drum which announces the approach of the troops ready for action. Since the death of Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Zola, the Germans alone seem able to incorporate the theme into genuine literature. Certainly Sudermann, Hélène Böhlau, and Elsa Gerusalem have forever rescued the so-called "fallen" woman from the false sentimentality of an impossible Camille,

Some of the writers who are performing this valiant service are related to those great artists who, in every age, enter into a long struggle with existing social conditions, until after many years they change the outlook upon life for at least a handful of their contemporaries. Their readers find themselves no longer mere bewildered spectators of a given social wrong, but conscious of their own hypocrisy in regard to it, participators in a hidden horror which had come to seem normal.

In that vast and checkered undertaking of its own moralization to which the human race is committed, it must constantly free itself from the survivals and savage infections of the primitive life from which it started. Now one and then another of the ancient wrongs and uncouth customs, which have been so long familiar as to seem inevitable, rise to the moral consciousness of a passing generation, first for uneasy contemplation and then for correction. Many traces of this first uneasy contemplation of the social evil are found in contemporary literature; for, while the business of literature is revelation and not reformation, it may yet perform for the men and women now living that purification of the imagination and intellect which the Greeks believed to come through pity and terror.

TO BE CONTINUED

[THE remaining articles in the series outline and illustrate existing efforts directed against the social evil in four directions: amelioration of economic conditions, moral education, philanthropic rescue and prevention, and increased social control. Many illustrations are taken from the records of the Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago, which has its main office adjoining Hull-House and to which twenty field officers constantly report those agencies which tend to demoralize children. The five thousand complaints which this association received last year became to me a revelation of the pitfalls which are designedly placed around many young girls. As head of the publication committee I read the original documents in a series of special investigations on dance-halls, theaters, amusement parks, lake excursion boats, petty gambling; also the social surroundings of two hundred department-store girls, two hundred factory girls, two hundred office girls, and two hundred immigrant girls. This reading only served to increase my painful impressions, until finally, out of my own need for a counter-knowledge to this bewildering mass of information, I attempted to put into order the growing efforts to understand and at length to abolish what is commonly called the social evil.]

Stover at Yale

by Owen Johnson

Author of "The Varmint," "The Tennessee Shad," etc.

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

CHAPTER III

THOUGH McCARTHY was in the communal rooms, busily delving into the recesses of a circus trunk, from which, from time to time, he emerged with the loot of the combined McCarthy family.

"Dink, my boy, cast your eye over my burglaries. Look at them. Aren't they lovely, aren't they fluffy and sweet? I don't know what half of 'em are, but won't they decorate the room? And every one, 'pon my honor, the gift of a peach who loves me! The whole family was watching, but I got 'em out right under their noses. Well, why not cheer me!"

He deposited on the floor a fragrant pile of assorted embroideries, table-covers, lace pincushions, and filmy mysteries purloined from feminine dressing-tables, which he rapidly proceeded to distribute about the room according to his advanced theories on decoration, which consisted in crowding the corners, draping the gas-jets, and clothing the picture-frames.

Stover sat silently, out of mood.

"Here's three new scalps," continued McCarthy, producing some cushions. "Had to vow eternal love, and keep the dear girls sepa-

rated,— a blonde and two brunettes,— but I got the pillows, my boy, I got 'em. And now sit back and hold on."

He made a third trip to the trunk, unaware of Stover's distracted mood, and came back chuckling, his arms heaped with photographs.

"One thousand and one Caucasian beauties, the pride of every State, the only girls who ever loved me. Look at 'em!"

He distributed a score of photographs, mustering them on the mantelpiece, pinning them to the already suspended flags, massing them in circles, ranging them in crosses and ascending files, and announced:

"Finest I could gather in. Only know a third of 'em, but the sisters know the rest. Isn't it a beauty parlor? Why, it'll make that blond warbler Stone, downstairs, feel like an amateur canary." Suddenly aware of Stover's opposite mood, he stopped. "What the deuce is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You look solemn as an owl."

"I didn't know it."

"Well, how did you like Le Baron?"

"He's a corker!" said Stover militantly.

"I've been arranging about an eating-joint. We're in with a whole bunch of fellows. Gimbel, an Andover chap, is running it. Five dollars a week. Cheap if we can stand it."

"Tough, go slow."

"Why so?"

Stover hesitated, looking at McCarthy's puzzled expression, and, looking, there seemed to be ten years' experience dividing them.

"Oh, I only mean we want to pick our friends carefully," he said at length.

"What difference does it make where we eat?"

"Le Baron talked over a good many things with me," said Stover slowly. "He gave me a great many pointers. That's why I said go slow — we want to get with the right crowd."

"The right crowd?" said McCarthy, wheeling about and staring at his room-mate. "What the deuce are you talking about, Dink? Do you mean to say any one cares who in the blankety-blank we eat with?"

"Yes."

"What! Who the deuce's business is it to meddle in my affairs? Right crowd and wrong crowd — there's only one crowd, and each man's as good as the other. That's the way I look at it." He stopped, amazed, looking over at Stover. "Why, Dink, I never expected you to stand for the right and wrong crowd idea."

"I don't mean it the way you do," said Stover lamely — for he was trying to argue with himself. "We're trying to do something here, aren't we — not just loaf through? Well, we want to be with the crowd that's doing things."

"Oh, if you mean it that way," said McCarthy dubiously, "that's different. I've been filled up for the last hour with nothing but society piffle by a measly-faced runt just out of the nursery called Schley. Skull and Bones — Locks and Keys - Wolf's-Head — gold bugs, hobgoblins, toe the line, heel the right crowd, mind your *p*'s and *q*'s, don't call your soul your own, don't look at a society house, don't for heaven's sake look at a pin in a necktie, never say 'bones' or 'fee-fie-fo-fum' out loud — never! Oh, rats, what bosh!"

"Schley is an odious little toad," said Stover evasively. A little vain of his new knowledge and the destiny before him, he looked at the budding McCarthy with somewhat the anxiety of a mother hen, and said with great solemnity: "Don't go off half cock, old fellow."

"What! Have you fallen for the bugaboo?"

"My dear Tough," said Stover, with a little gorgeousness, "don't commit yourself until you know. You like the feeling here, don't you — the way every one is out working?"

"You bet I do."

"Well, it's the society system that does it."

"But what in the name of my aunt's cat's pants," said McCarthy, unwilling to relinquish the red rag, "what in the name of common sense is the holy sacred secret, that it can't be looked at, talked about, or touched?"

"Don't be a galoot, Tough," said Stover, in a superior way; "don't be a frantic ass. All that's exaggerated; only little jack-asses like Schley are frightened by it. The real side, the serious side, is that the system is built up for the fellows who are going to do something for Yale. Now, just wait until you get your eyes open before you go shooting up the place."

But, as he stood in his own bedroom, with no Tough McCarthy to instruct and patronize, alone at his window, looking out at the sputtering arc lights with their splotchy regions of light and the busy windows of Pierson Hall across the way, listening to the chapel sending forth its quarter hour over the half divined campus — he was not quite so confident of all he had proclaimed.

"It's different — different from school," he said to himself half apologetically. "It can't be the same as school. It's got to be organized differently. It's the same everywhere."

He went to bed, to sleep badly, restless and unconvinced, a stranger in strange places, staring at the flickering glare of the arc light against the window-panes, that light as unreal in comparison with the frank sunlight as the sudden bewildering introduction to the new,

"'RIGHT CROWD AND WRONG CROWD—THERE'S ONLY ONE CROWD, AND EACH MAN'S AS GOOD AS THE OTHER'"

complex life was different from the direct and rugged simplicity of the unconscious democracy of school that had gone.

He awoke with a start, to find McCarthy and Dopey McNab solicitously occupied in applying a lather to his bare feet. He sprang up with all the old zest, and wreaked satisfactory vengeance on the intruders.

When, later, Stover sauntered out to reconnoiter in company with McCarthy, a great change had come. The emotions of the night, the restless rebelliousness, had lost all its acuteness and seemed only a blurred memory. The college of the day was a different thing.

The late arrivals were swarming in carriages, or on top of heaped express-wagons, just as the school used to surge hilariously back. The windows were open, crowded with eager heads; the street corners clustered with swiftly assembling groups, sophomores almost entirely, past whom isolated, self-conscious freshmen went with averted gaze, to the occasional accompaniment of a whistled freshman march. Despite himself, Stover began to feel a little tightening in the shoulders, a little uncertainty in the swing of his walk, and something in his back seemed uneasily conscious of the concentrated attack of superior eyes.

They entered the campus, now the campus of the busy day. Across by the chapel, the fence was hidden under continually arriving groups of upper classmen, streaming to it in threes and fours in muscular enthusiasm. There was no division there. Gradually the troubled perceptions of the night before faded from Stover's consciousness. The light he saw was the clear noon of the day, and the air that filled his lungs the atmosphere of life and ambition.

They elbowed their way into the Coöp to make their purchases. The first issue of the *News* was already on sale, with its notices and its appeals. They went out and past Vanderbilt toward their eating-joint. Off the campus, directly at the end of their path, a shape more like a monstrous shadow than a building rose up, solid, ivy-covered, blind, with great, prison-like doors, heavily padlocked.

"Fee-fi-fo-fum," said McCarthy.

"Which is it?" said Stover, in a different tone.

"Skull and Bones, of course," said McCarthy defiantly. "Look at it under your eyelids, quick; don't let any one see you."

Stover, without hearing him, gazed ahead, impressed despite himself. There it was, the symbol and the embodiment of all the subtle forces that had been disclosed to him, the force that had stood amid the passing classes, imposing its authority unquestioned, waiting at the end of the long journey to give or withhold the final coveted success.

"Will I make it — will I ever make it?" he said to himself, drawing a long breath. "To be one of fifteen — only fifteen!"

"It is a scary sort of looking old place," said McCarthy. "They certainly have dressed it up for the part."

Still Stover did not reply — the dark, weighty, massive silhouette had somehow entered his imagination, never to be shaken off, to range itself wherever he went in the shadowy background of his dreams.

"It stands for democracy, Tough," he said, as they turned toward Chapel Street, and there was in his voice a certain emotion he couldn't control. "And I guess the mistakes it makes are pretty honest ones."

"Perhaps," said McCarthy stubbornly; "but why all this mumbo-jumbo business?"

"It doesn't affect you, does it?"

"The trouble is, it does," said McCarthy, with a laugh. "Do you know what I ought to do?"

"What?"

"Go right up and sit on the steps of the bloomin' old thing and eat a bag of cream-puffs."

Stover exploded with laughter.

"What the deuce would be the sense in that, you old anarchist?"

"To prove to my own satisfaction that I'm a man."

"Do you mean it?" said Stover, half laughing.

McCarthy scratched his head with one of the old boyish, comical gestures Stover knew so well.

"Well, perhaps I mean more than I think," he said, grinning. "In another month I may get it as bad as that little uselessness Schley. By the way, he wants us over at his eating-joint."

"He does?"

"He's a horsefly sort of a cuss. You'll see, he'll fasten on to you just as soon as he thinks it worth while. Here we are."

They pressed their way through three or four rooms, blue-gray with smoke, saluted with the imperious rattle of knives and plates, and found a vacant table in a far corner. A certain reserve was still prevalent in the noisy throng, which still had not yet been welded together. Immediately a thin, wiry fellow, neatly dressed, hair plastered, affable and brimming over with energy, rose and pumped McCarthy's hand, slapping him effusively on the back.

"Bully! Glad to see you. This is Stover, of course. I'm Gimbel — Ray Gimbel; you don't know me, but I know you. Seen entirely too much of you on the wrong side of the field in the Andover-Lawrenceville game."

"How are you, Gimbel?" said Stover, not disliking the flattery, though perceiving it.

"We were greatly worried about you," said Gimbel directly, and with a sudden important seriousness. "There was a rumor around you had switched to Princeton."

"Oh, no."

"Well, we're certainly glad you didn't." Looking him straight in the face, he said with conviction: "You'll be captain here."

"I'm not worrying about that just at present," said Stover, amused.

"All right; that's my prophecy."

He departed hastily, to welcome new arrivals with convulsive grip and rolling urbanity, passing like a doctor on his hospital rounds.

"Who's Gimbel?" said Stover, wondering, as he watched him, what new force he represented.

"Hurdler up at Andover, I believe."

In a moment Gimbel was back.

"See here, there's a combination being gotten up," he said impersonally, "a sort of slate for our class football managers, and I want to get you fellows interested. Hotchkiss and St. Paul are going in together, and we want to organize the other schools. How many fellows are up from Lawrenceville?"

"About fifteen."

"We've got a corking good man from Andover not in any of the crowds up there, and a lot of us want to give him a good start. I'll have you meet him to-night at supper. If you fellows weren't out for football, we'd put one of you up for secretary and treasurer. You can name him if you want. I've got a hundred votes already, and we're putting through a deal with a Sheff crowd for vice-president that will give us thirty or forty more. Our man's Hicks,— Frank Hicks,— the best in the world. Say a good word for him, will you, wherever you can?"

He was off to another table, where he was soon in animated conversation.

"Don't mix up in it," said Stover quietly.

"Why not?" said McCarthy. "A good old political shindig's lots of fun."

"Wait until we understand the game," said Stover, remembering Le Baron's advice not to commit himself to any crowd.

"But it would be such a lark."

Dink did not reply. Instead he was carefully studying the many types that crowded before his eyes. They ranged from the New Yorker, extra spick and span for his arrival, lost and ill at ease, speaking to no one; to older men in

jerseys and sweaters, unshaven often, lolling back in their chairs, concerned with no one, talking with all.

The waiters were of his own class, who presently brought their plates to the tables they served and sat down without embarrassment. It was a heterogeneous assembly, with a preponderance of quiet, serious types, men to whom the financial problem was serious and college an opportunity to fit themselves for the grinding combat of life. Others were raw, decidedly without experience, opinionated, carrying on

"McCARTHY AND DOPEY McNAB WERE SOLICITOUSLY OCCUPIED IN APPLYING LATHER TO HIS BARE FEET"

their shoulders a chip of somewhat bumptious pride. The talk was all of the doings of the night before, when several had fallen into the hands of mischief-bent sophomores.

"They caught Flanders down York Street and made him roll a peanut up to Billy's."

"Yes, and the darned fool hadn't sense enough to grin and bear it."

"So they gave him a beer shampoo."

"A what?"

"A beer shampoo."

"Did you hear about Regan?"

"Who's Regan?"

"He's a thundering big coal-heaver from out the woolly West."

"Oh, the fellow that started to scrap."

"That's the man."

"Give us the story, Buck."

"They had me up, doing some of my foolish stunts," said a fellow with a great moon of a face, little twinkling eyes, and a grotesque nose that sprang forth like a jagged promontory, "when, all at once, this elephant of a Regan saunters in coolly to see what's doing."

"Didn't know any better, eh?"

"Didn't know a thing. Well, no sooner did the sophs spot him than they set up a yell:

"'Who are you?'

"'Tom Regan.'

"'What's your class?'

"'Freshman.'

"'What in the blankety-blank are you doing here?'

"'Lookin' on.'

"With that, of course, they began just leaping up and down for joy, hugging one another; and a couple of them started in to tackle the old locomotive. The fellow, who's as strong as an ox, just gives a cough and a sneeze, scatters a few little sophs on the floor, and in a twinkling is in the corner, barricaded behind a table, looking as big as a house.

"'Tom, look out; they're going to shampoo you,' says I.

"'Is it all right?' he says, with a grin.

"'It's etiquette,' says I.

"'Come on, then,' says he very affably, and he strips off his coat and tosses it across the room, saying, 'It's my only one; look out for it.'

"Well, when the sophs saw him standing there, licking his chops, arms as big as hams, they sort of stopped and scratched their heads."

"I bet they did!" cried a couple.

"They didn't particularly like the prospect; but they were game, especially a little bantam of a rooster called Waring, who'd been putting us through our stunts.

"'I'm going in after that bug myself,' said he, with a yelp. 'Come on!'"

"Well, what happened, Buck?"

"Did they give it to him?"

"About fifteen minutes after the bouncers had swept us into the street with the rest of the *débris*, as the French say," said the speaker, with a far-off, reflective look, "one dozen of the happiest-looking sophs you ever saw went reeling back to the campus. They were torn, scratched, pummeled, bruised, bleeding, soaked from head to foot, shot to pieces, smeared with paint, not a button left or a necktie - but they were happy!"

"Why happy?"

"They had given *Regan* the shampoo."

Stover and McCarthy rose and made their way out past the group where Buck Waters, enthroned already as a natural leader, was tuning up the crowd.

"I came up in the train with Regan," said Stover, thrilling a little at the recital. "Cracky! I wish I'd seen the scrap."

"We'll call him out to-night for the wrestling."

"He's a queer, plunging sort of animal," said Stover reflectively. "I wonder if he'll ever do anything up here?"

Saunders, on a bicycle, pad protruding from his pocket, slowed up with a cordial hail:

"Howdy! I'm heeling the *News*. If you get any stories, pass them on to me. Thought you fellows were down at our joint. Where the deuce are you grubbing?"

"We dropped into a place one of your Andover crowd's runnin'."

"Who's that?"

"Fellow called Gimbel."

Saunders rode on a bit, wheeled, came slowly back, resting his hand on Stover's shoulder.

"Look here," he said, frowning a little. "Gimbel's a good sort, clever and all that; but look here — you're not decided, are you?"

"No."

"Because we've been counting you fellows in with us. We've got a corking crowd, about twenty, and a nice, quiet place." He hesitated, choosing his words carefully: "I think you'll find the crowd congenial."

"When do you start in?" said Stover.

"To-morrow. Are you with us?"

"Glad to come."

"Bully!" He made a movement to start, and then added suddenly: "I say, fellows, of course you're not on to a good many games here, but don't get roped into any politics. It'll queer you quicker than anything else. You don't mind my giving you a tip?"

"Not at all," said Stover, smiling a little as he wondered what distinction Saunders made to himself between politics and politics.

"Ta-ta, then — perfectly bully you're with us. I'm off on this infernal *News* game — half a year's grind from twelve to ten at night — lovely, eh, when the snow and slush come?"

He sped on, and they went up to the rooms.

"I thought we'd better change," said Stover.

"This place is loaded up with wires — live wires," said McCarthy, scratching his head. "Well, go ahead, if you want to."

"Well, you see — we're all in the same house; it's more sociable."

"Oh, of course."

"And then, it'll be quieter."

"Yes, it'll be quieter."

A little constraint came to them. They went to their rooms silently, each aware that something had come into their comradeship which sooner or later would have to be met with frankness.

CHAPTER IV

STOVER had never been on the Yale field except through the multitudinous paths of his imagination. Huddled in the car crowded with candidates, he waited the first glimpse as Columbus questioned the sky or De Soto sought the sea. Three cars, filled with veterans and upper classmen, were ahead of him. He was among a score of sophomores, members of third and fourth squads, and a few of his own class with prep school reputations, who sat silently, nervously overhauling their suits, adjusting buckles and shoe-laces, swollen to grotesque proportions under sweaters and padded jerseys.

The trolley swung over a short bridge, and, climbing a hill, came to a slow stop. In an instant he was out, sweeping on at a dog-trot in the midst of the undulating, brawny pack. In front — a thing of air and wood — rose the climbing network of empty stands. Then, as they swept underneath, the field lay waiting, and at the end two thin, straight lines and a cross-bar. No longer were the stands empty or the breeze devoid of song and cheers. The goal

"THEY HAD GIVEN REGAN THE BEER SHAMPOO"

was his — the goal of Yale — and underfoot at last, the field more real to him than Waterloo or Gettysburg!

He camped down, one among a hundred, oblivious of his companions, hands locked over his knees, his glance strained down the field to where, against the blue sweater of a veteran, a magic Y was shining white. For a moment he felt a plunging despair — he was but one among so many. The whole country seemed congregated there in competition. Others seemed to overtop him, to be built of bone and muscle beyond his strength. He felt a desire to shrink back and steal away unperceived, as he had that awful moment when, on his first test at school, he had been told that he must stand up and fill the place of a better man.

Then he was on his feet, in obedience to a shouted command, journeying up the field to where beyond the stands a tackling dummy on loose pulleys swung like a great scarecrow.

"Here, now, get some action into this," said a fiery little coach, Tompkins, quarterback a dozen seasons before. "Line up. Get some snap to it. First man. Hard — hit it hard!"

The first three — heavy linesmen, still soft and short of breath — made lumbering, slipping attempts. Tompkins was in a blaze of fury.

"Hold up! What do you think this is? I didn't ask you to hug your grandmother; I told you to tackle that dummy! Hit it hard — break it in two! If you can't tackle, we don't want you around. Tackle to throw your man back! Tackle as if the whole game depended on it. Come on, now. Next man. Jump at it! Rotten! Rotten! Oh, squeeze it. Don't try to butt it over — you're not a goat! Half the game's the tackling! Next man. Oh, girls — girls! What is this bunch — a young ladies' seminary? Here! Stop — stop! You're up at Yale now. I'll show you how we tackle!"

Heedless of his street clothes, of the grotesqueness of the thing, of all else but the savage spark he was trying to communicate, he went rushing into the dummy with a headlong plunge that shook the ropes.

He was up in a moment, forgetting the dust that clung to him, shouting in his shrill voice:

"Come on, now, bang into it! Yes, but hold on to it! Squeeze it. Better — more snap there! Get out the way! Come on! Rotten! Take that again — on the jump!"

Stover suddenly felt the inflaming seriousness of Yale, the spirit that animated the field. Everything was in deadly earnest; the thing of rags swinging grotesquely was as important as the tackle that on a championship field stood between defeat and victory.

His turn came. He shot forward, left the turf in a clean dive, caught the dummy at the knees, and shook the ground with the savageness of his tackle.

"Out of the way, quick — next man!" cried the driving voice.

There was not a word of praise for what he knew had been a perfect tackle. A second and a third time he flung himself heedlessly at the swinging figure, in a desperate attempt to win the withheld word of approbation.

"He might at least have grunted," he said to himself, tumbling to his feet, "the little tyrant."

In a moment Tompkins, without relaxing a jot of his nervous driving, had them spread over the field, flinging themselves on a dozen elusive footballs, while always his voice, unsatisfied, propelling, drove them.

"Faster, faster! Get into it — let go yourselves. Throw yourself at it. Oh, hard, harder!"

Ten minutes of practice starts under his leash, and they ended, enveloped in steam, lungs shaken with quick, convulsive breaths.

"Enough for to-day. Back to the gymnasium on the trot; run off some of that fatty degeneration. Here, youngster, a word with you."

Stover stepped forward.

"What's your name?"

"Stover."

To his profound disappointment, Tompkins did not recognize that illustrious name.

"Where from?"

"Lawrenceville. Played end."

Tompkins looked him over, a little grimly. "Oh, yes; I've heard something about you. Look here, ever do any punting?"

"Some. I'm no good at it."

"Let's see what you can do."

Stover put all his strength into a kick that went high but short.

"Try another."

The second and third attempts were no better.

"Well, that's pretty punk," said Tompkins. "Dana wants to give you a try on the second. Run over now and report. Oh, Stover!"

"Yes, sir."

"Stover, just one word for your good. You come up with a big prep school reputation. Don't make an ass of yourself. Understand; don't get a swelled head. That's all."

"Precious little danger of that here," said Dink a little rebelliously to himself, as he jogged over to the benches where the varsity subs were camped. Le Baron waved him a recognition, but no more. It was as if the gesture meant:

"I've started you. Now stand on your own feet. Don't look to me for help."

For the rest of the practice he sat huddled in his sweater, waiting expectantly as each time Captain Dana passed down the line, calling out the candidates for trials in the brief scrimmages that took place. The afternoon ended without an opportunity coming to him, and he jogged home, in the midst of the puffing crowd, with a sudden feeling of his own unimportance.

He had barely time to get his shower, and run into the almost deserted eating club for a quick supper, when Gimbel appeared, crying:

"I say, Stover, bolt the grub and hoof it. We assemble over by Osborn."

"Where's the wrestling?"

"Some vacant lot. Ever do any?"

"Don't know a thing about it."

"We're going to call out a chap called Robinson from St. Paul's, Garden City, for the lightweight, and Regan for the heavy," said Gimbel, who, of course, had been busy during the afternoon. "Thought of you for the middleweight."

"Lord! get some one who knows the game."

"Have you thought of any one you'd like to run for secretary and treasurer?" said Gimbel, locking arms in a cordial way.

"No."

"I've got the whole thing organized sure as a steel trap."

"You haven't lost any time."

"That's right."

"What are you going to run for?" said Stover, looking at him.

"I? Nothing now. Fence orator, perhaps, later," said Gimbel frankly. "It's the fun of the game interests me — the organizing, pulling wires, all that sort of thing. I'm going to have a lot of fun here."

"Look here, Gimbel," said Stover, yielding to a sudden appreciation of the other's openness. "Isn't this sort of thing going to get a lot of fellows down on you?"

"Queer me?" said Gimbel, laughing.

The word was still new to Stover, who showed his perplexity.

"That's a great word," added his companion. "You'll hear a lot of it before you get through. It's a sort of college bug that multiplies rapidly. Will politics 'queer' me — keep me out of societies? Probably; but then, I couldn't make 'em anyway. So I'm going to have my fun. And I'll tell you now, Stover, I'm going to get a good deal more out of my college career than a lot of you fellows."

"Why include me?"

"Well, Stover, you're going to make a sophomore society, and go sailing along."

"Oh, I don't know."

"Yes, you do. We don't object to such men as you, who have the right. It's the lame ducks we object to."

"Lame ducks?" said Stover, puzzled as well as surprised at this spokesman of an unsuspected proletariat opposition.

"Lame ducks is the word: the fellows who would never make a society if it weren't for pulls, for the men ahead — the cripples that all you big men will be trying to bolster up and carry along with you into a senior society."

"I'm not on to a good deal of this," said Stover, puzzled.

"I know you're not. Look here." Gimbel, releasing his arm, faced him suddenly. "You think I'm a politician out to get something for myself."

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I am — I'm frank about it. There's a whole mass of us here who are going to fight the sophomore society system tooth and nail, and I'm with them. When you're in the soph crowd you mightn't like what I'm saying, and then again you may come around to our way of thinking. However, I want you to know that I'm hiding nothing — that I'm fighting in the open. We may be on opposite sides, but I guess we can shake hands. How about it?"

"I guess we can always do that," said Stover, giving his hand. The man puzzled him. Was his frankness deep or a diplomatic assumption?

"And now let's have no pretenses," continued Gimbel, on the same line, with a quick analytical glance. "You're going with your crowd; better join one of their eating-joints."

Stover was genuinely surprised.

"Have you already arranged it?" said Gimbel, laughing.

"Gimbel," said Stover directly, "I'm not quite sure about you."

"You don't know whether I'm a faker or not."

"Exactly."

"Stover, I'm a politician," said Gimbel frankly. "I'm out for a big fight. I know the game here. I wouldn't talk to every one as I talk to you. I want you to understand me — more, I want you to like me. And I feel with you that the only way is to be absolutely honest. You see, I'm a politician," he said, with a laugh. "I've learned how to meet different men. Sometime I'm going to talk over things with you — seriously. Here we are now. I've got a bunch of fellows to see. Don't make up your mind in a hurry about me or about a good many things here. Ta-ta!"

Stover watched him go gaily into the crowd, distributing bluff, vociferous welcomes, hilariously acclaimed. The man was new, represented a new element, a strange, dimly perceived, rebellious mass, with ideas that intruded themselves ungratefully on his waking vision.

"Is he sincere?" he said to himself — a question that he was to apply a hundred times in the life that was beginning.

CHAPTER V

"HELLO, there, Stover!"

"Stover, over here!"

"Oh, Dink Stover, this way!"

Over the bared heads of the bobbing, shifting crowd he saw Hunter and McCarthy waving to him. He made his way through the strange assorted mass of freshmen to his friends, where already, instinctively, a certain picked element had coalesced. A dozen fellows, clean-cut, steady of head and eye, carrying a certain unmistakable, quiet assurance, came about him, gripping him warmly, welcoming him into the little knot with cordial acknowledgment. He felt the tribute, and he liked it. They were of his own kind, his friends to be, now and in the long reaches of life.

"Fall in, fall in!"

Ahead of them, the upper classes were already in rank. Behind, the freshmen, unorganized, distrustful, were being driven into lines of eight and ten by seniors, pipe in mouth, authoritative, quiet, fearfully enveloped in dignity. Cheers began to sound ahead, the familiar *brek-e-kek-kex* with the class numeral at the end. A cry went up:

"Here, we must have a cheer."

"Give us a cheer."

"Start her up."

"Lead a cheer, some one."

"Lead a cheer, Hunter."

"Lead the cheer, Gimbel."

"Lead the cheer, Stover."

"Come on, Stover!"

A dozen voices took up his name. He caught the infection. Without hesitating, he stepped by Hunter, who was hesitating, and cried:

"Now, fellows, all together — the first cheer for the class! Are you ready? Let her rip!"

The cheer, gathering momentum, went crashing above the noises of the street. The college burst into a mighty shout of acclaim — another class was born!

Suddenly ahead the dancing lights of the senior torches began to undulate. Through the mass a hoarse roar went rushing, and a sudden muscular tension.

"Grab hold of me."

"Catch my arm."

"Grip tight."

"Get in line."

"Move up."

"Get the swing."

Stover found himself, arms locked over one another's shoulders, between Schley, who had

somehow kept persistently near him, and a powerful, smiling, blond-haired fellow who shouted to him:

"My name's Hungerford — Joe Hungerford. Glad to know you. Down from Groton."

It was a name known across the world for power in finance, and the arm about Stover's shoulder was taut with the same sentimental rush of emotion.

Down the moving line suddenly came surging the chant:

"Chi Ro Omega Lambda Chi!
We meet to-night to celebrate
The Omega Lambda Chi!"

Grotesquely, lumberingly, tripping and confused, they tried to imitate the forward classes, who were surging in the billowy rhythm of the elusive serpentine dance.

"How the deuce do they do it?"

"Get a skip to it, you ice-wagons."

"All to the left, now."

"No, to the right."

Gradually they found themselves, hoarse, laughing, struggling, sweeping inconsequentially on behind the singing, cheering college.

Before he knew it, the line had broken with a rush, and he was carried, struggling and pushing, into a vacant lot, where all at once, out of the tumult and the riot, a circle opened and spread under his eyes.

Seniors in varsity sweaters, with brief authoritative gestures, forced back the crowd, stationed the fretful lights, commanding and directing:

"First row, sit down."

"Down in front, there."

"Kneel behind."

"Freshmen over here."

"Get a move on!"

"Stop that shoving."

"How's the space, Cap?"

In the center, Captain Dana waited with an appraising eye.

"All right. Call out the lightweights."

Almost immediately, from the opposite sophomores came a unanimous shout:

"Farquahar! Dick Farquahar!"

"Come on, Dick!"

"Get in the ring!"

Out into the ring stepped an agile, nervous figure, acclaimed by all his class.

"A cheer for Farquahar, fellows!"

"One, two, three!"

"*Farquahar!*"

"Candidate from the freshman class!"

"Candidate!"

"Robinson."

"Teddy Robinson."

"Harris!"

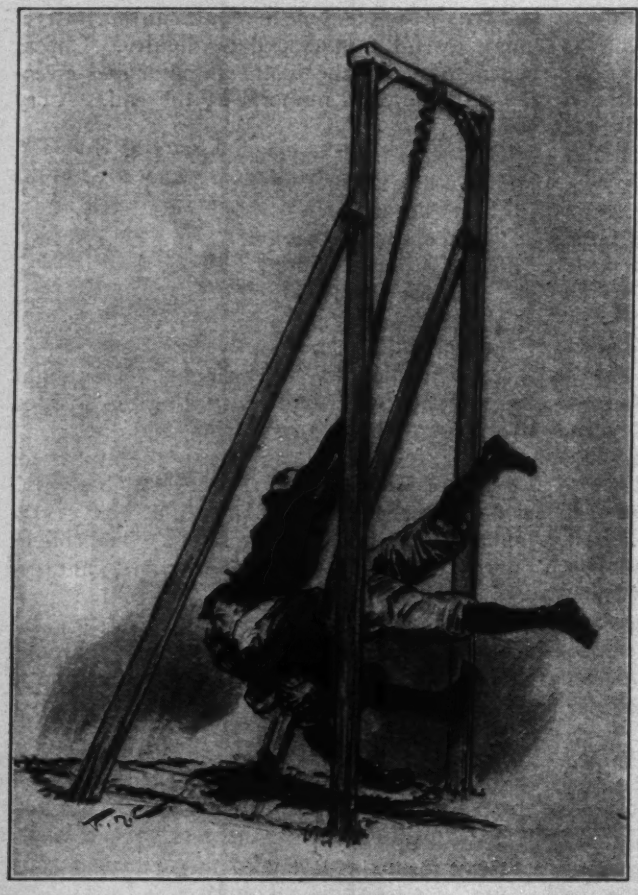
"No, Robinson — Robinson!"

Gimbel's voice dominated the outcry. There was a surging, and then a splitting of the crowd, and Robinson was slung into the ring.

In the midst of contending cheers, the antagonists stripped to the belt and stood forth to shake hands, their bared torsos shining in high lights against the mingled shadows.

The two, equally matched in skill, went tumbling and whirling over the matted sod, twisting and flopping, until by a sudden hold Robinson caught his adversary in a half nelson and for the brief part of a second had the two shoulders touching the ground. The second round likewise went to the freshman, who was triumphant after a struggle of twenty minutes.

"Middleweights!"



"A SECOND AND A THIRD TIME HE FLUNG HIMSELF HEEDLESSLY AT THE SWINGING FIGURE"

"HERE, YOUNGSTER, A WORD WITH YOU"

"Candidate from the sophomore class!"

"Candidate from the freshman."

"Fisher."

"Denny Fisher."

The sophomore stepped forth, tall, angular, well knit. Among the freshmen a division of opinion arose:

"Say, Andover, who've you got?"

"Any one from Hotchkiss?"

"What's the matter with French?"

"He doesn't know a thing about wrestling."

"How about Doc White?"

"Not heavy enough."

The seniors began to be impatient.

"Hurry up, now, freshmen, hurry up."

"Produce something!"

Still a hopeless indecision prevailed.

"I don't know any one."

"Jack's too heavy."

"Say, you Hill School fellows, haven't you got some one?"

"Some one's got to go out."

The sophomores, seizing the advantage, began to gibe at them:

"Don't be afraid, freshmen."

"We won't hurt you."

"We'll let you down easy."

"Take it by default."

"Call time on them."

"I don't know a thing about it," said Stover, between his teeth, to Hungerford, his hands twitching impatiently, his glance fixed hungrily on the provokingly amused face of the sophomore champion.

"I'm too heavy or I'd go."

"I've a mind to go, all the same."

McCarthy, who knew him of old, seized him.

"Don't get excited, Dink, old boy; you aren't a wrestler."

"No, but I can *scrap!*"

The outcry became an uproar:

"Quitters!"

"Poor little freshmen!"

"They're in a funk."

"By George, I can't stand that," said Stover, setting his teeth, the old love of combat sweeping over him. "I'm going to have a chance at that duck myself."

He thrust his way forward, throwing off McCarthy's hold, stepped over the reclining front ranks, and, springing into the ring, faced Dana.

"I'm no wrestler, sir, but if there's no one else I'll have a try at it."

There was a sudden hush, and then a chorus:

"Who's that fellow?"

"What's his name?"

"Oh, freshmen, who's your candidate?"

"Stover."

"Stover, a football man."

"Fellow from Lawrenceville!"

The seniors had him over in a corner, stripping him, talking excitedly.

"Say, Stover, what do you know about it?"

"Not a thing."

"Then go in and attack."

"All right."

"Don't wait for him."

"No."

"He's a clever wrestler, but you can get his nerve."

"His nerve?"

"Keep off the ground."

"Off the ground, yes."

"Go right in; tackle him hard; shake him up."

"All right," he said, for the tenth time. He had heard nothing that had been said. He was standing erect, looking in a dazed way at the hundreds of eyes that were dancing about him in the living, breathing pit in which he stood. He heard a jumble of roars and cheers, and one clear cry, McCarthy crying:

"Good old Dink!"

Some one was rolling up his trousers to the knee; some one was flinging a sweater over his bared back; some one was whispering in his ear:

"Get right to him. Go for him — don't wait."

"Already, there," said Captain Dana's quiet, matter-of-fact voice.

"Already, here."

"Shake hands!"

The night air swept over him with a sudden chill as the sweaters were pulled away. He stood then about five feet ten, in perfect condition, every muscle clearly outlined against the wiry, spare Yankee frame, shoulders and the sinews of his arms extraordinarily developed. From the moment he had stepped out, his eyes had never left Fisher's. Combat transformed his features, sending all the color from his face, narrowing the eyes, and drawing tense the lips. Combat was with him always an overmastering rage in the leash of a cold, nervous, pulsating logic, which by the very force of its passion gave to his expression an almost dispassionate cruelty — a look not easy to meet, that somehow, on the instant, impressed itself on the crowd with the terrific seriousness of the will behind.

"Wiry devil."

"Good shoulders."

"Great fighting face, eh?"

"Scrapper, all right."

"I'll bet he is."

"Shake hands!"

Stover caught the other's hand, looked into his eyes, read something there that told him, science aside, he was the other's master, and suddenly, rushing forward, caught him about the knees and, lifting him bodily in the air, hurled him through the circle in a terrific tackle. The onslaught was so sudden that Fisher, unable to guard himself, went down with a crash, the fall broken by the bodies of the spectators.

A roar, half laughter, half hysteria, went up.

"Good boy, Stover!"

"Chew him up."

"Is he a scrapper?"

"Say, this *is* a fight!"

"Wow!"

Dana, clapping them on the shoulders, brought them back to the center of the ring and restored them to the position in which they had fallen. Fisher, plainly shaken up, immediately worked himself into a defensive position, recovering his breath, while Stover frantically sought some instinctive hold with which to turn him over.

Suddenly an arm shot out, caught his head in chancery, and before he knew it he was underneath and the weight of Fisher's body was above, pressing him down. He staggered to his feet in a fury, maddened, unreasoning, and went down again, always with the dead weight above him.

"Here, that won't do," he said to himself savagely, recovering his clarity of vision; "I mustn't lose strength."

All at once, before he knew how it had been done, Fisher's arm was under his, cutting over his neck, and slowly but irresistibly his shoulders were turning toward the fatal touch. Every one was up, shouting:

"Turn him over."

"Finish him up."

"Hold out, freshman!"

"Hold out."

"Flop over."

"Don't give in!"

"Stick it out!"

With a sudden expenditure of strength, he checked the turning movement, desperately striving against the cruel hold.

"Good boy, Stover!"

"That's the stuff!"

"Show your grit!"

"Hold out!"

"Show your nerve!"

In a second he had reasoned it out. He was caught — he knew it. He could resist three minutes, five minutes, slowly sinking against his ebbing strength, frantically cheered for a spectacular resistance — and then what? If he had a chance, it was in preserving every ounce of his strength for the coming rounds.

"All right; you've got me this time," he said coldly, and, relaxing, let his shoulders drop.

Dana's hand fell stingingly on him, announcing the fall. He rose amid an angry chorus:

"What the deuce!"

"Say, I don't stand for that!"

"Thought he was game."

"Game nothing!"

"Lost his nerve."

"Sure he did."

"Well, I'll be darned."

"A quitter — a rank quitter!"

He walked to his seconds, angry at the misunderstanding.

"Here, I know what I'm doing," he said in short, quick breaths, forgetting that he, a freshman, was addressing the lords of creation. He was a captain again, his own captain, conducting his own battle. "I'll get him yet. Rub up this shoulder, quick."

"Keep off the ground," said one mentor.

"You bet I will."

"Why the deuce did you give in so easily?"

"Because there are two more rounds, and I'm going to use my head — hang it!"

"He's right, too," said the first senior, rubbing him fiercely with the towel. "Now, sport, don't monkey with him until you've jarred him up a couple of times!"

"That's what I'm going to do!"

"Time!" cried the voice of Dana.

This time he retreated slowly, drawing Fisher unwarily toward his edge of the ring, and then suddenly, as the sophomore lunged at him, shot forward again, in a tackle just below the waist, raised him clear off the ground, spun him around, and, putting all his force into his back as a wood-chopper swings an ax, brought him down crashing, clear across the ring. It was a fearful tackle, executed with every savage ounce of rage within him, the force of which momentarily stunned him. Fisher, groggy under the bruising impact, barely had time to turn on his stomach before Stover was upon him.

Dink immediately sprang up and back, waiting in the center of the ring. The sophomore, too dazed to reason clearly, yielding only to his anger at the sudden reversal, foolishly struggled to his feet and came staggering toward him. A second time Stover threw all his dynamic strength into another crashing tackle. This time Fisher went over on his back with a thump, and, though he turned instinctively, both shoulders had landed squarely on the turf, and, despite his frantic protests, a roar went up as Dana allotted the fall to Stover.

This time, as he went to his corner, it was amid pandemonium:

"You're a corker, freshman!"

"Oh, you bulldog!"

"Tear him up!"

"You're the stuff."

"Good head, freshman!"

"Good brain-work!"

Several upper classmen came hurriedly over to his corner, slapping him on the back, volunteering advice.

"Clear out," said his mentor proudly. "This rooster can take care of himself."

Fisher came up for the third round, visibly groggy and shaken by the force of the tackles he had received, but game. Twice Stover, watching his chance, dove under the groping hands and flung him savagely to the ground. Once Fisher caught him, as they lay on the ground, in a hold that might have been decisive earlier in the match. As it was, Stover felt with a swift horror the arm slipping under his arm, half gripping his neck. The wet heat of the antagonistic body over his inflamed all the brute in him. The strength was now his. He tore himself free, scrambled to his feet, and hurled Fisher a last time clean through into the scattering crowd, where he lay stunned, too weak to resist the viselike hands that forced his shoulders to the ground.

Dana hauled Stover to his feet, a little groggy.

"Some tackling, freshman. Bout's yours! Call out the heavyweights!"

Scarcely realizing that it was his captain who had spoken, Dink stood staring down at Fisher, white and conquered, struggling to his feet.

"I say, Fisher," he said impulsively, "I hope I didn't shake you up too much. I saw red; I didn't know what I was doing."

"You did me all right," said the sophomore, giving his hand. "That tackle of yours would break a horse in two. Shake!"

"Thank you," said Stover, flustered and almost ashamed before the other's perfect sportsmanship. "Thank you very much, sir!"

He went to his corner, smothered under frantic slaps and embraces, hearing his name resounding again and again on the thunders of his classmates. The bout had been spectacular; every one was asking who he was.

"Stover, eh, of Lawrenceville!"

"Gee, what a fierce tackler."

"Ridiculous for Fisher to be beaten."

"Oh, is it? How'd you like to get a fall like that?"

"Played end."

"Captain at Lawrenceville."

"He ought to be a wonder."

"Say, did you see the face he got on him?"

"Enough to scare you to death."

"It got Fisher, all right."

While he was being rubbed down and having his clothes thrust upon him, shivering in every tense muscle, which, now the issue was decided,

seemed to have broken from his control, suddenly a hand gripped his, and, looking up, he saw the face of Tompkins, ablaze with the fire of the professional spectator.

"I'm not shaking hands on your brutal old tackling," he said, with a look that belied his words. "It's the other thing — the losing the first fall. Good brain-work, boy; that's what'll count in football."

The grip of the veteran cut into his hand; in Tompkins' face also was a reminiscent flash of the fighting face that somehow, in any test, wins half the battle.

The third bout went to the sophomores, Regan, the choice of the class, being nowhere to be found. But the victory was with the freshmen, who, knit suddenly together by the consciousness of a power to rise to emergencies, carried home the candidates in triumph.

McCarthy, with his arms around Stover as he had done in the old school days after a grueling football contest, bore Dink up to their rooms with joyful, bearlike hugs. Other hands were on him, wafting him up the stairs as though riding a gale. Hilariously they carried him into the room and dumped him down. McCarthy, doubled up with laughter, stood in front of him, gazing hilariously, proudly down.

"You old Dink, you, what right had you to go out for it?"

"None at all."

"How the deuce did you have the nerve?"

"How?" For the first time the question impressed itself on him. He scratched his head and said simply, unconscious of the wide application of what he said: "Gee! guess I didn't stop to think how rotten I was."

He went to bed, gorgeously happy with the first throbbing, satisfying intoxication of success. The whole world must be concerned with him now. He was no longer unknown; he had emerged, freed himself from the thralling oblivion of the mass.

CHAPTER VI

STOVER fondly dreamed, that night, of his triumphal appearance on the field the following day, greeted by admiring glances and cordial handshakes, placed at once on the second eleven, watched with new interest by curious coaches, earning an approving word from his captain.

When he did come on the field, embarrassed and reluctantly conscious of his sudden leap to world-wide fame, no one took the slightest notice of him. Tompkins did not vouchsafe a word of greeting. To his amazement, Dana again passed him over and left him restless on the bench, chafing for the opportunity that did not come. The second and the third afternoon it was the same — the same indifference, the same forgetfulness. And then he suddenly realized the stern discipline of it all — unnecessary and stamping out individuality, it seemed to him at first, but subordinating everything to the one purpose, eliminating the individual factor, demanding absolute subordination to the whole, submerging everything into the machine, that was not a machine only, when once accomplished, but an immense idea of sacrifice and self-abnegation. Directly, clearly visualized, he perceived, for the first time, what he was to perceive in every side of his college career, that a standard has been fashioned to which, irresistibly, subtly, he would have to conform; only here, in the free domain of combat, the standard that imposed itself upon him was something bigger than his own.

Meanwhile the college in all its activities opened before him, absorbing him in its routine. The great mass of his comrades to be gradually emerged from the blurred mists of the first day. He began to perceive hundreds of faces, faces that fixed themselves in his memory, ranging themselves, dividing according to his first impression into sharply defined groups. Fellows sought him out, joined him when he crossed the campus, asked him to drop in.

In chapel he found himself between Bob Story, a quiet, self-contained, likable fellow, popular from the first, from a certain genuine sweetness and charity in his character, son of Judge Story of New Haven, one of the most influential of the older graduates; and on the other side Swazey, a man of twenty-five or -six, of a type that frankly amazed him — rough, uncouth, with thick head and neck, rather flat in the face, intrusive, yellowish eyes, under lip overshot, one ear maimed by a scar, badly dressed, badly combed, and badly shod. Belying this cloutish exterior was a quietness of manner and the dreamy vision of a passionate student. Where he came from Stover could not guess, nor by what strange chance of life he had been thrown there. In front of him was the great bulk of Regan, always bent over a book for the last precious moments, coming and going always with the same irresistible steadiness of purpose. He had not been at the wrestling the opening night, he had not been out for football, because his own affairs, his search for work, were to him more important; and, looking at him, Stover felt that he would never allow anything to divert him from his main purpose in college — first, to earn his way, and, second, to educate himself. Stover, with others, had urged him to report for practice, knowing, though not proclaiming it, that there lay the way

to friendships that, once gained, would make easy his problem.

"Not yet, Stover," said Regan, always with the same finality to his tone. "I've got to see my way clear; I've got to know if I can down that infernal Greek and Latin first. If I can, I'm coming out."

"Where do you room?" said Stover.

"Oh, out about a mile — a sort of rat-hole."

"I want to drop in on you."

"Come out sometime."

"Drop in on me."

"I'm going to."

"I say, Regan, why don't you see Le Baron?"

"What for?"

"Why, he might — might give you some good tips," said Stover, a little embarrassed.

"Exactly. Well, I prefer to help myself."

Stover broke out laughing.

"You're a fierce old growler!"

"I am."

"I wish you'd let the fellows know you."

"That can wait."

"I say, Regan," said Stover suddenly, "would you mind doing the waiting over at our joint?"

"Why should I?"

"Why, I thought — I thought perhaps you'd find it more convenient at Commons."

"Is that what you really thought?" said Regan, with a quizzical smile.

The man's perfect simplicity and unconsciousness impressed Stover more than all the fetish of enthroned upper classmen; he was always a little embarrassed before Regan.

"No," he said frankly; "but, Regan, I would like to have you with us, and I think you'd like it."

"We'll talk it over," said Regan deliberately; "I'll think it over myself. Good-by."

Stover put out his hand instinctively. Their hands held each other a moment, and their eyes met in open, direct friendship. He stood a moment thoughtfully, after they had parted. What he had offered had been offered impulsively. He began to wonder if it would work out without embarrassment in the intimacy of the eating-joint. The crowd that they had joined — as Gimbel had predicted — had taken a long dining-room cheerily lighted, holding one table, around which sixteen ravenous freshmen managed to squeeze in turbulent, impatient clamor. Bob Story, Hunter and his crowd, Hungerford and several men from Groton and St. Mark's, Schley and his room-mate Troutman, made up a coterie that already had in it the elements of the leadership of the class.

As he was deliberating, he perceived Joe Hungerford rolling along, with his free and easy slouch, immersed in the faded blue sweater into which he had lazily bolted to make chapel, a cap riding on the exuberant wealth of blond hair. He broached the subject at once:

"Say, Hungerford, you're the man I want."

"Fire away."

Stover detailed his invitation to Regan, concluding: "Now, tell me frankly what you think."

"Have him with us, by all means," said Hungerford impulsively.

"Might it not be a little embarrassing? How do you think the other fellows would like it?"

"Why, there's only one way to take it," said Hungerford directly. "Our crowd's too select now to suit me. We need him a darn sight more than he needs us."

"I knew you'd feel that way."

"By George, that's why I came to Yale. If there are any little squirts in the crowd think differently, a swift kick where it'll do the most good will clear the atmosphere."

Stover looked at him with impulsive attraction. He was boyish, unspoiled, eager.

"Now, look here, Dink — you don't mind me calling you that, do you?" continued Hungerford, with a little hesitation.

"Go ahead."

"I want you to understand how I fee' about things. I've got about everything in the world to make a conceited, pompous, useless little ass out of me, and about two hundred people who want to do it. I wish to blazes I was starting where Regan is — where my old dad did; I might do something worth while. Now, I don't want any hungry, boot-licking little pups around me whose bills I am to pay. I want to come in on your scale, and I'm mighty glad to get the chance. That's why my allowance isn't going to be one cent more than yours; and I want you to know it. Now, as for this fellow Regan — he sounds like a man. I tell you what I'll do. I'll fix it up in a shake of a lamb's tail."

"Question is whether Regan will come," said Stover doubtfully.

"By George, I'll make him. We'll go right out together and put it to him."

Which he did; and Regan, yielding to the open cordiality of Hungerford, accepted and promised to change at the end of his week.

The introduction at the eating-joint was achieved without the embarrassment Stover had feared. Regan came and went with a certain natural dignity that was not assumed, but was inherent in the simplicity of his character. He entered occasionally into the conversation, and always, when the others were finished and tarrying over the tobacco, brought out his plate to a vacant place and ate his supper; but, that through, though often urged, he went his purposeful way, with always that certain solitary quality about him that made approach difficult.

TO BE CONTINUED

A VOTE-SELLER WHO RODE A NUMBER OF MILES TO MAKE CONFESSION AND RECEIVE SENTENCE

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED RURAL VOTE-SELLERS

HOW WE DISFRANCHISED A QUARTER OF THE VOTING POPULATION OF ADAMS COUNTY, OHIO

BY A. Z. BLAIR

JUDGE OF THE SEVENTH DISTRICT OF THE COMMON PLEAS COURT OF OHIO

[THE corruption of the voting population of large American cities is a commonplace of current political history in the United States. A similar condition has, from time to time, been shown in some rural communities, but never thoroughly described. The following article is written by the Judge who has just conducted a trial resulting in the most remarkable revelations of corruption in a rural electorate that were ever made in this country.—EDITOR.]

THE writer has just completed, in his court, the conviction and disfranchisement of one quarter of the electors of Adams County, Ohio, for selling their votes at the last election. This matter has excited much attention throughout the nation. Now that the work is finished, the writer, as presiding judge, is for the first time at liberty to describe it. In justice to the county where he has spent most of his active life, and to the nation at large, he should do so. If, as he has been credibly informed, conditions similar to those in Adams County exist in other sections of the country, his narrative may be of value.

Our county in southern Ohio is populated by

as old and excellent American stock as any in the United States. Whatever the case may be concerning the venality of the foreign-born population in great cities, no such condition enters into the discussion of her case. In Adams County but one person out of twenty-five is of foreign parentage, against one out of three in the country at large; and but one man in a hundred is a negro, against one in eight in the United States as a whole.

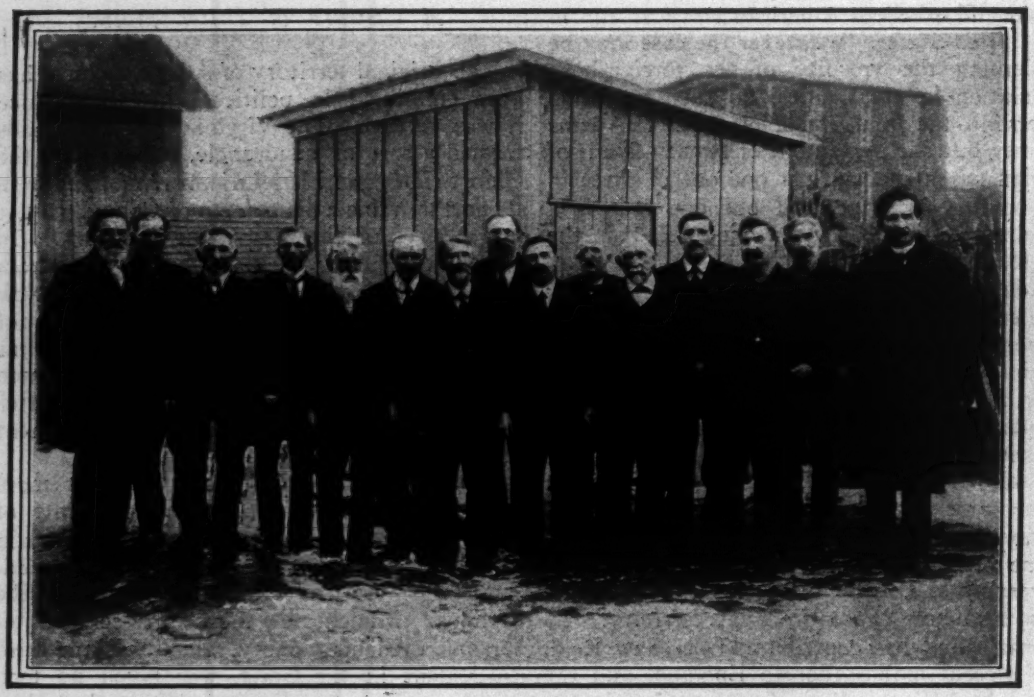
Adams County was settled by Revolutionary soldiers from Virginia, and a great part of the present population is descended from them. As originally established, after the Revolutionary War, it included most of the Virginia Military Lands, which had been set aside by Congress for the State of Virginia to divide into farms for her soldiers. Out of this original territory have come some of the ablest men of the nation. General Grant was born here, and here was the home of Senator Allen G. Thurman. Eight governors and five United States senators of Ohio have been chosen from this territory. To journalism it has contributed Whitelaw Reid, the present ambassador to England, and the late John A. Cockerill; among recent legislators, ex-Senators Joseph B. Foraker and Albert J. Beveridge.

A Century of Bitter Politics

This original territory of Adams County has been embroiled in political strife ever since it was settled. The Virginia Military Lands formed a sort of quadrangle, bounded by the Ohio, Scioto, and Little Miami rivers, and with its northern line a little north of Columbus. It was a part of the Northwest Territory. On either side of the Virginians were settlers from the North, largely from New England. The New Englanders were Federalists; the government of the territory was Federalist. The Jeffersonians in the Virginia Military Lands very soon came into conflict with their neighbors in the bitter controversies over the theory of government which followed the Revolution.

Their theoretical differences brought more than theoretical results to the residents of Adams County. The two oldest settlements in Ohio, Cincinnati and Marietta,— made by Federalists,— were protected by forts against the Indians. Manchester, the county-seat of Jeffersonian Adams County, which was the third settlement in the State, was given no fort, and the county was the scene of bloody Indian wars. The name of a Federalist President was forced upon it; and finally the Federalist gov-

TYPICAL TOWNSHIP PARTY WORKERS WHO APPEARED AS WITNESSES BEFORE THE GRAND JURY, AND WHO OBTAINED IMMUNITY FOR THEMSELVES UNDER THE INFORMERS LAW, IN RETURN FOR HAVING SURRENDERED THEIR LISTS OF BRIBE-TAKERS



THE GRAND JURY IN THE ADAMS COUNTY BRIBERY CASES
SEVEN DEMOCRATS, SEVEN REPUBLICANS, AND ONE PROHIBITIONIST WERE CHOSEN FOR THE JURY. THE FOREMAN (AT THE EXTREME RIGHT) WAS EX-CONGRESSMAN FENTON

THIS WOMAN WALKED TWENTY MILES TO MAKE CONFESSION FOR HER HUSBAND, WHO WAS ILL

ernor of the territory arbitrarily moved the county-seat from Manchester and placed it in a hamlet which he named Adamsville, but which the Virginians of Adams County refused to call anything but "Scantville" during its existence.

The intense political feeling of the Virginia stock showed itself in the fights over the framing of the constitution of Ohio, and in the control of the State on its admission to the Union. Their county lay along the Mason and Dixon line,— a political hotbed,— and the spirit of partizanship that developed after the Revolutionary War has never abated. Political loyalty has amounted almost to a passion with the residents of the county. When the original county was cut down into the much smaller county of to-day, no part of it retained this spirit more strongly than ours.

There was no purchasing of votes, however, previous to the Civil War; there was no need of it; the county itself was too strongly Democratic. But the Civil War made a great change. Although the population of Adams County was Democratic, it was intensely loyal to the Union. It has been said that it furnished more volunteer soldiers in this war, in proportion to its population, than any other county in the North. Its largest town, Manchester, with at that time eight hundred and forty-one people, by actual

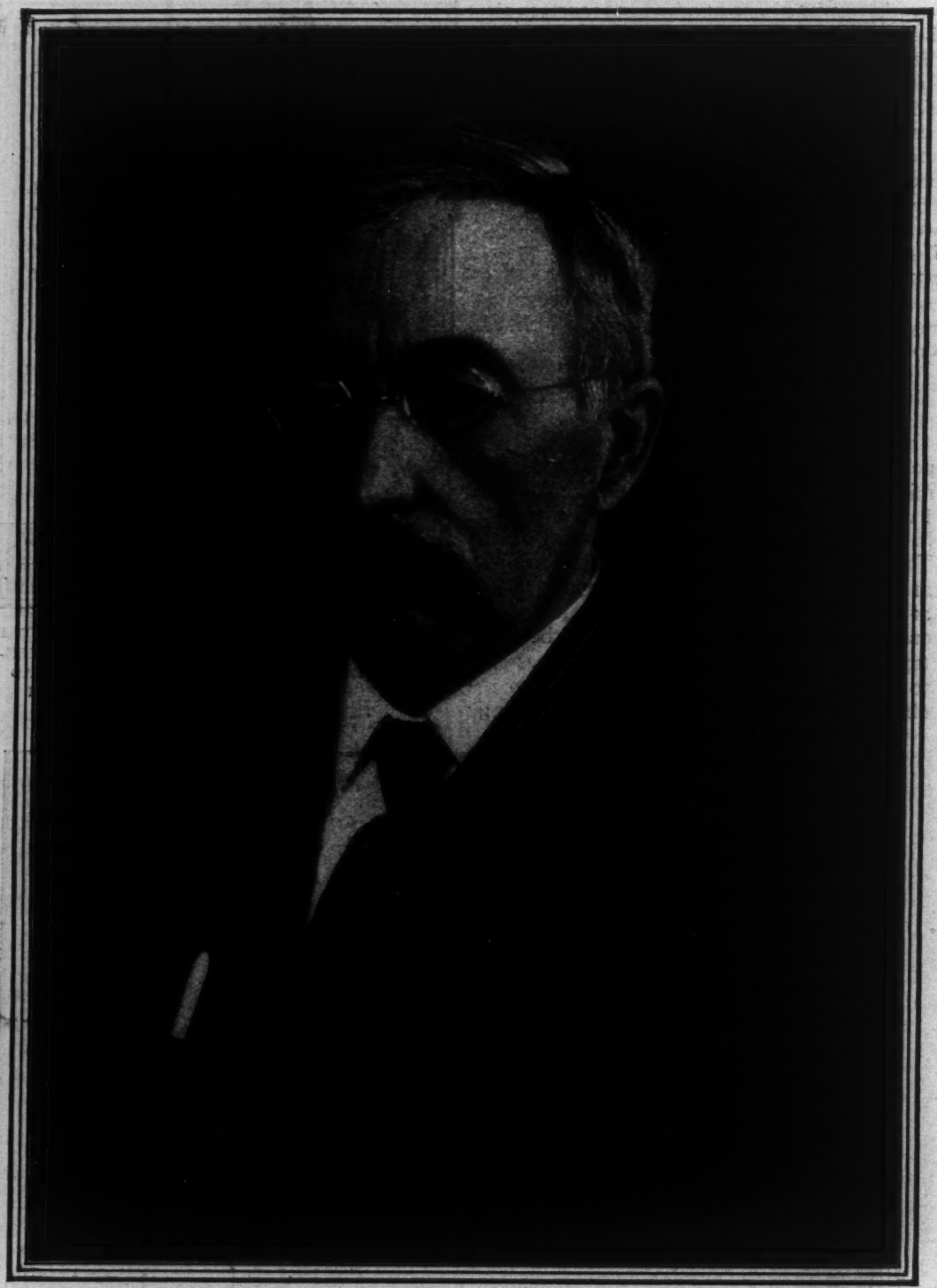
records, furnished one hundred and fourteen soldiers. These young men, after associating with the other soldiers of the Union army, came back Republicans. The parties were now closely divided in Adams County; and the same old bitterness remained and was intensified. The buying and selling of votes began at that time. I have been familiar with this condition since I was a boy, and, as I shall speak of how other people were connected with the wholesale vote-buying, it is but just that I should bare to public gaze the part I myself have taken in it. Whatever the humiliation may be in the eyes of my countrymen, it is only right that I should do this.

My Initiation by My School-Teacher

I was born in 1861, in Highland County, a part of the original Adams County, about a mile north of the present Adams County line. I was an active boy, and, like most active boys in our section, I very early got into politics. The first experience I had in buying votes was at the solicitation of my school-teacher. I had at that time left school, being about twenty-one years old; but, as this man had been my teacher for most of my school days, I was glad to help him. He desired the election to the office of probate judge, on the Democratic

W. P. STEPHENSON, PROSECUTING ATTORNEY IN THE ADAMS COUNTY BRIBERY CASES. STEPHENSON WAS ONE OF THE FEW MEN WHO HAD REFUSED TO HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE BRIBERY AT THE ELECTION

FOUR VOTE-SELLERS WHO REFUSED TO MAKE CONFESSIONS AND WERE ARRESTED AND SENTENCED TO EIGHT-MONTH TERMS IN THE WORKHOUSE. THEIR SENTENCES WERE SUSPENDED AFTER A FEW DAYS



JUDGE A. Z. BLAIR

WHO HAS JUST FINISHED CONDUCTING A TRIAL RESULTING IN THE MOST REMARKABLE REVELATIONS OF CORRUPTION IN A RURAL ELECTORATE THAT WERE EVER MADE IN THIS COUNTRY. AS A RESULT OF THE TRIAL, ONE FOURTH OF THE VOTING POPULATION OF THE COUNTY WERE DISFRANCHISED

ticket, of a candidate who would appoint his brother-in-law examiner of school-teachers for Highland County.

With my former teacher and his relative who was a candidate for school examiner, I had charge of the Democratic campaign in Jackson township. This was a "money fight," as we call those campaigns in which votes are freely bought. I myself took part in the buying of votes. In the evenings, the hired man on my father's farm and I would go out quietly and arrange to secure votes. Our candidate was elected for probate judge, and my teacher's relative was appointed examiner. He was advanced in politics, and now holds a high position in the federal Civil Service Commission at Washington.

My initiation into this kind of politics may seem strange. On the contrary, it was typical. At that time the practice of wholesale vote-buying had become a fixture in our politics, and the generation of voters to which I belonged had come to regard it as the natural and usual thing. They knew of no other kind of election. Men discussed openly before their boys the prices for which votes were sold; and the boys, hearing the older men in the families discussing the transactions in this way, were drawn into it as a matter of course.

It must be remembered, too, that during this period, when the buying and selling of the votes of the entire county became fixed upon us, the practice was not prohibited by any law. Under the present constitution of Ohio, adopted in 1851, common-law offenses are not recognized as crimes, but only such acts as are made criminal by statute. From 1851 to 1889, when the first statute on the subject was passed, it was no offense to pay electors for their votes; from 1851 to 1891 it was not an offense for an elector to take money for his vote. In the meanwhile, the two parties had firmly established the custom of buying and selling votes.

Vote-buying on a large scale in Adams County began in the election of 1867 — the year when Rutherford B. Hayes and Allen G. Thurman ran for the governorship of Ohio. This was a time when feeling ran very high. On one side, the Democrats fought for their inherited political faith, with an intensity heightened by the fear that they would lose control of the county. On the other hand, the Republicans, with a ticket of Union war veterans, fought with much of the feeling aroused by the recent war. Votes were bought on a considerable scale then. But it was done quietly. In 1871 there was a bitter local fight over the location of the county-seat, between Manchester, the largest town, and West Union, which had been the county-seat for sixty years before. The buying of votes in that year was an open and accepted fact. From that time on it became established as a commonplace practice.

The Two Classes—Buyers and Sellers

When I myself began my lifelong participation in the politics of the county, the custom was thoroughly established. It is, rightly, considered evidence of an extraordinary and horrible condition that we should have convicted a quarter of the voters of our county of selling their votes. But this does not by any means represent the real state of affairs. It is much better shown by a careful examination of an average election precinct of the county, which was made during our recent investigation by some of the best informed men of each party in the precinct. These men found that eighty-five per cent of all the electors who cast their votes at the election last fall had at some time in their life been engaged in either buying or selling votes. Of the remaining fifteen per cent, four per cent were either first voters or men who had lately moved into the precinct, leaving but eleven per cent who were guiltless of this practice.

From the time when I entered politics, in my boyhood, the voting inhabitants of Adams County were divided into two classes — buyers and sellers of votes. The guilt of these classes is the same, both morally and before the law; but it is a fact, well established by the court proceedings we have just gone through, that the buyers and sellers of votes have come from very different classes of the population.

The vote-buying class included, from the time of my first knowledge, many of the otherwise most reputable and trustworthy members of the population. They were men of sound metal — men who would stick by you and whom you could rely on. Church members, merchants, county and school officials were in this class. The intense feeling which started with the foundation of the republic, and which was intensified by the Civil War, drove the men who had genuine interest in government to make party politics a continual bitter warfare. So bitter was the partizanship in this class that it was not an uncommon thing to see a young man with a family, and with no property or means of his own on earth, take the last cent out of his pocket, when the funds in his election precinct were low, or even go to the bank and borrow money and give it to his party to buy the vote of some vote-seller which was still for sale.

The other class in the electorate, the sellers, were largely of the poorer people in the com-

munity. A few of them — like old Billy Grooms of West Union — were men with some property, generally land; but the majority of them were younger men, either unmarried or, if married, men who owned no property. Many of them were farm laborers. They were not foreigners, however, as has been wrongly stated; most of them were of the same native stock as their neighbors. They were the more careless members of the community — the men who had not much interest in government.

Between the buyers and sellers of votes, a very large percentage of the voters turned out at election time. At least a quarter of the whole population in Adams County votes — a very much larger proportion than in most places. In New York City, for example, less than a seventh of the population votes. But everybody has voted, in Adams County, who could. The buyers turned out to carry on their old political fight; the sellers came out to get their money. Men who had moved into other parts of the State kept their residence in Adams County for years, so as to come back at election time, either to help their party or to sell their vote. Politics was a chief source of conversation. And the excitement at election time not infrequently culminated in murder.

A Race of School-Teachers in Politics

There was another reason why the people of Adams County were so concerned with politics. It had an influence on their lives in a peculiar way. The county lies on the north bank of the Ohio River; the little streams emptying into the river cut it with ridges north and south. And when the railroads were built east and west they went to the north of us, to avoid our hills and valleys. Adams County, therefore, has to-day the only county-seat in Ohio without a railroad; and it was not until the '80's that its one railroad — the present Norfolk and Western — cut across its extreme northern border.

For this reason, there was no manufacturing development in the county. Its largest town to-day has only two thousand inhabitants. The young people were compelled either to work on the farms or to get into some profession. The ambitions and traditions of their stock drove them very largely to take up the latter. I have traveled considerably through this country, and everywhere I have found in the professions men who were natives of Adams County. I doubt if any county of its size has ever produced a larger number of professional men.

The usual first step into professional life in Adams County is to become a school-teacher. There are many poor families living in log huts in the county in which you can find one or more young people with the certificate of school-teacher. The county itself employs only about one hundred and twenty-five teachers; yet I have known times, during summer vacations, when nearly six hundred teachers from homes in the county were attending the county institute. The young men among these were fitting themselves, while teaching, for careers in other professions.

Many of these teachers naturally started as teachers in the local schools; they were examined by the local officers for the certificate which every teacher in Ohio must have. The giving of employment or a teachers' certificate was largely a matter of party politics, and from the first the young people were deeply interested in one side or the other of the general fight that split the county. At times positions were put up to the highest bidder; in other cases the aspirants were compelled to do political service.

I myself came into politics in this way. For a dozen years I was a school-teacher, first in my home township of Jackson, and later for a short time in the southern part of Adams County. After that I was for a few years appointed county engineer, and during that time I prepared myself for my present profession of the law. My interest in politics continued, and I served first as a member and afterward as head of the county committee of the Democratic party, and later — on leaving that party on account of disagreement with its attitude during the Spanish War — in the same capacity for the Republicans.

Selling a Voter at Auction

In the late '80's, when I began to take a more influential part in county politics, "money fights" were at their height. The "bloody shirt" issue of the Civil War still added especial bitterness to the local feeling, and the lack of an Australian ballot made the practice of vote-buying as much a matter-of-fact transaction as the trade in any merchandise. I remember, about 1889, standing before the courthouse in West Union, the county-seat, and seeing a voter auctioned off to the highest bidder of the two precinct leaders, like a horse or a hog. The price finally bid was thirty-odd dollars. The successful bidder took his man to the polls, cast his vote, brought him back, and stood him up again on the auction-block. Then he peeled the money from his bank-roll and paid him.

"I want you all to see," he said to the crowd, "that when I promise to do a thing I do just what I promise."

There were about a hundred men around the

auction-block — including the prosecuting attorney, the sheriff of the county, and the mayor and marshal of West Union. The practice was set so hard and fast in custom that men paid no attention to it. At every election, it was the commonest of sights to see men paid off after they voted. Some of them would take money only from their own party; some would linger about the polls all day, and get the party leaders to bid for their vote. And the introduction of the Australian ballot, in 1890, virtually made no change. Election officials about the ballot-box watched the vote-sellers to see that they delivered the votes they were paid for.

The Revolt of the Women

There was, though, one class of the population which rebelled against the practice. It was the womanhood of Adams County, which had never become reconciled to the custom, and whose continual hostility has resulted finally, I hope, in its abolishment. The women could see very clearly that the buying of votes was degrading their husbands and sons. The practice was so common that everybody knew of it; and it was not at all unusual to hear boys, on their way to school, say, as they passed by the polls on election day: "I wish I was twenty-one, so I could get five dollars for my vote." The partizanship in choosing school-teachers also affected the women very directly — not only when a member of the family was an applicant for a position as teacher, but as it resulted in a lower quality of teaching. The standards of the county generally were lower than they had been, and the women recognized it.

My own mother, from the time when I went out in the evenings to work in one of the "money fights," never ceased to protest against the idea. After I married, my wife took the same view. By the early '90's many men, under promise to their women-folk, refused to engage longer in the practice or to continue its support. I, with others, was convinced that some change must be made. At that time the candidates and committees of the two chief parties were induced to sign an agreement, which I prepared, to stop buying votes and to put up several thousand dollars to be used for the prosecution, under the newly enacted laws of the State, of any one who did so.

The Vote-Sellers Outwit the Reformers

This agreement was well kept through the first election. It was to the advantage of both parties to keep it; for, with both parties refusing to buy votes, they remained in the same relative position as before. But the agreement lasted only for two elections. This was due to the bitter fight made by the sellers of votes. Many of these men, it is true, made no protest; but a large number of them did. The politicians were very distrustful of their opponents — with good reason. For men whose word was as good as gold in business life did not hesitate to make any statement, no matter how untrue, in political contests.

In the first election, the political managers on both sides merely went around explaining to the vote-sellers that their opponents were entirely responsible for the agreement not to buy votes; that they themselves had been tricked into signing it. They had the money, they said, and believed that the poor voter should get it. They would never, they said, be caught in the same trap again. In this election the vote-sellers were puzzled as to who was responsible, and didn't know what to do. But in the second one they outwitted the political leaders. The latter signed a similar agreement again, and began to make the same excuses once more. But this time the vote-sellers had got together and figured it out. They sent representatives to the political leaders to say that they didn't know who was responsible for the agreement, and they didn't care; if somebody didn't buy their votes, they would merely vote against the first man whose name appeared on the agreement. Then the politicians immediately began to buy votes again. For the next few years the practice went on just as much as ever, because there was no candidate who dared to sign his name first on a petition against it.

National Figures Concerned

In all this time the vote-buying in Adams County had been going on with the full knowledge of the party managers of the State. The names of men very high in the nation were connected with it. Through my position as chairman of the county executive committee for first one party and then the other, I knew of my own cognizance, or from credible information, of many concrete instances.

Marcus A. Hanna, the late senator from Ohio, and John M. Pattison, who was first a congressman and afterward governor of Ohio, both, to my own personal knowledge, contributed largely to the funds used for buying votes in Adams County, with full understanding of how money was used in the county.

In Calvin Brice's second campaign for the

senatorship, an interesting example of political methods in Adams County took place. The campaign manager of the Republicans was a popular little merchant who kept a harness-shop and drug-store in West Union. At one time he had been county treasurer, and his handwriting was familiar to all the tax-payers of the county. The Democrats got some one to practise his writing till he got it perfectly; then, a day or two before election, some one went into his store and bought some of his stationery.

On the morning of the election, at every one of the twenty-odd voting precincts in the county, a man drove up, handed a letter to the head Republican worker, and, making some excuse, whipped up his horse and drove away before the worker could read the letter.

The letter read something like this:

> Brice has put $5,000 more into county; we can not meet it. Don't pay out any money for votes.

It was signed with the name of the Republican county manager, and apparently was in his handwriting. When the Republican workers got this message, they stopped buying votes. The vote-sellers were on hand, as usual, for offers. The Democrats were well supplied with money, and in a few hours they had bought a great share of the votes that were offered for sale. Later in the morning word of this letter reached the county headquarters, and the county managers started to notify their workers that it was a lie. Every telephone wire leading out into the county had been cut and every livery team hired by the Democrats. The county was swept by the Democrats for the Brice ticket. In the evening the Republican managers got together and threatened to arrest the Democrats under the law for forgery. They found, however, that such a charge would be of no avail in connection with vote-buying, and abandoned it.

Graduates of the Local System

The local politicians who worked out from Adams County into larger affairs all graduated from this system. John P. Leedom, an early leader of the Democrats in their "money fights," was afterward congressman, and was sergeant-at-arms in the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth Congresses; Joseph P. Smith, later President McKinley's confidential adviser and director of the Bureau of American Republics, led the Republicans against Leedom. Edward A. Crawford, now State printer of Ohio, is another man who has handled campaign funds used for buying votes and who has been rewarded by promotion. In fact, any young man with ambition for political success in Adams County was encouraged in every way to consider the buying and selling of votes as a natural political duty — not only by the customs of the county itself, but by the men selected from the county for advancement.

But, after all, there were not many or great political prizes to be had in Adams County. There are only about 26,000 inhabitants; the largest town has about 2,000 people. The largest salaried office in the county does not now pay more than $2,500 a year, and there is no "graft" in public office; there are no contracts of sufficient size to give any. The main incentive which has led to the "money fights" at election time has been the inherited taste for partizan warfare. The contributions of money which are used in this are not recouped from the tax-payers by dishonest office-holders. They come out of the pockets of individuals in a county where individual fortunes are — to say the most — very moderate; yet, in the campaign last fall, $20,000 was spent in vote-buying, and ninety per cent of that was contributed by individuals in Adams County.

I am Chosen to the Bench

In the spring of 1904 the Honorable Henry Collings, a resident of the county and one of the judges of the Common Pleas Court of the district, died; and I was appointed by the Governor of the State to fill the vacancy. In the fall of that year I was nominated for the position by the Republican party. My opposition to vote-buying being well known at the time, the Democratic politicians sought to make capital of it by getting me to head an agreement against vote-buying. In this way they hoped to direct the antagonism of the vote-sellers against me. I headed the agreement, and at the same time I gave notice that, if there was any vote-buying at the election, I, as judge of the district, would see that the offender was prosecuted. As I would have had, even if defeated, a month to start proceedings in, there was little vote-buying that fall; and, in spite of the hostility of the vote-sellers, I — favored by the Roosevelt tidal wave — was swept into office by a large majority.

It was in the next election, in 1906, that the vote-sellers really got together against me. Having now served the unexpired term of Judge Collings, I was renominated for the full term of six years. During the campaign I spoke frequently against the practice of vote-buying, and the lower class of vote-sellers were thoroughly aroused against me. The leaders of the

opposing party saw in this another chance to play sharp politics.

On my return, after holding court in another county, to my home in West Union a few days before the election, I was encountered by representatives of the Democrats and asked to sign my name to another agreement against vote-buying. Their own candidates had signed it, and I gladly put my name with theirs. I had scarcely done so when I was called to the Republican headquarters and told by candidates on my ticket and some of my party leaders that I had injured them greatly, and that my action would defeat the whole Republican ticket. The meeting, after an angry discussion, adjourned.

The Vote-Sellers' Ultimatum

In a short time I myself heard from the vote-sellers. The custom of selling votes had been so long established in our county that a very considerable class of voters considered any interference with it as taking away an income to which they were entitled. In one of the precincts at one time, when we were attacking the custom, a file of vote-sellers marched up and down the public way near the polling-place, swearing and threatening—as men sometimes do in a strike. The same spirit was shown in their dealings with me.

About a hundred of the vote-sellers of one of the precincts held a caucus to consider my action, and sent a committee to my house to interview me. The leader of this—a big, blustering fellow—did most of the talking. They used the vote-seller's argument, which has become familiar to us—the usual plea for the "poor fellow." It made no difference to him who was elected; he was no better off in any case, one way or the other; the only thing he got out of it was the little he was paid on the day of election; the men who went into office got large pay, and they should divide it. The vote-sellers' committee ended by demanding that our candidate for Congress and the two candidates for judgeships should put $8,000 in the hands of the Republican county executive committee, for use at the polls, or be slaughtered. We refused.

The committee of vote-buyers at once approached the other candidates on the Republican county ticket, and induced them all to resign. The vote-selling interest then approached our Democratic county paper—which is called the *People's Defender*. This attacked me for attempting to dictate to the other candidates of my party; it also printed my name as the first one of the candidates signing the agreement to stop vote-buying, although, as a matter of fact, I had signed it after the others.

All this caused the "vote-sellers" to line up squarely against our ticket. But, with the aid of an awakened public sentiment, we elected our Congressmen and two judges in spite of them, and just missed electing the other members of the county ticket, who had hastily been put up in place of the Republican candidates who resigned. At the close of that election I promised the people of Adams County that, if the opportunity ever came, all the powers of the law would be used in cleansing the county of vote-buying.

The subdivision of the Common Pleas district to which I was elected contains four counties besides Adams, and through the division of the court's work I was taken out of Adams County. I did not return to it to hold court, except for one or two special cases, until the fall of 1910—shortly before election. The political situation was such—as it often is before election—that it was dangerous to attempt to try any case, as scheming politicians were likely to thwart the administration of justice in order to help their party candidates. Court was therefore adjourned until after election.

The election was close. At any time within a month a contest could be instituted. The investigation of the vote-buying was put over until the election was settled, so that it could not in any way be used to interfere with the results. On December 13 we empaneled the grand jury.

One very bad result of our political system in Adams County was its interference with justice. Our jurors and grand juries were continually divided on party lines. More than that, whenever a crime was committed, the criminal and his friends would begin at once to secure party influence. They usually went, not to the leaders of their own party, but to the leaders of the opposition. It was generally believed that the opposition would be willing to do more to secure their votes than their own party would do to keep them, especially if they were members of large families. In this way the families of criminals would not infrequently change their politics.

Under the circumstances, the selection of a grand jury for our work was difficult. The one in existence was discharged, and, together with the sheriff of the county and the prosecuting attorney, the court selected fifteen persons as grand jurymen. These men were chosen after a long canvassing of the voters of the district. They were men of the highest character, who could be counted on to do their duty.

It was a very delicate task to abolish by law a practice so common that some of the members of our grand jury and the court officials had, at some time in their lives, taken part in it. In the first place, in order that politics be entirely eliminated from the investigation, seven of these jurymen were chosen from the Republican party and seven from the Democratic. The fifteenth man was a Prohibitionist. The foreman of the jury was a prominent Republican — ex-Congressman L. J. Fenton. The prosecuting attorney of the county had been overtaken at the time with an illness of which he has since died. W. P. Stephenson, Esq., chairman of the Democratic executive committee of the county,— a man who had refused to have anything to do with the bribery at the election,— was chosen by the court to take his place. In this way the political parties were fairly balanced, and we were ready to proceed with our work.

Vote-Buyers or Vote-Sellers — Which?

The first practical question to be met was this: Which class should be prosecuted — the buyers or the sellers? The main purpose was, of course, to break up the custom of vote-buying in Adams County. The court prosecutor and jury debated at length whether they should undertake to indict the buyers or the sellers, or should proceed with whatever information they could get against either side. They decided to indict the vote-sellers, and to compel the vote-buyers to testify. This meant that the vote-buyers would not be punished, as the law provides that whichever party to bribery transactions is compelled to testify shall be immune from punishment for the offense concerning which he gives his testimony.

This step was taken for a number of reasons. It appeared, first of all, the only way to secure results. Each buyer of votes, naturally, had more information in his possession than any individual seller. To get any full understanding of the practice as a whole, it was absolutely essential to trace the funds with which the voters had been paid.

It was clear, too, that no jury either in Adams or in any of the surrounding counties would, under existing circumstances and on the testimony of vote-sellers, sentence vote-buyers to prison, as the law demanded. An attempt to do this had already been made in the federal court of the district, and a grand jury — although selected from other counties — had refused to return an indictment. It was further taken into consideration that the vote-buyers had tried to break up the habit, and had been defeated by the vote-sellers; and that, if there were any wholesale imprisonment of vote-buyers (which would be required by law if they were found guilty), the heads of most of the important industries of the county would be sent to prison, all the commercial activities of the county would be affected, and much labor would be thrown out of employment.

Tracing the Money to the Voter

So the prosecutor and the grand jury proceeded at once to trace the funds with which the voters were bribed. This was not difficult. The cashiers of the banks — who were always told at election time to get together large sums in small bills — testified as to who received the moneys from them. The party leaders — some willingly, some under threats of punishment for contempt of court — testified just how and to whom the money was distributed in every one of the thirty-odd voting precincts in the county. The fact that both the court and the prosecuting attorney were perfectly familiar with the local political methods and with the people was of advantage in handling the situation.

The leaders of the voting precincts were then taken, at first from two specimen precincts — one a strongly Republican precinct and one a Democratic stronghold. When these leaders were brought before the grand jury, the prosecuting attorney went at them at once with a question worded something like this:

"Now, Sam Smith, you had $415 to spend on the last election. What'd you do with it?"

As the man would not know how the prosecutor had got such exact information, he would naturally be astonished and scared. He would hesitate and balk; but, finally, under threats of commitment for contempt of court, he would give half a dozen names — generally of men in the opposite party whom he didn't like very well. He would be dismissed for the time; and the same process would be repeated with the other leader in the precinct.

We started this on Friday, and by Friday night we had a dozen names of men who had been bribed. We knew that as soon as each leader got back home, everybody in his own party would come to him and ask him if he had given them away. He would say that he had not — which would be true. So everybody would be reassured and happy. On Friday night we picked out half a dozen men we were sure of, in three different townships in the county, and at midnight sent the sheriffs to drag them out of bed and bring them to the lock-up.

The next morning, Saturday, I had the six

men brought before me. They pleaded guilty and begged for mercy. I fined them $200 apiece and gave them eight months in jail; and then I adjourned court and left the town for my home at Portsmouth, in Scioto County.

On Saturday afternoon the country folk all over the county gather about in the stores. Every one of these stores has a telephone; and in less than ten minutes after the sentence was imposed all these meeting-places had news of it. The county had Saturday afternoon and Sunday in which to think.

An Avalanche of Confessions

On Monday morning I left Portsmouth on the early morning train, and got off at Peebles, a little station from which we drive to West Union, the county-seat. It was about five o'clock in the morning when I arrived there. Everything was snapping and cracking with the cold. There were thirty-one men waiting for me in the dark.

"Hello, Judge," said somebody. "You ain't goin' to be too hard on us, are you?"

We walked up the long walk from the station to the hotel in a silent procession; and at almost every window somebody poked out his head to see what was going on. All thirty-one of them pleaded guilty at the hotel.

When I got down to West Union, at about eight o'clock, the yard around the sheriff's office was full of teams and men. The court-house had burned down a short time before, and I had to hear the pleas in a little room about ten feet square in the sheriff's house. Two hundred and forty-one pleaded guilty that first day. While we were trying to keep the vote-sellers from breaking down the doors to come in and confess, the precinct workers whom we had had on the stand the week before telephoned in and begged for the chance to tell everything they knew. They didn't know what the sellers might be telling about them. In the next few days, from a hundred to two hundred sellers pleaded guilty every day.

As soon as the sellers began to plead guilty, the court announced that there would be leniency for those who confessed, but that the law would be fully enforced against those who put the State to the trouble of prosecuting them. Every man who pleaded guilty was fined $25 and costs and given six months in the workhouse. The prison sentence and $20 of the fine were both suspended, leaving the charge of $10.92, of which $5.92 was for costs. Each man was also disfranchised for five years.

Threats Against My Life

While these hundreds of vote-sellers were coming into court to plead, there was still resistance among the lower class of vote-sellers. In the first place, several letters were received by me threatening my life. A Republican newspaper of Manchester, the *Signal*, criticized the action of the court in electing to prosecute the sellers of votes. Its editor was promptly punished for contempt. In various places individuals went around advising the sellers not to plead guilty. The court was kept informed of this, and whenever the stream of men from any particular district stopped, the men who were doing this exhorting were indicted, arrested, and brought into court — for they were all vote-sellers themselves.

In this way, there were by February over 1,400 who had pleaded guilty of vote-selling and were fined. At that time a group of vote-sellers secured an attorney, who desired to appeal and test the constitutionality of the law. By special arrangement, the case was heard directly by the Supreme Court, and the law was decided to be entirely valid. Since then something over 200 more men have pleaded guilty and received their sentence. At the time of this writing (in August) the work is practically done. We have convicted 1,679 to date — twenty-six per cent of the 6,505 voting in the election. A few have left the county.

In addition to these, the proceedings showed that there were at least 500 men engaged in the work of vote-buying. These men handled about $20,000, which would be about $12 a vote, if distributed among the men convicted of selling. As a matter of fact, we found the prices paid averaged from $5 to $25. Practically all of this money was spent for buying votes; and our investigations showed that it was handled with scrupulous honesty. It was believed by some of the party managers that a few of the workers might have retained money for their own use. We checked up the amount of money distributed by the party leaders with the amount received by the vote-sellers, and in every instance they tallied. Before we were through, we accounted for practically every dollar spent in the county.

A County One Quarter Disfranchised

As we now stand, a quarter of our voters in Adams County have been disfranchised. In some of the voting precincts as many as fifty per cent can not vote; in others only ten or twelve per cent are ineligible. In a number of cases, whole families, containing as many as

thirty voters in the various branches, have been disfranchised. In one instance, a lay preacher and practically all the members of his congregation lost their votes.

It was our main purpose to free the county of the vicious condition which has existed there virtually ever since the Civil War, and not to punish individuals for an offense which had become almost universal. Of all those found guilty, only one young man, who refused to pay his fine — a man who was living off the means furnished his invalid father and mother by charity — was sent to the workhouse. Only six, the first arrested, were put in jail, and they for but a few days, after which their sentence was suspended, as in the case of the rest.

For the next five years the offenders in the last election will not vote. This will give time for the growth of a public sentiment concerning the value and sanctity of the franchise. At the end of the five-year period, if these men should engage in vote-selling again, they will immediately become liable to a sentence of six months' imprisonment in the workhouse, with $20 fine. I do not believe that many of these men will repeat their offense. In most instances, out of the nearly 1,700, the man pleading guilty of vote-selling seemed to have been brought by his experience to some sense, at least, of the character of his act.

Just how far conditions like those in Adams County are prevalent throughout the country I do not know of my own knowledge. I do know that conditions very similar prevail in most of the counties in the southern part of Ohio, and in the counties of Kentucky across the river from them. Since our investigation I have received scores of letters from other parts of the United States, stating that votes are sold and bought at wholesale in the writers' own community. It was this information concerning conditions elsewhere that led me to put into writing the story of our experience in Adams County. It is my hope that in this way the people of our county, whose ancestors helped to give to the world the American democracy, may now serve as a helpful example to this country at large by their purification of themselves from the degradation into which they had fallen.

SPAIN

BY FLORENCE WILKINSON

SEGOVIA'S time-stained prow puts out afar,
Steered 'twixt gigantic arches.
Look twice! A phantom army, yelling, marches
To front the huge frown of her Alcazar.

Rock leaping out of rock, Plasencia's bastions hew
And lift a sculptured challenge to set fierce blood a-quiver;
Zoned savagely by swiftness of a river
Terrifically blue.

White Cadiz, buoyant on a slender stem
Of land, a lustrous lotus-flower, floats;
White-petaled, towers and turrets and winged boats,
Wearing the sapphire sea for diadem.

Alcántara, war-broken, ruined, untrod,
Speared on its precipice, an eagle's nest,
By chasmed Tagus, roaring to the west,
Rearing against that Bridge, piled for a Roman god.

The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

The Adventuress

Illustrations by Charles Sarka

THE tale comes best from Madame Olivant herself, as she told it, after luncheon, on the veranda of her villa at Antibes.

Her two guests followed her out to where the coffee and curaçao were set as counter-attractions to the sun-flushed sweep of hill and sea — thick-set gentlemen, beautifully attired, and only just redeemed from a florid quality by a certain remorselessness of eye and mouth. They had come over from Monte Carlo to visit Madame as old colleagues and friends, and she had acknowledged their claims upon her by making them welcome and feeding them sumptuously. They seated themselves at the little table on the veranda with the solemnity of men who take their appetites seriously.

Mr. James Smith turned his broad back on the harbor and the wine-dark sea beyond, and reached his hand — too thick a hand for the immaculate white cuff that bordered it — to the curaçao.

"Have some, Neuman?" he invited.

"Of course," replied Mr. Neuman, and sat back in his chair to look about him with undisguised approval of his surroundings.

"Well, Jane," he remarked, "you've got things just about right here, haven't you? That *suprême de volaille* — that was great!"

"An' that Berncastler," agreed Mr. Smith. "Women generally make a mess of the wine, but that was on the spot. Jane! Here's wishing you all there is!"

He drank the liqueur with a flourish, and Madame Olivant, leaning on the railing, acknowledged the toast with a slow smile. She was a slender, noticeable woman, whose whole personality was regulated to a serene composure; she moved and stood with a gentle and deliberate grace, and only the pale intensity of her face suggested that she was capable of passions and regrets. There was nothing in her of that grossness of fiber which made the two men formidable; as she looked down on them from her place by the railing, she seemed infinitely and delicately remote from their good-humored animalism; but there was a companionship and understanding in her glance.

"Glad things were all right," she said, in her low, pleasant voice.

"Things were fine," said Mr. Smith heartily — "fine! You've got style, Jane — that's what it is — the real born-in-the-purple style. It beats me, how you picked it up."

He groped laboriously in his breast pocket and brought forth his cigar-case.

"Gi' me one of those," demanded Mr. Neuman. "Yes; how did you pick it up, Jane? You're the first I ever knew that could take a meal without giving herself away; they're never sure about their forks."

Madame laughed. "I suppose I've kept my eyes open," she said, "whenever there was anything to use a fork on. Sometimes there wasn't anything, you know."

"And then?"

"Oh, then I starved and kept quiet about it," she answered.

"Starved, eh?" Mr. Neuman was cutting

"'YOU KNOW, AS YOU SIT THERE, YOU ARE ONE OF THE MOST FINISHED THINGS I EVER SAW'"

his cigar, and looked up shrewdly. "Done much of that, Jane?"

"I've had my share," answered Madame. "The last time was in Berlin, a year ago. I got to the point when I was going to have laudanum for supper, when — well, I was saved."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Neuman. "Tell us about it."

Madame shrugged her shoulders slightly, and looked away to the color and brightness spread out below. Her elbow rested on the railing and her chin was propped in her hand; she frowned as if the matter of which she had spoken were yet sore in her mind. The two men smoked in placid contentment.

"Well," said Madame suddenly, "I'll tell you, if you like."

"Good girl," said Mr. Neuman; and Mr. Smith opened eyes that had a tendency to close drowsily.

Madame surveyed the pair of them with a look in which a vague distrust was tempered by amusement. She drew a chair away from the table, and sat upon it where she could still lean her elbow on the railing. She waited while Mr. Smith fortified himself with yet another glass of curaçao.

"I was in Berlin by myself," she began slowly, "after going to Russia with the Conyers crowd — you heard about that, I suppose?"

Mr. Neuman nodded. "Lottery bonds, wasn't it?"

"And cards," replied Madame; "the old game — you know how Conyers does it, with a big flat on the Quay, and dinners and all that! It paid, and we got away with the money before any one began asking questions. Conyers and his wife went through to Paris, and the others made for Nice, and so on. I went to Berlin.

"You see," she continued, knitting her delicate brows in an effort to make her hearers understand, "you see, I wanted a rest. There are times when I'm hungry to be quiet and decent, like women who have homes and families behind them. That was why I put up at the Herrschaften Hotel. It's old and expensive and rather shabby inside; there's no elevator and no palms or gilding; but it's the place where the real people go. Old black-satin frumps, some of them, with mittens and jet dingle-dangles on them; one of them, who used to blow her nose as if she were playing the trumpet, was a duchess. The head porter, with his spectacles and his white beard, had a different kind of bow for each of them, from a sort of nod for me to a regular obeisance for the old duchess. I was rather afraid of him at first; you can never be sure those hotel porters haven't seen you before.

"I had a dark, ugly room up three flights of stairs, with a couple of old maids on one side of me, and a stout, gray-haired, jolly kind of a lady on the other. It's about her that I'm going to tell you. I'd seen her two or three times about the place, when she passed me on the stairs or in the corridor, and I liked the look of her. She was as English as — as roast beef; handsome, and pink, and honest, and happy, with a general sort of look as if she didn't know what it felt like not to have her own way. She thought I was French; that was what I was letting the hotel people think.

"You know," explained Madame parenthetically, "I speak French all right."

Mr. Neuman, who was aware that she spoke also five other tongues with ease and accuracy, grinned assentingly.

"I know," he said. "Well?"

"I think she rather liked the look of me,

too," continued Madame, smiling faintly. "She wasn't a fool at all; she saw in a moment that I didn't belong to the general run of the Herrschaften visitors, and she was interested. She used to stare in her straightforward way whenever I appeared, as if she were taking notes. It made me nervous at first. The worst of our game is, one can't remember half the people one runs across; but they all remember you. They're all in the day's work, so far as you are concerned; but you're an event to them. But she didn't find me out — not then.

"I could see she had made up her mind to speak to me when she got a chance; it was my cue not to make it too easy for her. She managed it, one day, as I came out of my room about twelve o'clock and she was going to hers to make ready for lunch. She'd been out for a walk in the Tiergarten, and she was as pink and fresh and lively as if she'd been scrubbed.

"'A beautiful day,' she said in German, as she came up to me.

"I stopped, of course. I was nearly a head taller than she, and I just stood and half smiled down on her.

"'And you have been out in it already?' I said.

"'In the Tiergarten,' she said, and began to tell me how fine it was there, with the sun shining and the birds singing and the trees rustling, and all that. She was on her way back to Eng'and from the tropics, she said. 'And, though it's somehow different from English green, it's the next best thing. Do you know England?' she asked.

"'Oh, yes,' I told her. 'I have been many times in London.'

"'London's a country by itself,' she answered. 'Very wonderful — yes! But it is not London that I am beginning to be homesick for. Kent,' she said, 'where my home is, and the big beech trees and orchards and the little villages — that's what England means to me.'

"'It is a beautiful land,' I said, very politely. She wasn't to know, of course, that I was English myself. I didn't intend her to know it. But, the way she spoke of it, I could see that Kent of hers in my mind's eye. I had an aunt once at Wrotham, and I remember her taking me out to pick bluebells round by Trosley. But what's the use of telling you about that!

"I had my hand-bag in my hand, and she noticed it.

"'However, I am detaining you,' she said. 'I hope we shall have an opportunity of talking again. You are staying here for some time?'

"'Probably,' I said.

"She fished out a card. 'If you would let this do for an introduction?' she suggested.

"I gave her mine, with the old Cannes address on it. Hers showed that her name was Gregory — Miss Gregory, of Addington Hall, Kent.

"'It's always so satisfactory when one manages to outflank the conventions, isn't it?' she said, laughing. 'So pleased to have met you. Good morning, Madame Olivant.'

"And off she went, swinging along the

"I GOT A HAT-PIN OUT, IN CASE OF TROUBLE"

corridor toward her room as if she were marching to a band.

"I was going out on some business I had to do. You see, the money I brought from Russia was practically all in twenty-five-ruble notes, and changing them two or three at a time was getting to be a nuisance. Besides, it made me noticed in the hotel office when I went there to cash them into German money, and that didn't suit me. When people begin to wonder about you, you never know what they won't find out. So I'd packed the whole lot into my best hand-bag, and was taking them along to a place I had seen in the Friedrichstrasse — one of those shops, with windows protected by wire netting, where they show bowls full of louis and sovereigns and all different kinds of foreign paper money. You know! Conyers had one once, and got rid of a truck-load of false stuff during the old Paris Exhibition."

"Conyers is a great man," remarked Mr. Neuman. "Ever since he did that, I've always changed my money at Cook's."

"There isn't any Cook's in Berlin," said Madame. "This place was all right. I didn't take a cab; who was to know what I had in my bag? There was an old gray man in the shop, shut up in a brass cage like a rich ape, and smoking the tail-end of a cigar. I had my story ready, in case I had to explain how I came to have all that money; but he didn't ask any questions. He wetted his fingers on a sponge, and counted my bundle of notes with no more interest than if they had been hand-bills. Money was what he dealt in, and he seemed tired of it. When he had counted them, he snapped an elastic band around them, and began figuring with a pen to work out the rate of exchange. It came to over forty thousand marks, rather more than two thousand pounds.

"He told me the figure, and I nodded, very grave and reserved. It wasn't in my part to be too cute on the odd marks, and he was within a hundred of honesty, anyhow.

"He reached under his desk and brought up a couple of fat packets of German notes,— I wondered if he kept them down there in a bucket,— and counted off my money, and put one of his rubber bands round it, and shoved it under the railing to me. I took my time in counting it; I'm not really wasteful, and I didn't want to look as if I was. He folded his hands on his stomach and watched me stowing it away in my bag.

"'You will take a cab — not?' he said, as I was finishing. 'It is much money; a cab is safer.'

"'Yes,' I murmured, and went out.

"I meant to have a cab, of course; people notice you coming out of places like that. But, though the street was full of people and traffic, there wasn't at that moment a single empty cab in sight. I stood on the edge of the pavement, looking up and down the street for one — oh! I was a fool. I was in the way of the people who were hurrying past, and a man cannoned into me and slowed down to apologize. Then another tried to edge past him, and in a moment the whole sidewalk was blocked. There were half a dozen people shoving to get by, and among them there was somebody — I didn't see him, but he was there — who saw his chance and took it at once. I'd hardly got it into my mind that I was running three risks a second, when a hand came from behind me and slid down my arm to my wrist. I couldn't tear away — I was jammed in the crowd; and the hand took hold round my wrist, where the bones stick out, just here" — Madame showed her slender wrist with the lace about it — "and squeezed. You know how that hurts; it made my whole arm limp; and then the handle of the bag was slipped out of my fingers, and I got a shove in the back that pitched me forward against a fat man who was plowing past.

"*He* swore, and then helped me to stand up straight again. But, when I managed to turn round, there was the street, there were all the people bustling along, but there wasn't a sign of my forty thousand marks, and I hadn't even seen the man who got it."

"Neat!" murmured Mr. Neuman critically. "Very neat job!"

Madame smiled again, as if she, too, admired the dexterity of the manner in which she had been robbed.

"I couldn't get hold of my wits for a minute," she went on. "The fat man was bowing and grinning as if he were playing Romeo. I didn't catch what he was saying; I stood rubbing my wrist and staring like an idiot; then I walked on and left him. About a dozen yards farther on there was a big policeman with a sword, watching the traffic and stroking his whiskers as if he were pleased to see it moving. D'you know, it was the sight of him that made me feel really unhappy! There wasn't another woman in the Herrschaften that couldn't have gone up to him to complain she'd been robbed, and make him attend to it smart and lively. I was the only one that couldn't; it wouldn't have been safe for me to get into touch with the police, after the Russian business. He couldn't have done anything useful, of course; but don't you ever have the feeling that you've got to keep on your feet because nobody'll help you up if you go down? I had it then, when I was down. I could have howled!

"Still, there was thinking to be done, so I didn't howl. That money was all I'd got, unless there happened to be a few marks in a purse I'd left in my room. I hadn't any jewelry; I got rid of all mine a year before, and Mrs. Conyers lent me what I wanted for the Petersburg job. There was a hotel bill of about four hundred marks to face, and my fare from Berlin to Paris or Cannes to find; and I'd need some food, too. It was a smash at last, and I was frightened. I had to brace myself hard to sail in at the hotel door slowly and go past the porter without looking at his face. Those fellows can tell whether you've got money or not by the noise your heels make on the floor.

"That purse — I went straight to my room and locked the door and dug it out. I hardly dared open it for a mo.nent; it felt so fat and rich, and yet I knew there wasn't much in it. I turned it out on the bed and counted the cash. There was one twenty-mark gold piece, and seventeen marks in silver — thirty-seven marks altogether to get away from Berlin with and begin the world again. I tell you — it made me laugh! It was like one of those jokes Conyers is always playing on his crowd; it makes you laugh, but it hurts your feelings.

"Of course, the first thing I thought of was to wire to Conyers in Paris. I'd never asked him for anything before, and he *might* do the decent thing. I sent him the telegram in English, saying that I'd been robbed of every cent and begging him to help me out. While I was about it, I wired some of the others, too, though I hadn't much hope."

Madame stopped short and leaned forward to inspect the features of Mr. James Smith. They were composed in slumber.

"*He* was at Ostend then," she said slowly. "I knew where he was, and I wired him, too. He didn't answer."

"You didn't wire me," said Mr. Neuman. "I'd have answered."

"Perhaps," said Madame. "But I didn't know where you were, so I couldn't try you. I sent the telegrams at lunch-time; I wasn't lunching myself. And then I went for a walk about the streets, to see if I could make any plans. You see, I hadn't any real hopes that the people I'd wired to would help me, though I didn't know it then. I had sixteen marks left; the messages had cost the rest; and I had an idea I might drop into something profitable if I kept my eyes open. So there I was, wandering round in my smart, pretty clothes, with a smile and a headache, spying for a chance to get to work in a big, ugly city where I didn't know a soul. And there wasn't anything; there wasn't a sign of hope for me.

"I kept walking till about five o'clock, and my feet got so tired that I was nearly wasting a couple of marks on a cab to get back to the hotel. I was afraid of the hotel by now; the bill I owed and the head porter and the rich old frumps were too much for me, and if I'd had anywhere else to go in all the world, I'd have sacrificed my luggage for the sake of never seeing the place again. It was a place for rich people, for people who haven't got to care about money, who could be robbed of a dozen handbags and yet pay their bills and take a first-class ticket home. But it wasn't a place for me, with sixteen marks between me and the gutter.

"The porter had a telegram for me as I went in. It was the answer from Conyers. I took it across the hall to read, so that people shouldn't see my face. Oh, he's a brute! He wasted a dozen francs to have a sneer at me all the way from Paris to Berlin. 'Shouldn't ask money from a married man,' was what he had written — the cad! It made me so angry, for the moment, that I forgot to feel desperate. But none of the others answered at all.

"I was standing with the telegram in my hand at the end of the hall, under the big portrait of the Kaiser that hangs there, when my Englishwoman drifted up to me.

"'Ah,' she said easily, 'you look tired. Have you had tea yet?'

"'Not yet,' I said.

"'Then do have some with me,' she suggested. 'I'm all alone.'

"'So am I,' I said, glad to tell the truth for once in a way. And I was perishing for tea. A few minutes before I thought it was brandy I wanted; but I was wrong — it was tea. And at the Herrschaften you can get it in cups, English fashion. I followed her to the screened part of the hall where the little tables are, and I was never so glad to sit down in my life.

"There's one good thing about the Germans — they do give you credit for having an appetite; and there were plenty of things to eat as well as the tea. I never do eat any breakfast to speak of, and as for lunch — the man that got my money probably had a good one — I hope he had, anyway; but I'd had none. Lord, I was hungry! Yes, I know you've got an idea that a woman with my figure lives on two éclairs and the smell of a bouquet every twenty-four hours; but it isn't so. If it hadn't been for Miss Gregory sitting opposite me, talking in a large, leisured way all the time, and for the waiter skirmishing round, I'd have eaten every blessed thing in sight.

"'What lots of things they give you,' she said, looking round on the plates and dishes. 'Do we want all these?'

"'I don't,' I said, playing up to her, and she sent about three pounds of honest food away. I saw it go; I couldn't help looking at it, and thinking I'd have to buy some dinner, after all, out of my sixteen marks. Still, I managed to get something to go on with, enough to make me feel better, though it did fill me with a yearning to get some proper food.

"Miss Gregory, I could see, was trying to make me talk, and everything she said ended up with a clever little question. I answered a few of them before I noticed it; for instance, she said she'd had a lot of trouble to learn German. Hadn't I? Yes, I said. French, though, she found easy. I practically said I had, also; and then I saw how things were and was on my guard. But there wasn't anything unpleasant in it. She was simply curious about a kind of woman she didn't understand. She sat behind the tea-table, bolt upright, with her handsome, strong, pink face staring at me in the straightest fashion, with her smooth gray hair brushed back from her forehead, and tried to put me through my paces. If it hadn't been for the tea, which livened me up a little, she would have done it, too.

"And what d'you think she said to me, just before I got away from her? She leaned forward, with a sort of half-nervous laugh, and said: 'Would you think it too ridiculous if I asked you, on such short acquaintance, to give me a photograph? You know, as you sit there, you are one of the most *finished* things I ever saw. I should be so grateful.' I nearly burst out laughing. I almost think I blushed. I said I'd see if I had one, and left it at that.

"I got myself something to eat at a big café — something real and solid — and then I was so worn out I came back to the hotel and went straight to bed, in that big, ugly, expensive room with its stuffy old velvet curtains."

Madame moved on her chair and gazed absently at the unconscious form of Mr. Smith. Slumber failed to beautify the heavy directness of his features; it merely revealed the weakness at the root of the man.

"I'd hate anybody to see me sleeping like that," she said irrelevantly.

"He's not pretty," agreed Mr. Neuman. "Still — what happened next?"

Madame sighed thoughtfully and regathered her memories. She was a delicate and beautiful figure against her background of sunlight; even Mr. Neuman found something incongruous between the tale she told and the subtle charm of her presence.

"Oh, well," said Madame, resuming, "I got a night's rest, anyhow. The next thing was the chambermaid at the door with my breakfast on a tray — just my ordinary featherweight breakfast, and me with an appetite like a shark. And I didn't dare send her back for more; the thought of the money that I had left simply broke my nerve. But I remember, when I'd finished my roll, I ate the sugar out of the basin as well.

"The memory of the day before was as bad as a pain in my head, and I tried not to think about it. I had an idea I'd get out and hustle round and find something or other somehow; but I wasn't feeling brave. I'd only fourteen marks left now — my supper had cost me two; and I had to hurry, and I still had hopes of some of the people I'd telegraphed to. Of course, we're a bad lot, all of us, and we ought to be blotted out; but I didn't believe we were so bad that we couldn't do the decent thing among ourselves. I ought to have known better; I do now.

"Well, I dressed and I went down. It was getting on for eleven o'clock as I went through the hall, and there were a good many people there, and the sun was shining in on them from the big windows. It made them look bright and rich — even the doddering old Duchess, who had an ear-trumpet up and was being shouted to by my friend Miss Gregory. I felt weak in the knees at the sight of them loafing about there, so safe and comfortable and careless. Miss Gregory gave me a smile and a nod, and the porter gave me an envelop — my bill! I slit it open and looked at the total — four hundred and seventeen marks. On my word, I had to catch my breath and hold it for fear I should laugh out loud and get the whole business over there and then; it seemed the easiest way out of it. But, instead, I just handed it back to the porter.

"'Give it to me when I come in,' I said.

"'*Gewiss!*' he said; but I fancied he was staring at me through his spectacles. Miss Gregory was, all the time.

"Somehow, that emptied the spirit out of me. I went out slow and dignified, but with the feeling that I had no chance; I was handicapped in the very doorway by four hundred and seventeen marks. It wasn't fair; it didn't leave me time. I went out toward the busier streets, but there was no hope left in me. There's only one way a woman can scoop in money at short notice in a place like Berlin, and — well, when it came to that, I bought laudanum.

"There's no need to tell you how I walked about, on Unter den Linden and the Friedrichstrasse and Mittelstrasse and Taubenstrasse and all the other *strassen;* that kind of thing wouldn't interest you. I never knew, till then,

"'A HUNDRED MARKS IS NOTHING, IF YOU LIKE ME AS WELL AS I LIKE YOU'"

how little we're good for — people like us. We need fools and blackguards before we can get to work; and cities like Berlin, where they work and do business and behave themselves, are no use to us. Everybody I saw was taking care of himself or of somebody else; there wasn't a sign of an opening for me. I spent one of my marks for some coffee and food at midday, and another late in the afternoon; and it wasn't till the lamps were alight, and the people in the streets had changed from young men charging along on business to couples strolling for pleasure, that I got a hint.

"I was in a quiet sort of street off the Fried-

richstrasse, with orderly, decent-looking houses and shops along it, and a couple of young men stopped close to me and knocked at a door. It wouldn't have interested me if I hadn't seen, as I went past, that the man who opened it for them was dressed like a waiter. I guessed in a moment what was inside. If it had been a club they wouldn't have had to knock. I walked on to the end of the street,— my feet were so sore that it was worth something to have a chance of resting them,— and then turned back and knocked on the same door. I hadn't forgotten to notice the knock.

"The waiter opened at once — a big, rough-looking fellow he was, in spite of his black clothes and white shirt-front.

"'Well?' he said sharply, standing in the middle of the door.

"'Oh, get out of the way,' I said. 'I'm a stranger here and I don't know any pass-words or anything; but I'm coming in.'

"'This is a private house,' he said.

"'I know,' I answered. 'I'm calling on the family. They wouldn't like a row on the door-step, would they?'

"He gave me an ugly look. 'What name?' he asked.

"'I'm incognito,' I said. 'But if you shut me out, you'll hear it all right. Now, out of the way.'

"I shoved in, and, as he shut the door behind me, I got a hat-pin out, in case of trouble. But all he did was to fetch an ugly, clever little man without a coat, who struck matches in the dark hall to look at me, and then let me go up the stairs to the back room where the game was.

"I'd hoped it would be one of the games we worked with Conyers; I'd have called that luck. But it was only roulette. There were about thirty men and three women there,— not the kind *I* could speak to,— and a table with two croupiers and lots of lights. The men were nothing much — not swells, you know; most of them looked as if they worked for their living. But, as I stood watching the play, I saw one man across the table that I knew. He was looking over the shoulders of the people in front of him — a drooping, sidelong, thief's face, with a wide, restless mouth. It was Bat Samuels."

"Samuels," repeated Mr. Neuman. "But he's — he's not a gentleman!"

There was a touch of soft satire in Madame's eyes as she nodded her agreement. Mr. Neuman, to put it kindly, lived by his wits and by the absence of wits in others. But he was conceded by his peers to be a gentleman. Nobody called the absent Samuels that.

"He's a beast," said Madame; "he doesn't even look like a human being. But — I'd seen nobody else at all that I knew, and I was glad to see even him. He was gambling in twenty-mark gold pieces, shoving them on the table one after the other as if he'd plenty, and winning now and again enough to make it worth his while. It wasn't big play, you know; the place wasn't run for that; but the sight of the money lying about and changing hands gave me some hope.

"The minimum you could put on was five marks, so that I had two chances before I could be cleared out, and two marks over. I played my first as soon as I could get near enough, and lost it right away. I waited a bit and then played the other — on red! A man in front of me went away, and I got next to the table and dropped my money down, coin by coin, on the cloth, and stood watching it. I was thoughtful, I suppose, and pretty tired; anyhow, I didn't notice the spinning or anything else till a rake came thrusting down and gathered in my stake. I'd lost that, too.

"I backed away and stood clear till I could speak to Samuels. He came round presently, walking in that shambling way he has.

"'Hullo, Jane,' he said, smiling so that his lips writhed back from his ugly teeth. 'What you doin' here?'

"'Looking for my bread and butter,' I told him. 'Lend me a hundred marks, Bat — I'm in a mess.'

"'Lend you!' he repeated, still grinning at me.

"'I'll see you're paid,' I promised him. 'I never let any one down yet, Bat, and it's life and death with me just now.'

"His eyes were running all over me.

"'A hundred marks is nothing,' he said then, 'if you like me as well as I like you.'

"I'd told him it was life and death, and he thought he saw his chance. For one moment I was in such a sick fury I could have murdered him; but that passed and left me just tired. If it was a choice between *that* and dying, I knew my own mind. I took a good look at him, though — his sorrowful, shifty, silly face, with the shine of sweat on it; and I just shook my head at him.

"'Bat,' I said, 'I wouldn't go to heaven with you — much less hell!'

"He looked at me as a dog looks when you thrash it for stealing — mean and humble and guilty; it's hardly worth while to be angry with creatures like that. But it was all up with me now — time to make an end of it before worse things happened.

"The rough waiter let me out, and as I passed

"'I WONDER IF YOU KEEP SUCH A THING AS LAUDANUM ABOUT YOU—FOR A TOOTHACHE?'"

through the door he said, 'Good night.' It sounded queer at the time, but that was because I was too tired to think. It was a fine, cool evening, with plenty of stars overhead, and a clock showed me that it was only half past ten. The plump couples were still strolling about and taking it easy; I didn't see another soul who looked as if he or she had my trouble. People made way for me to pass as I went along; and it struck me that they were mighty glad to let me go where I was going.

"I knew what I had to do. Toothache and sleeplessness was what I said I'd got, and at four dentists' and a chemist's it worked like a charm, and they sold me each a little blue bottle of laudanum without a suspicion. I'd

have bought more and made it the surest kind of certainty, but I hadn't a cent left. I put the bottles in my purse and walked back to the hotel.

"I wasn't afraid of it any more; they wouldn't hurt me now. The porter saw me come in, and nipped forward with the bill. I smiled as if I'd forgotten it, and took it from him. The big place with its shaded lights and high church windows looked very solemn and noble; but what I had in my purse was a lot more solemn. I saw myself in a mirror as I went toward the stairs, and I knew I was making a good finish — just a quiet, serious shape of a woman walking alone from the lights and the company, not sad nor worried nor fussy, but simply going!

"The corridor was empty, but there was a light under Miss Gregory's door; I'd half a mind to knock and say good night to her, but I thought she'd wonder. So I just nodded to her closed door and went into my own room. I didn't mean to lose any time. But d'you know what annoyed me then? It was just the feeling that I'd got to be hungry to the end — that, after all my worrying and walking about, I'd made nothing but an appetite. I'd have liked a sandwich before I finished, and I couldn't have it. I felt that I was being ill used; it ought to have been enough to hunt me down and kill me, without starving me as well.

"I took off my things and got into a kimono to be restful. I'd no letters to write or burn; I don't carry that kind of luggage, and the people that might be hurt by my dying had already been hurt enough by my living. So I just let it be. I put out my little laudanum bottles on the dressing-table, as if I were spreading a meal, and got myself a glass from the wash-hand stand, and sat down to — to do it. And then, when I was within thirty seconds of it, there came a knock on the door.

"'Madame Olivant!' called somebody outside, and the door — I'd forgotten to lock it — was shoved open and Miss Gregory put her head round the corner of it.

"I sat, staring like a fool, with the glass in one hand and a bottle in the other, and her sharp, steady gray eyes stared back at me. We were like that for a full half minute.

"'Ah!' she said then, and came in. 'How lucky that you're — er — not asleep. I wonder if you keep such a thing as laudanum about you — for a toothache?'

"'Laudanum!' I repeated. 'Did you say laudanum?' And I began to laugh.

"'Oh, yes, I've got laudanum,' I said. 'But I've got a toothache myself, I'm afraid.'

"She was in a dressing-gown too, and wonderful she looked — something between a monk and Santa Claus. Her lips were tight and severe, and she kept looking at me in her steady way.

"'You're taking too much,' she said; and then, as if she were tired of keeping up the pretense: 'Put that glass down, you fool!'

"She snapped out the words sharp and strong, and startled me — my nerves were pretty poor, I suppose — so that I jumped and nearly dropped it. Before I saw what she was up to, she came striding across and took it out of my hand.

"'Now you're all right,' she said, smelling the dark stuff in the glass and nodding over it to me. 'Just in time, wasn't I?'

"'Give it back to me,' I said. 'Give it back and get out of this. I must have it. You don't understand.'

"I was crazy at the thought that she'd throw it away and leave me helpless, to be handed over to the police for swindling the hotel and shown up before everybody. And she'd go on with her life, calm and proud that she'd saved we — *saved* me! I got up from my chair.

"'Sit down,' she said, and she pushed me back with one hand. 'Keep quiet! No, I won't give it back; we can do better than that.'

"I tried to grab it from her — I was desperate. But at the first movement of my hand she turned the glass upside down and spilled all the stuff on the carpet. I gave a sort of cry when I saw that.

"'Listen to me,' she began.

"But I couldn't. All I could say was, 'Lost! lost!' like the heroine in a play. I tell you, I was pretty far gone, what with hunger and weariness and misery. When once I'd started saying 'Lost!' like that, I couldn't stop for a bit. I was getting on toward hysterics.

"Miss Gregory watched me under her eyebrows for some minutes.

"'I know what's the matter with you!' she said suddenly. 'Yesterday — when we had tea together — I wondered; but now I know. You're starving!'

"I couldn't shape any sort of answer.

"'I could have some sandwiches sent up to my room,' she said. 'Will you eat them if I do? But you must, anyhow. Come with me!'

"I wasn't in a condition to fight any more. She took me to her room and sat me in a chair, and then put her thumb on the bell-push, and kept it there till a maid came at the run. Miss Gregory gave her order round the edge of the door, so that the girl shouldn't see me, and she made it clear she didn't intend to be kept wait-

ing. Sandwiches it was, and a pint of champagne. Lord, how I'd wanted that dainty, clean food! She walked up and down, while I ate it and got hold of myself.

"'Well,' she said, when I'd finished, 'd'you feel better now?'

"She asked the question in English, looking at me straight.

"'Yes,' I answered.

"'*That's* all right, then,' she said. 'And so you *are* English! I thought so from the first moment I saw you. If you'd been just what you pretended to be, Madame Olivant, I shouldn't have tried to know you. You did it very well, you know, except for one thing — you had such a strong natural turn for respectability. And now, what is the trouble?'

"I gave it to her short. 'Yesterday I was robbed in the street of forty thousand marks,' I said. 'To-day I got a hotel bill for over four hundred. I spent my last farthing on that laudanum you took away from me. And I can't go on.'

"She nodded. 'No friends?' she asked.

"'No,' I answered; 'no friends!'

"She took another turn up and down the room, with her chin on her breast and her hands joined behind her,— she looked like a solemn old man,— and at last stopped — in front of me.

"'You don't really know much about life, I think,' she said. 'You're not a judge of people. You see too much of one kind, I suppose. Now, I — I'm a traveler, and I see all sorts. I knew what you were before I spoke to you, Madame Olivant. I saw you were not French, to begin with. At tea yesterday I saw you were hungry. And in the hall this morning I saw you were desperate. You didn't know you showed all that, did you? But I saw; and when I noticed you this evening on the Friedrichstrasse going into a chemist's shop, I came straight back here to wait for you. You haven't deceived me much, have you?'

"She shook her head over me, in a kind of reproving way.

"'But any one can deceive you,' she went on. 'I liked the look of you; I gave you my card and I asked you for your photograph. And yet, you were going to take poison alone in your room, without a word to me in here!'

"I had to say something. 'What good would that have done?' I said.

"'Good!' she cried. 'Why, you said — it's only a question of money, isn't it?' She stared at me fiercely, and then came a bit nearer.

"'My child,' she said,— that's what she called me,— 'my child, I've helped a good many people in my time, in many ways. But you went to your room to die without even hoping I would help you, and — it hurts me!'

"She was frowning heavily, and her big, pink, handsome face was set as hard as iron. But what she said was true; it was hurting her. I sat in my chair, crying.

"'I haven't told you how I got that forty thousand marks,' I began; but she shut me up.

"'Why should you?' she said. 'You didn't even tell me you were starving. Well, since it's only money, how much shall I lend you?'

"And she went across to her dressing-bag and pulled out a big pocket-book."

Madame stopped suddenly, and leaned as if to look over the railing at something in the garden below her, with her hand screening her face.

"She forked out, did she?" inquired Mr. Neuman. "A decent old sort — what? Did you ever pay her back, Jane?"

Madame nodded, without looking round. "Oh, yes," she said; "I sent the money out of what I made in Paris. Conyers had a game there, and I went against him for once in a way. It worked, and I telegraphed the money to Miss Gregory and then came on here."

"I expect," said Mr. Neuman thoughtfully, "the old girl was surprised when she got it."

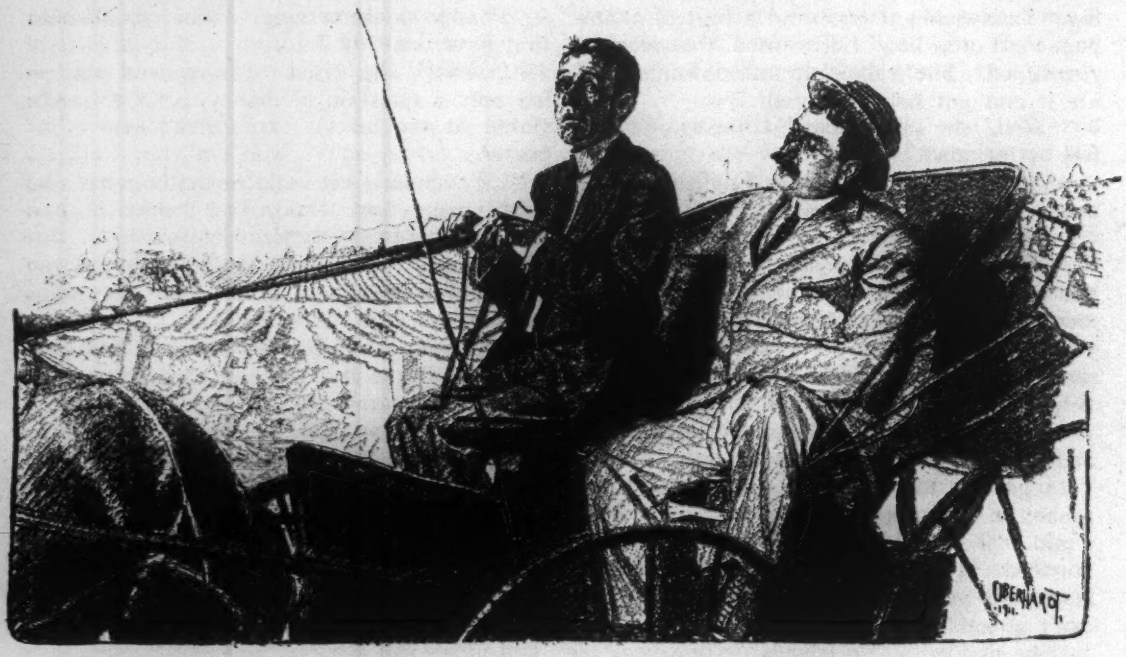
Madame turned to him with a shadow on her face, and looked at him seriously.

"Yes," she said slowly. "She counted that money as lost; she'd surely be surprised to have it paid back. And *that's* what hurts me still."

Mr. Neuman reflected calmly, tilting his chair backward.

"Well, it was a nasty experience, Jane," he concluded. "But you're all right here, aren't you? Everything of the best — and that *suprême de volaille* — that was great!"

Madame nodded.



THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE

ONE OF DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS' GREAT CASES

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

I

LATE in the summer of 18—, Detective William J. Burns, then an operative in the United States Secret Service, was following the trail of a counterfeiter who had been issuing twenty-dollar notes; and the scent had become so warm that he expected to make an arrest within a few days. He was stopped in the pursuit by a telegram from Washington ordering him to D——, to meet a man named (let us say) Fidd, who had an "important case" for him. He wired back to Washington a plea of imminence and urgency in the matter in hand. The orders were repeated. He detailed a man to pick up the counterfeiter's trail where he had dropped it, and he took the train to D—— in a cold fume of resentment against Fidd.

He knew all that there was to know about Fidd. Some years before, Fidd had been soliciting business for a photo-engraver whom the government agents suspected of having made plates to print a counterfeit note. Fidd had secretly assisted the authorities. He had coöperated confidentially with the Secret Service in proving his employer guilty; and he had impressed himself with the idea that he had shown a noticeable ability in the work. He

NOTE.— For obvious reasons, names and places and recognizable details of character and incident have been disguised in this narrative beyond any possibility of identification.

had since become an amateur detective, without pay, operating by the long-distance deductive method on every case that appeared in the newspapers, specializing in the literature of crime and the arm-chair study of current "murder mysteries," and sending unsolicited advice and misinformation to Washington whenever the appearance of a new counterfeit was reported in the press despatches.

He had inherited a little money, in the shape of two town lots, and he had married a little more, in the person of a plump widow. With her assistance, he had set up an office in D—— as a real-estate dealer, insurance solicitor, typewriter agent, and notary public, with his desk in the window of a plumber's shop — of which he was the landlord — and his wife keeping house upstairs on the experience and the furniture of her previous marriage.

He was a very shrewd-looking, small man, with what is called a "hatchet face"; and he believed in paying a good price for the material of his clothes and having them made by a cheap tailor, so that he was always dressed in the enduring shabbiness of misfits. He wore pale-blue neckties. "I used to remember him as having watery blue eyes," Burns says, "like skimmed milk. As a matter of fact, his eyes were brownish gray. It was the necktie that put the blue into my recollection of them. Ever notice that about a necktie?"

There was a story in the plumber's shop that his wife had said he had "right pert little legs"; and it described them picturesquely. He wore bicycle-clips on his ankles, and stood with his heels together, his knees tight, and his calves curving out behind him "like the blade of a sickle." It gave him the pertness of a sparrow, as if he were about to hop. But there the resemblance ended. He never chirped; he was never cheerful, publicly; and his silence was extensive enough to cover all the confidential information in the archives of the Secret Service.

That silence was part of his acquired equipment as an amateur detective: no one could ever have found out what clue *he* was concealing. ("Of course," Burns says, "the first thing a detective has to be is *a busy talker*.")

Burns had a deep feeling for Fidd — the feeling that a fire chief has for a "buffalo" with a police badge, that the stage manager has for the student of dramatic literature seeking "experience," that the newspaper editor has for the proprietor's literary wife, that the worried professional always has for the intrusive amateur. Fidd was a public-spirited citizen. It was understood that he knew how to make money and save it. His wife could not have been more fondly proud of him if he had been her infant prodigy. He was admired even by the plumber. "There was only one thing the matter with him," Burns says. "He was a blamed nuisance."

Burns arrived in D—— in the afternoon, left his satchel at the brick hotel across the road from the railway station, and found Fidd in his office, writing a letter, as an insurance solicitor, on the typewriter for which he was the local agent. He arose with the greatest presence of mind when he recognized Burns. "The piece o' prope'ty that you want to see," he said, in a voice to reach the plumber, who was busy smearing himself with red lead in the back of the shop, "is about a mile 'n' a half out the Suttonville road. We'll drive."

He had evidently rehearsed this speech, in preparation, and carefully acted out in his mind an exact performance of how he was to proceed. He had that look in his face — the look of an attention directed inward — with his eyes fixed on Burns' chin.

Burns asked: "What is it? What 've you been wiring about?"

He turned hastily to the door. Burns followed him impatiently. He explained in a low tone, addressing the opposite side of the street: "We'll be safer in the buggy. There's no one kin overhear y' in a buggy, see? Wait till I hitch her up." And he hurried off with his head down, buttoning up his coat on his secret excitement.

It was the market street of D—— on which Burns waited, and it was enjoying its afternoon nap. A farmer's wagon stood empty outside the feed store. A pigeon was perking around in the cobblestones of the dry gutter. A grocer across the road came out, in his apron, and picked two cabbages from a pile on a window-bench, and thoughtfully turned over a cantaloup,—to conceal a sore spot,—and went back in again. Burns looked at his watch, as a man will when everything else seems to have stopped. He was anxious to get back to his counterfeiter before the chase ended, so as to be in at the arrest. When Fidd drove out from a near-by alley, with a flat-footed mare strapped to a shabby top-buggy, Burns gagged with exasperation at sight of him.

"I made up my mind then," he says, "that if he had brought me there to tell me any ghost story——!"

Burns clambered into the buggy. Fidd, with whip and reins, agitated the mare into a bone-shaken trot. They rattled down Market Street, across the iron bridge, into open country; and the horse relapsed into a chronic walk and Fidd began his story. Before it was more than well

begun, Burns had pushed his hat back from his forehead and puckered one eye thoughtfully for a moment, and then composed his face in an expression of patient interest edifying to see. Behind that expression lay concealed a "theory" of what was going to happen to Fidd, a belief that Fidd would not allow himself to be saved from the path of disaster, and a hope that one might be able to advise Fidd vainly what he ought to do, and then with a clear conscience stand aside and watch circumstances avenge professional patience on the headstrong ignorance of the amateur.

He had pushed back his hat when Fidd was relating how one of the men who had been implicated with his old employer, the photo-engraver,— in the counterfeiting which Fidd had helped to expose,— had recently returned to D——, and met Fidd on the street, and hailed him as a friend without suspecting that Fidd had been in any way responsible for his conviction.

"HE WAS ALWAYS DRESSED IN THE ENDURING SHABBINESS OF MISFITS"

"Are you sure of that?" Burns asked.

"Sure o' what?"

"Sure that he doesn't suspect you?"

"Sure's you're born," Fidd gloated. "I'll tell you why. He's offered to let me in on a new game with 'm."

"I see," Burns said. It was then that he puckered his eye.

"Yes 'r. He's round here nunder the name o' Davis, an' he's got twenty-five hunderd dollars in counterfeit bills, an' he wants to sell 'em to me fer two hunderd an' fifty. Giddap! He's a-scared to circ'late it himself, 'cause he's a-scared that you fellers are watchin' him, see? So he'll sell it to me fer what he kin get. He wanted five hunderd, an' I beat 'm down to two hunderd an' fifty, so's to look natural, so's he wouldn't suspicion me. I be'n playin' 'm. Giddap, Dolly. I got the whole story. It's some o' the money that they made th' other time, an' it's be'n buried nunder a pitata-bin in a cellar ——"

"Have you seen it?"

"No, *sir*. He's too foxy to carry it round on 'm. But he says it's good-lookin' money, an' I needn't take it if I don't like the look of it when he passes it over. I needn't pay fer it; I kin give it back to him an' keep my two hunderd an' fifty."

"When is he to bring it to you?"

"He ain't goin' to bring it. That's where he's foxy agen. Giddap, girl! I got to go down to J—— to-morrah afternoon, an' meet him at th' American House, an' close the deal. That's why I telegraphed fer you. I gotta have some one make th' arrest. Now, here's the way I wanta handle it."

"You're sure that he has counterfeit money?"

"Well, that's what I be'n tellin' you. He's had it hid in a cellar. I got the whole story; I drawed it out."

"How did you draw it out?"

"Why, I kep' quiet an' let him talk," Fidd explained, with pride. "I didn't say nothin' to give myself away. I played 'm along good an' plenty. I got the whole story."

"Well," Burns announced his decision, "you're about as much a detective as that horse is an antelope. I'm not going to waste any time with *you*. I won't go to J—— to-morrow, unless you do as I tell you."

This was so sudden a blow to self-complacency that Fidd — staring at Burns in hurt amazement — even pulled up the mare.

Any one who wishes to stare at Burns in hurt amazement is welcome to the exercise.

"HE TOOK THE TRAIN IN A COLD FUME OF RESENTMENT AGAINST FIDD"

"You're a joke," Burns said. "You wouldn't know a counterfeiter if you found one in your porridge. Go ahead; what are you stopping here for?"

He went ahead, pale, but self-controlled.

("Of course," Burns says, "he understood at once that I was jealous of him — that I wanted to get the credit of arresting his counterfeiter, and intended to fix things in my way so that *he* wouldn't get a chance to figure in the case at all.")

Fidd swallowed hard. "Well," he said, "I don't purtend to be a purfessional detective, but I got this feller Davis so's we kin ketch 'm with the goods on 'm, an' I ain't goin' to fight about how it's done, neither. There ain't no call ——"

"In the first place," Burns directed, "you'll not take any more money with you than you'll need to pay your railway fare."

"There ain't no call fer you to ——"

"In the second place, you'll not agree to meet him anywhere but in a room in the hotel, and I'll have the adjoining room. Then, when he hands over the money, you look through it and make sure that the check letters on the bills are the same on all of them. And, if they *are*, you take a fit of coughing, and I'll come in and arrest him. Do you understand?"

"Oh, I understand all right. You think——"

"Never mind what I think. You do exactly what I tell you and you'll save yourself a lot of trouble. Turn that beast around and drive me back. What train do you take to J——?"

"The two-ten."

"Does Davis know?"

"I guess he oughta. He tol' me to take it."

"Well, do what he told you. Register at the American House. I'll get the room next to yours. Don't try to speak to me in J——.

He'll have some one tailing you. Let me out at the bridge here. If I have to walk, I don't need to be escorted by a horse."

II

The two-ten to J—— was an "accommodation" train of uncomfortable day-coaches. It was hot and dusty, and full of flies, and children eating bananas, and impatient mothers and fat men. It seemed to Burns to move as slowly as Fidd's mare. An indignant infant in the seat behind him squalled angrily by the hour. The fields crawled by in a procession of deadly monotony. Burns wiped at a cinder in his eye, and added each fresh discomfort to his debt to Fidd. And Fidd,— some seats in front of him,— as excited as a child on an "excursion," hung out of the window eagerly, audited the time-table by comparison with his watch at every stop, and jumped up continually to reduce the fever of his restlessness with ice water from the cooler. He looked furtively at Burns each time as he returned to his seat. Burns remained stonily oblivious of him.

J—— was a little "jerk-water" railroad junction that sold supplies to a neighborhood of prosperous farmers and called itself the "Forest City" because it had so many shade trees on its streets. It was proud, too, of its lawns. It displayed a sample of them, beside the railroad station, in a patch of grass big enough to make a background for the name of the town done in whitewashed round stones. Burns could read. He felt that Fidd might have given him credit for so much education, and omitted the backward glances with which he signaled that they had arrived. Burns was loitering in his seat purposely, to let Fidd go on without him; for he had seen a suspicious-looking man in the station doorway watching the passengers alight. But Fidd stuck in the door of the car, looking anxiously over his shoulder; and Burns — to get him to proceed — had to take up his satchel and follow. He overtook Fidd at the foot of the car-steps, where the amateur detective had paused again, on the lookout for the counterfeiter. He was blissfully unaware of the man in the doorway watching him. Burns rammed him from behind with his satchel, and brushed him aside with the impatience of a perfect stranger; and the man in the doorway, stepping out to accost Fidd, let Burns pass without noticing him. A glance was enough to assure Burns that this man was a confederate. He hurried off to the American House in order to arrive there first.

"FIDD SMUGGLED AN ENVELOP FROM HIS POCKET AND WIGWAGGED IT BEHIND HIM"

The American House — in the person of its proprietor — received him as a commercial traveler indifferently, with a grunt in reply to his explanation that he would only register for supper, because he did not know whether or not he would spend the night in J——. He entered himself as "W. J. Burke," so that Fidd might recognize the initials. The proprietor retired into the bar-room and left him to dispose of his bag himself. He put it behind the desk, and found himself conspicuous in the presence of empty chairs, expectant cuspidors, and the plate-glass of the front window of the hotel "office." He went out, to make himself less noticeable on the street, and sauntered back toward the station to "pick up" Fidd.

The confederate was with him, and Fidd came along with his chin on his

necktie, watching the street alertly under his eyebrows, and giving an attentive ear to the confidences of his intended victim. Burns stepped into a drug store to let them go by. Fidd, in passing, signaled to him secretly to follow them, pointing ahead with a protruding thumb at the level of his hip. Burns mastered a desire to come out and kick him.

They turned out of the business street into Maple Avenue, and led Burns several blocks west to Chestnut Street, where they stood talking on the corner. Fidd had his hands behind him. Both his forefingers were pointing down at the board walk under his heels. Burns understood the signal to mean that, in spite of instructions, Fidd was arranging to meet his counterfeiter on that corner. "I felt sorry for Fidd," he says. "I felt sorry for Fidd."

The confederate had noticed the passer-by on the opposite side of the street, but Burns was innocently looking for a house number; and, when he found it, he turned up the pathway to a scrollwork cottage and rang the door-bell. By the time he had learned that no one by the name of Urquhart lived there,— or was known to be in the neighborhood,— Fidd and his "steerer" had turned back.

Burns reached a cigar shop and "pool parlor" opposite the American House in time to see them arrive at the hotel, and he spent the next two hours watching them. When they sat down to supper, he went to make his own meal at a neighboring bake-shop, with an apple from the grocery for dessert. It is one of the qualifications of a modern detective that he shall be able to eat out of his hand.

His original resentment against Fidd had deepened to an angry contempt that was relieved only by a vague promise of laughter to come with the progress of events. He waited, grimly impassive, as patient as retributive Fate.

It was almost dusk when the pair issued from the hotel again, and Fidd hung back and looked up and down the street so anxiously that Burns made himself conspicuous by crossing the road. Fidd immediately smuggled an envelop from his pocket and wigwagged it behind him. ("The darn fool hadn't had sense enough to leave it at the hotel desk for 'W. J. Burke'!") Burns bought a newspaper, passed Fidd briskly, caught the letter from him against the newspaper, and went on ahead of them, still "shadowing" them, till they turned into a livery stable. Then he stepped into a convenient grocery store and read the letter. It had been scribbled on the back of the envelop: "Corner of Maple and Chestnut. 9 P. M. We drive past. Be there. Won't come to hotel."

"HE WAS STILL WAITING, LEANING AGAINST A TREE"

"What can I do for you?" the grocer asked.

Burns blinked at him. "What did you say?"

"Something for you?"

"Oh." He consulted the envelop as if it had been a shopping-list. "Yes; she wants half a peck of apples, a quarter's worth of granulated sugar, a pound of English breakfast tea, and — a — a market — oh, a market-basket. Put them in the basket and I'll take them with me."

He saw Fidd and the confederate drive past. When he came out of the grocer's door, he had the basket on his arm and his hat on the back of his head; and he was on his way to carry his belated purchases to a house near the corner of Chestnut Street and Maple Avenue. The instantaneous invention of that small ruse is another example of the quick thinking that has made Burns famous.

He says: "I lugged that basket up and down the side streets till nearly nine, eating the apples and blessing Fidd. There was a storm coming,— one of the worst storms I remember,— and it settled down into a pitch-black night. I had seen that there was a hedge in front of the house on Fidd's corner, and I planned to get behind the

"'YOU WERE RIGHT, MR. BURNS,' HE SAID. 'I'M NO DETECTIVE'"

bushes there and lie in wait for anything that happened.

"I came down Chestnut Street with the basket. The hedge was there all right, and so was our man — waiting under a tree, in the shadows from the street light. I passed him, with the basket, and turned into the third gate from the corner, and started back across lots to get in behind him. There was a noisy dog took after me on the first lawn, and it got in on my leg while I was trying to climb over a little picket fence to the next lawn, and I had to beat it off with the basket, and the blamed cur barked fit to raise the dead. Some one opened a door, and I dived in under the hedge and lay low. If I had had Fidd there, I'd have fed him to that dog, limb by limb.

"They whistled and called to the dog, and listened in the doorway a while, and then went into the house again. I could see the man on the corner through a thin place in the bushes. He hadn't paid any attention to the dog, apparently. He was still waiting, leaning against the tree. When he heard wheels coming up the street, he took out what looked like false whiskers from his pocket and slipped them under his chin and drew down his hat. The rig pulled up right in front of us, with Fidd and the confederate. My man stepped out and climbed in, and the confederate gave the horse a cut with the whip, and before I could get through the bushes they were off down the road at full tilt. I ran a block after them, but, of course, that was useless.

There was nothing to do but go back to the hotel and wait."

The whole affair had been an exasperating fiasco, and Burns waited in the hotel "office," glowering at his newspaper and swallowing his wrath — until the thunder-storm burst. It came with a torrent of rain and a small whirlwind. He looked out at the drenched street swimming in a driven downpour, and suddenly he began to laugh. When Burns really laughs, he makes no disguise of it; he throws back his head and guffaws in a diaphragmatic fit of hearty abandon. The idlers in the hotel office turned to stare and grin at him. The proprietor came over to him, smiling expectantly. "What's the joke?"

Burns thrust the paper at him. "Here," he chuckled; "read that. I'm going to bed. Give me a room."

And he was lying on his bed — in the dark, fully dressed except for his shoes and his coat, chortling at the roar and fury of the storm — while the men in the office downstairs were still hunting through the pages of the newspaper for the joke that had prostrated him.

"You see," he says, "I had figured that Fidd's counterfeiters weren't counterfeiters at all, but confidence men. They wanted to coax Fidd off by himself with his two hundred and fifty dollars, and get it away from him with the 'green-goods' bunco game. That's why I told him not to bring any money with him. And that's why I wanted him to make them come to the hotel, and why I warned him to look at the check letters on the supposedly counterfeit money — because, unless it was counterfeit, the check letters would be different on the different bills.

"He hadn't done anything that I told him, except that he had come without his two hundred and fifty dollars. I was picturing what would happen to him, out there in the rain, when those two crooks found that he had been bluffing them — that he had not brought his money with him!"

His picture materialized in the early, drizzling dawn, when Fidd made his way back to the American House with the aid of the town marshal. He had lost his hat, his coat, and one of his shoes. The other was on his foot; but the laces had been cut, and he dragged his foot in it gingerly. One trouser leg had been split to the knee. His collar was gone and his pale-blue necktie hung down between his shoulder-blades. His shirt had been torn open in front, and he held up his trousers by the waistband as he walked. He was mud from his heels to his hair, smothered in it, and as wet as if he had been dragged from a fish-pond. Where the rain had washed him, he showed blood and bruises. One eye was swollen shut. An ear was skinned. His nose had been bleeding.

Burns — summoned by the proprietor in his night-clothes — found this amazing wreck of a man huddled shivering in a chair, smearing feebly at his muddied face with a torn shirt-sleeve, and trying to get his stockinged foot up on the rung of his chair out of the pool of cold water that had dripped from him on the floor. He looked up at Burns pathetically. "You were right, Mr. Burns," he said, almost with dignity. "You were right. I'm no detective." And, with that, he began to weep.

Burns helped him upstairs, rolled him in a blanket, and put him to bed. The proprietor brought him a drink from the bar. The marshal went for a doctor.

While they were waiting for the physician to diagnose his bruises, he told his story with his teeth chattering. The two men had driven him out into the country, in spite of his protests, and when they had arrived at darkness and desolation they demanded his money. He said he had none. They tried to search him, and he fought. They dragged him from the carriage, beat him until he begged for mercy, and then stripped him to find where he had his two hundred and fifty dollars concealed. If the storm had not interrupted them, they would probably have left him naked. As it was, they had searched him to the skin, and when they had satisfied themselves that he was penniless, they had relieved their disappointment by giving him another beating, and had driven off at full speed in the rain with most of his clothes.

"When you go after criminals," Burns says, "you're not hunting jack-rabbits; you're trying to catch something more dangerous than any wild beast there is. Fidd hadn't thought of that. He had the usual idea that when you run down your man, you slap him on the wrist and say: 'Tag!' And he says: 'Well, I'm it. How did you know?' And then you sit down and tell him how you did it. And he says: 'You're a wonder. You've made me look like thirty cents. Please let me hide my mortification in the nearest jail.'

"As a matter of fact, they hadn't injured Fidd seriously. They had done him good. They had cured him of the delusion that he was a detective. The doctor patched him up, and I took him back to D——. I never heard of him afterwards. And I don't think the Secret Service ever did."

The Hero's Son

by Clara E. Laughlin

Author of "The Mother of Angela Ann," "The Hero," etc.

Illustrations by Thomas Fogarty

I

THE public took a nine days' interest in the Caseys as the one Chicago family to suffer in the great mine horror at Monovia. There were pictures in the papers of the funeral of Patrick Casey — Casey, the stone-cutter who had left his work on the piers of the new C. and C. bridge over the Sandstone River at Monovia, and had been one of the first volunteers to go down into that blazing pit after the entombed men; to go down, and never to come back alive. And there was something in the papers, too, about the poverty of the Casey family. A few people helped. No one's interest held over beyond the brief interest of the public. And somehow, in the distribution of relief, the Caseys must have been too far from the main mass of need, at Monovia, to be much remembered.

But Johnny was "workin' reg'lar" now; and what with his four dollars a week and Angela Ann's raise to five, the family were existing in fair comfort when, one warm, almost summer-like late-September evening, a stunted, pale youth swung off a south-bound Blue Island Avenue car, and hung, hesitating, about the corner for a minute.

Nearly everybody who lived on Henry Street was out of doors. The middle of the street was full of ball-players, ranging from small boys who had been playing ever since school let out, at half past three, to older boys and young men just released from the cramping work of shop or factory. The sidewalks held dozens of groups of little girls, sprawling in games of "jacks"; a few were roller-skating — rather a dubious joy, over those bumpy wooden walks; and in and out among them all a multitude of wee, toddling craft blew hither and yon, on purposeless voyages, careening much and capsizing frequently. On the "stoops" sat fathers and grandfathers and daughters just come from their day's work. It was the nice, social, before-supper hour when everybody is in the street looking at and talking to everybody else. After supper there is a breaking up; but just before supper on a fair evening is the time to see folks in Henry Street.

The boy on the corner knew that; he knew he couldn't face that crowd on Henry Street; but he hadn't made up his mind, even yet, how he would avoid it. Then he remembered the alley; and, pulling his hat lower over his eyes, drawing his head further within his ill-fitting coat, he slunk into the alley, and a minute later had lifted the latch of the back gate and had entered the littered, oozy yard behind his home.

The woman on the first floor rear, immediately above where he lived, was on her back porch; and she saw him.

"That Casey b'y have got out o' jail," she announced to her family, when they were assembled at supper; "an' I'll lick the first wan o' youse kids that have annything t' do wid 'im."

In the Casey kitchen, Mary Casey was baking potato cakes on the stove-lids, in lieu of a griddle — Mikey was "awful fond" of potato cakes — and on a high cake-dish of red and white glass, which had been obtained with many trading stamps and was the glory of the household, was a heap of dainties known as bismarcks, something like a cruller, with the hole left out and a splash of jelly inside, which Mikey preferred even over and above lemon cream pie.

When the kitchen door opened and Mary saw her boy, she smothered the cry of joy that rose to her lips and spoke with a fine casualness to the returned one, whose frame of mind seemed to convey itself at once to her quick understanding.

"An' how *are* you?" she asked, when he had hung up his hat and sat himself down in the little old rocker. Her tone and her manner were such as she might have used toward a traveler fresh from some splendid journey.

"A' right," said Mikey briefly. He had noted the potato cakes and the bismarcks in the red glass dish — and he understood.

One by one the other Caseys came in. Evi-

dently they were all acting under directions — not to say threats — from their Ma; for not one of them alluded even in the remotest way to "de bean-house," otherwise the John Worthy School for delinquent boys, where Mikey had just served a sentence imposed on him for being a member of a gang of young rowdies believed to be responsible for sundry acts of lawlessness such as holding high carnival of dice-throwing and beer-drinking in a vacant store, without the owner's knowledge or permission, and damaging his property in the revel; and attempting to tamper with the locks on freight-cars, for purposes of petty thieving. The boys were evidently young criminals in the making, and the Law had put them under restraint and instruction for a year.

Mikey was much sobered by his experience. But, truth to tell, Mikey had not needed sobering as much as he had needed some other things; for he was always a dogged rather than a profligate young person. Child-labor laws were lax in his tender years, and hunger was pinching. Mikey had gone to work at the age of eleven, and his first job was in a wall-paper factory where he worked in a steaming room whose temperature averaged 110°. Here he "got th' paint-p'is'nin'"; and somehow, after that, Mikey never seemed "anny too smart," even to his mother. He worked, but he didn't learn much. No skilled workman would be bothered with Mikey for a helper and apprentice. He had always to take jobs where there was no prospect; to do a week's work — now here, now there — for the meager wage, with no hope that in the future he would have a trade and prosper. What with this poor outlook,— of which some new rebuff was always making Mikey freshly conscious,— and with having to give over every penny he earned to keep souls and bodies together at home, and with Pa drinking up part of those pitifully few pennies and cursing the stupidity in Mikey which made them so few, and with the cluttered cheerlessness of that back kitchen which was the living-room for eight or nine persons, it was small wonder if Mikey went out, in the evenings, looking for a little pleasure, and as small wonder if what he was able to find was not elevating, and that he got into trouble.

No one but his mother knew that he had an ambition; and she never could tell just how she found it out, but it was probably by suspicion. For to suspect Mikey of something, and then to watch for confirmation, was the only way to find out anything about him; he never confided in any one — he didn't know how. But, however she knew it, Mary was aware that Mikey had an ambition; and for days and weeks she had been pondering in her heart how she might help him to realize it. Finally she went to the factory inspector who had so easily got that "gran' job" for Pa.

"I dunno," she confessed to him, "but I better l'ave off tryin' t' git jobs fer anny wan, whin I t'ink what happened t' Pat Casey in the job I got ye t' sind him to. But, times ag'in, I bel'ave 'twas Providence used you an' me t' help Patsy t' his chance. Mebbe it wasn't niver intinded fer him t' take no chance t' live right — only t' die splindid. But I want t' git Mikey a chance t' live, poor b'y! In all his life he ain't got, manny times, t' do what he wanted t' do; and he won't git it manny times, I'm t'inkin'. So, if he could git this wan ambition, just now whin he do nade it so, 'twould be an awful hilp t' him."

The ambition of Mikey was to drive a horse. "Anny kind av a horse," Mary opined, "ixcipt a saw-horse er a clo'es-horse. Iver since he was a bit av a b'y, he've been that crazy 'bout horses, you wouldn't bel'ave."

The inspector said he thought something could be done to help Mikey realize his ambition; but he could tell better when he had seen and talked with Mikey.

It was this fine hope that Mary had, treasured in her heart, when Mikey came home; and while they sat around the supper-table — she and her brood of seven — she tried to lead up to the subject on her mind.

"Sure, we kin have bismarcks ivery wake whin Mikey git t' workin' an' bringin' in all that money," she began. Mikey said nothing. "I seen a gintleman wan day las' wake," she went on, "that was askin' me did I t'ink you'd be willin' t' drive a horse fer some wan he know." Mikey's gaze was fixed on his plate, but a red spot appeared on each of his pale cheeks, and by this Mary knew that he was excited. "D'ye t'ink ye'd wish t' try?" she asked, as casually as she could.

"I dunno," said Mikey, "but I might see."

His mother noticed that, although she pressed another bismarck on him, he could eat no more; which was the way she knew what emotions must be working in Mikey's soul.

II

The factory inspector got Mikey the coveted job. It was a job with a horse — which was very satisfying; and if Mikey made good at that, there was every reason to hope that some day he would get a team to drive — which was a splendid incentive. If the kingdoms of the earth had been offered to Mikey, he would have chosen this particular one which was now his.

He had to get up very early in the mornings — before six — and he was hardly ever home

for supper much before eight; so that by the time he had eaten the hearty meal his appetite craved, and read (with new facility, after his year at school) some parts of the evening paper, it was time to go to bed — and Mikey was glad to go. His long hours kept him safe from "de gang," and the love of his job filled his life.

The horse Mikey drove was named Ginger, for the same reason, apparently, that fat Newfoundland dogs which never stray from their door-yards are almost always called Rover and fidgety little black-and-tans are frequently named Fido. And Mikey loved Ginger as other boys love a girl sweetheart, just as shyly and just as idealizingly. When he got up in the mornings and dressed in the dark, he thought how soon he should see Ginger, and was cheered; and when he went home in the evenings, tired and with no prospect of any variety or boyish fun, he was happy because he knew that in the morning he could come back to Ginger. Mikey was almost demonstrative with Ginger,— when no one was by to see or hear,— and Ginger, who was not used to deep devotion but was none the less hungry for it therefore, welcomed Mikey's timid love-making with unmistakable delight.

So Mikey was really happy for the first time in his life, and the Caseys were very comfortable for the first time in their lives — when sundry persons known as freight-handlers decided to strike for shorter hours and longer pay.

On the evening of the day they went out Mikey came home with a sick heart. He was not quieter than usual — that would hardly have been possible; but Mary knew, from the difference in his step as he came along the board walk, that something was the matter. She thought he had lost his job; but she dreaded to ask. Mikey sat up very late, that night, reading the paper.

The next morning he went to work as usual, and that evening when he came home he was not passively depressed, but actively distressed: witness, a certain glitter in his usually apathetic eyes, and a deep-red flush on his sallow cheeks which wind and weather had not yet tanned. Inarticulate Mikey! The things he could not say had a way of expressing themselves in telltale color in his face. And somehow, though the color was always the same, any one who was at all alert could tell what emotion it signified. Mary knew. And to-night she knew it meant excitement which had in it resentment and angry purpose. "Mikey do be plottin' somethin' that he dread t' do," she put it to herself. And it was all she could do to keep from questioning him. But experience had taught her that to question Mikey was to set him stubbornly on guard against any possible leakage of information.

In complete silence, but evidently with suppressed excitement, Mikey ate his breakfast next morning, and was off — tending to set at ease Mary's fear that his job was lost. But all day long her heart was heavy with a nameless dread. That night she kept Mikey's supper on the stove till nine o'clock, silencing the children's questioning — but not her own! — by saying "he mus' be workin' late." And when the children were gone to bed, she sat in the kitchen, holding her work-worn hands and trying not to be afraid.

At length Mikey came; and at sight of him Mary's heart gave a great bound of relief. "Yer workin' late," she said; "have ye had annythin' t' ate?" She hoped that Mikey wouldn't know she had been sitting up for him.

"I ain't workin' no more," he answered dully, as he held his cold hands over the stove.

Mary didn't know what to say. "Didn't ye like yer job?" she managed, at last, to falter.

Mikey couldn't trust himself to answer that; so he stood silent for a moment, holding out his hands over the scarce-warm lids. Mary lifted off one of the covers and exposed the bed of soft-coal fire. "I'll have t' be kapin' a fire all night pritty soon," she murmured; so that if Mikey wanted to consider the talk about his lost job at an end, he could.

But evidently Mikey wanted to talk. "Theer's a strike on," he said sullenly.

"Fer th' love of hiven! wheer?"

"Here. The freight-handlers has struck, an' yesterday the roads put on strike-breakers,— scabs,— an' to-day the teamsters refused t' haul freight that scabs handled."

"Air you wan of them?"

"Yes."

"An' fer no grievance o' yer own you've lost yer job?"

"Yes."

"I call that pritty tough."

"In wan way, 'tis. But, ag'in ——"

"Ah, I know all that talk 'bout stickin' together! It sound pritty whin yer sayin' it,— like all kind av war,— but whin ye come to do it, 'tis an ugly business. Min gits together and talks about brotherhood an' war; an' women an' childern stays home an' shivers an' pays the pinalty. Don't I know? Ain't I seen? Strikes manes idle min an' mischief; idle min an' busy saloons; idle min and full pawnshops; idle min an' hungry childern an' women wid hivy hearts. Theer seem t' be an awful lot av law 'bout some t'ings; wouldn' ye suppose theer'd be a law t' settle diff'runces widout goin' t' war?"

Mikey listened impatiently. "Ye don' un-

derstan'," he reiterated doggedly — voicing the eternal argument of youth against age and of age against youth.

III

Thereafter, for some days, Mikey sat at home a great deal of the time; and Mary did everything she could to encourage him. She did not approve of the strike, but she could see that, for some reason or another, Mikey felt in honor bound to support it; else he had never made for it so supreme a sacrifice as Ginger. And she knew that, whatever it was in Mikey that made him give up the job he loved, it must be dealt gently with just now. Even if it was an unwise sentiment, it was the alternative for despair and a slipping back into the old ways of the days before "de bean-house."

It was hard to make the children understand. Johnny, in particular, was unsympathetic. "Aw," he said bitterly, "Mikey's goin' t' be jes' like Pa — wan o' thim that's got such gran' princ'ples he can't work."

"Hold yer tongue ag'in' yer brother!" commanded Mary, who always took up the cudgels of defense for any of her family that the others maligned. "He didn' give up that job widout some dape rayson. If he was diff'runt from what he is, we might try t' change his raysonin'. But he's wan o' thim that don't change aisy, an' almos' nivver changes ixcipt fer the worse if ye try t' drive him. Thim quiet kind, that don't let hem ner haw out o' thim, is mostly that way. I don' blame Mikey. I tuck me own disapp'intmints that way before he — whin he was born. By an' by I l'arned better; mebbe he will, whin he've had as much poundin' t' git sinse into him as I've had. Mebbe he won't l'arn. Annyway, you l'ave him be, if you don' want him back wid the gang that got him put up before."

It was a pity Mikey could not have overheard his mother's defense; it might have helped to hearten him. For, as days went by, the strike-breakers seemed more and more certain to win. Non-union men were handling freight; the hoped-for sympathetic strike did not materialize; and a boy "widout princ'ples" was driving Ginger.

When hope of getting the old job back grew faint in Mikey, he tried to get some other work to do. No use to ask the factory inspector to help him again! So he tried, as best he could, to get something for himself. He tried, without success, to get another horse to drive. Then he tried to get any kind of a job. Nobody, it seemed, wanted a boy out of a reform school. Undoubtedly there were in town — though Mikey did not know it — several thousand overbusy but warm-hearted employers of labor who, if Mikey's case had been sympathetically presented to them by an eloquent charity worker, would have said: "Certainly! Bring the boy over, and I'll see that he gets a chance." But Mikey never got to those busy men; and, if he had got to them, he couldn't have told his story. So Mikey didn't get any job.

"T'ings is all ag'in' me!" he told his mother one night, in a sudden burst of despair.

"T'ings is not all ag'in' ye!" Mary assured him, trying to believe her own assurance. "I've lived longer'n you, an' I tell ye, whin t'ings git so hard ye t'ink they can't get worse, they always turn, just then, an' git better."

But it was a hard winter. Johnny and Angela Ann were still bringing in their nine dollars between them; but two dollars of it, every week, had to be saved toward the rent, and seven dollars had to buy food and coal and shoes and kerosene and every other necessity of life for eight people.

Desperate, Mary finally had recourse to what the children dreaded, and with good reason. She went downtown to scrub. This meant leaving home every afternoon soon after the children got back from school. It meant that Midget and Mollie had to "mind" wee Annie and put her to bed; that they had to cook, as best they could, the supper their mother left ready for them, and serve it up to Johnny and Angela Ann when they came home from work. It meant their solemn promise to their mother that they would not go out of the house after supper; and it meant a noisy evening in the kitchen — the only warm room — without her presence to restrain childish quarreling.

The night Mikey came home from fruitless job-hunting and found his mother gone to scrub, something bitterer than had ever been there before came into his young face — and stayed. It wasn't the scrubbing that hurt; he was inured to the idea of his mother as a patient drudge. It was that this seemed to him the acknowledgment of his defeat. It wasn't any use! Even his mother had given up hoping and gone to scrub.

It was one o'clock when Mary came stumbling along the uneven board walk of the pitchy black passageway between her tenement and the next. Mikey was sitting up in the old wooden rocker, drawn close by the stove whereon he had the kettle boiling to make his mother some tea.

"Ma," he said, as she steeped her tea, "somethin' *is* wrong! I can't stand it no longer."

"What d'ye mane?" she cried, setting the kettle down sharply.

"I dunno what I mane," he answered dully; "on'y I can't stand much more."

"That's what we all t'ink whin we're young," she soothed; "but theer ain't no limit t' what a body kin stand. Don't I know that? D'ye know how I've done it? I've tol' mesilf I could surely manage t' stan' wan more day; and whin that day was done, I'd say I'd make out t' stan' another before I'd turn coward. Theer's more than me has got t'rough life be playin' that little game wid thimsilves, I'm t'inkin'. But you are young t' have t' l'arn it, Mikey b'y. An' I'm sorry for ye. But ye needn't tell me yer Pa's son is goin' t' be no coward."

"Dyin's easy," observed Mikey briefly. "It's livin' that's too hard fer most."

"I know," said Mary; "theer's a lot in that. But go t' bed, me b'y. 'Tis wonderful how much more a body fales like standin' in the mornin'."

In the morning there were the workers to get off to work, and later the school children to get off to school. It kept Mary pretty busy for a couple of hours; but she hoped that, after all the children but wee Annie were gone, she would have another chance to talk with Mikey and reassure herself about how he was feeling. Before the school children had left the house, though, Mikey took his hat off the peg by the kitchen door.

"Wheer'll ye be goin' to-day?" his mother asked, trying to seem unconcerned.

"I dunno," said Mikey listlessly, and was gone.

Mary looked anxiously after him, but dared not interfere. When she went to her scrubbing that afternoon he had not returned. When she got home, at one, Johnny and Angela Ann, white-faced and crying, were sitting up for her; on the kitchen table was a dirty note, scrawled in pencil.

"Our Mikey's in jail," they said, pointing to the note, "fer hurtin' the fella that was drivin' Ginger."

IV

In the morning, as soon as her duties to the other children were done, Mary took baby Annie over to her sister Maggie's for safe-keeping, and went down to Harrison Street jail, where Mikey was.

With trembling limbs she climbed the steps of the dingy old building and entered the big, busy office, where were policemen in such numbers that she was filled with a dread so great she was all but speechless. Pa had sometimes been locked up overnight in Maxwell Street jail, when his drunken disorderliness got too disorderly; and she had gone there in the morning to plead for him and get him let off. But that was a small, quiet "neighborhood" jail which had only the faintest resemblance to this big clearing-house of crime and misery in the most criminal and miserable heart of Chicago. And Mikey's previous experiences with the Law had been through the Juvenile Court, which is a far from dreadful place, though it had seemed sufficiently so to Mary at the time.

A policeman approached her. "Who d'ye wish to see?" he asked. His manner was gruff but not unkindly.

Mary clutched his sleeve. "I want t' see me b'y — Mikey Casey," she pleaded, as if this man were the very arbiter of Mikey's fate; "he's took up fer hurtin' the fella that was drivin' Ginger — his horse that he lost whin the strike come on."

This officer knew nothing of Michael Casey; but he asked at the desk, and was told that a prisoner of that name had been arrested the afternoon before for assaulting the driver of a wagon belonging to Naboth and Kuhn. Yes, his mother could see him.

So Mary was conducted downstairs to the lock-up, and along grim corridors between rows of heavily barred cells from which many faces peered at her curiously or expectantly.

"What have all thim people done?" she whispered to her guide, indicating especially, with a nod, several "stylish-lookin'" women in one cell they had just passed.

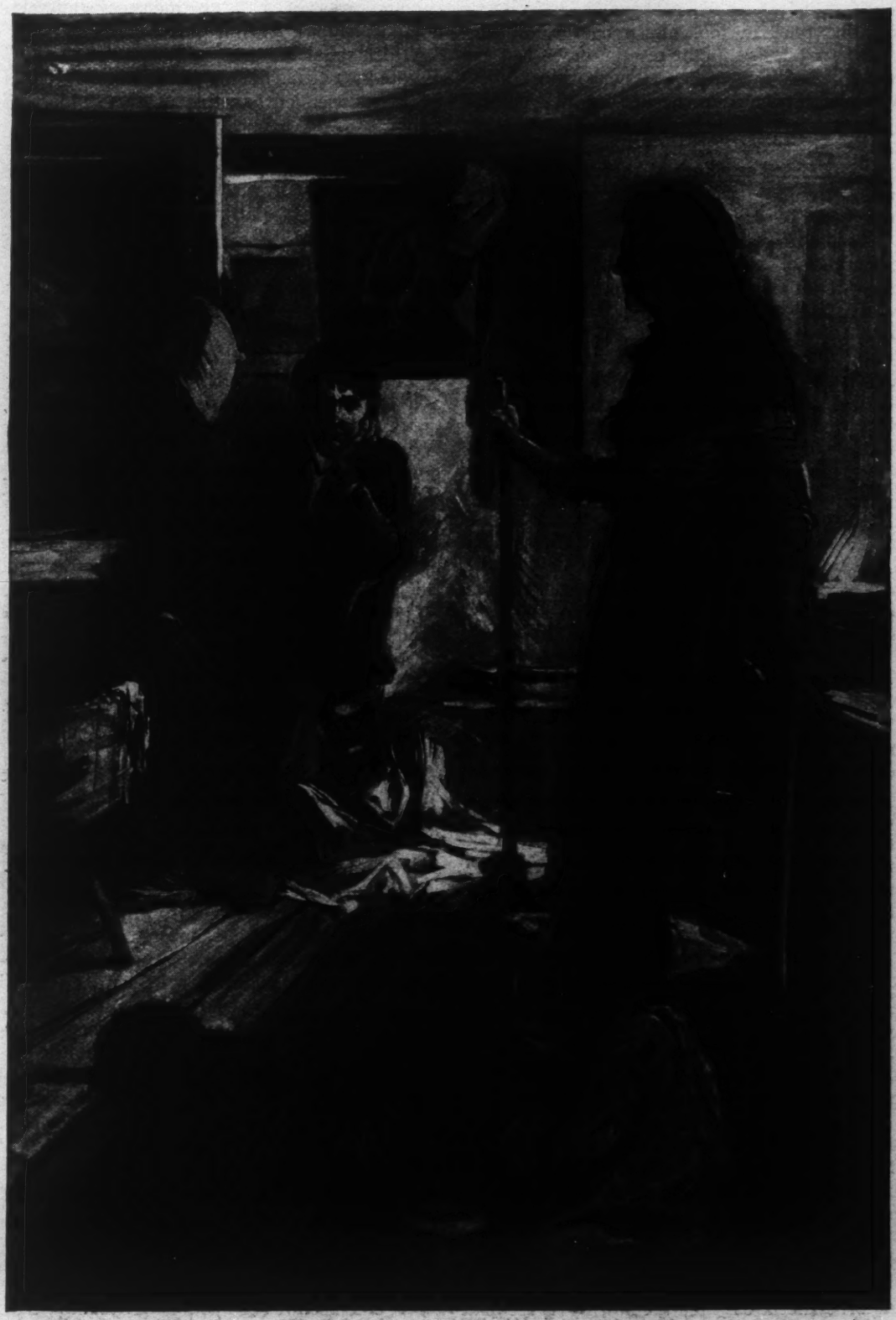
He tried to tell her, using the common expression of the police-courts; but he saw that she did not understand — which made him gentler than before.

"There's yer boy," he said. And there, sharply white against the shadowy gloom behind it, was the thin, pallid face of Mikey, standing close to the bars of his cell. He covered his face with his hands when he saw his mother.

And the low, inarticulate cry of anguished motherhood that escaped Mary made the bailiff turn hastily away.

Mikey had a hearing that morning, and was terribly censured by the judge for his ferocious act — "which may be murder," the judge went on to say, and ordered him to the county jail to await the development of his victim's injuries and the action of the grand jury. No more Juvenile Court for Mikey! He was past eighteen now, and not a delinquent ward of the Law, but an enemy of the commonwealth — a criminal.

When Mikey was sent to the Reform School, a kindly probation officer of the Juvenile Court had essayed to comfort Mary by telling her that



"'T'INGS IS ALL AG'IN' ME!' HE TOLD HIS MOTHER, IN A BURST OF DESPAIR"

it was not to punish Mikey so much as to protect him that the Law took him in charge, and suggested that Mary might see the day when she would be glad that Mikey's boyish waywardness was taken in time and checked before it became actual crime. But now no such consolation was offered to Mary. Even mild-mannered and gently disposed servants of the Law seemed to regard her boy as a ruthless young villain. Mary felt the difference keenly.

Tuesdays and Fridays, without fail, she took advantage of "visiting days" at the jail and was early among the gray gathering in the room where the waiting sit. High and white and bare, that room; and round its sides a nearly continuous wooden bench, broken only by the door from the street and the opposite door into the jail. Fast locked every moment, except when some one is passing through — that door! And, from behind thick bars in a cage in the upper half of it, a jailer looks upon all who come, and listens to their pleas.

Twice a week he let Mary through, and some one led her to where she could stand and, through two thick, close-meshed screens of steel having nigh a foot and a half space between them, see, dimly, Mikey's pallid face, and hear, with straining, his brief replies to her questioning.

"I'm prayin' hard fer his raycovery, Mikey b'y," she told him — meaning the boy whom Mikey had dragged from his wagon and hurt. "I'm makin' a novena t' Saint Ann. I go iv'ry mornin' whin the childern is at school, an' take wee Annie wid me. An' I've taught her t' say a prayer t' her own saint. If ye could see her, Mikey b'y! She kneel beside me an' pit up her little han's like a holy picture, an' say: 'Dear blissid Mother o' the Vargin, make that b'y well our Mikey didn' mane t' hurt.' Sure, her own saint kin niver rayfuse her!"

V

All of which proved to be a perfectly well-founded faith. But there was another factor in Mikey's case that was less kind than Providence. The State's Attorney was seeking re-election that fall, and wanted to identify himself in people's minds with a righteous opposition to that lawless spirit which leads some men to go on strike seeking to cripple the commerce of the community, to refuse, themselves, to do work necessary for the general good, and to offer violence to those who so eagerly fill the vacated places.

"This Michael Casey is a type," the State's Attorney declared; "and of him I purpose making an example. In this State, when a man wants to do a day's work, and do it according to law and order, he sha'n't be molested while he's doing it. Not if I can help it!"

Which spoke volumes, of course, for the kind of vote by which a man hoped to win, who dared be as independent as this of the support of Labor.

And, somehow, it seemed no part of Labor's policy, just then, to defend Mikey. Because Labor's leaders were beginning to realize that, between the class which was Labor's own class, and the class which, Labor believed, would always be arrayed against it, was the tremendous "middle mass" of humankind, a mass that must be moved to one side or to the other before either could be strong enough to win. This middle class had no unconquerable inclination toward plutocracy; but it had an unconquerable aversion to interference with its comforts, public and private. Any strike affecting traffic and the delivery of goods always irritated this great, peaceable middle mass. It had been sorely irritated in this strike; and Labor's wise leaders were not willing to rasp it any more by defending a young ruffian like Mikey, whose brutality, they declared, was against order, and the sort of thing that lost sympathy to the strikers.

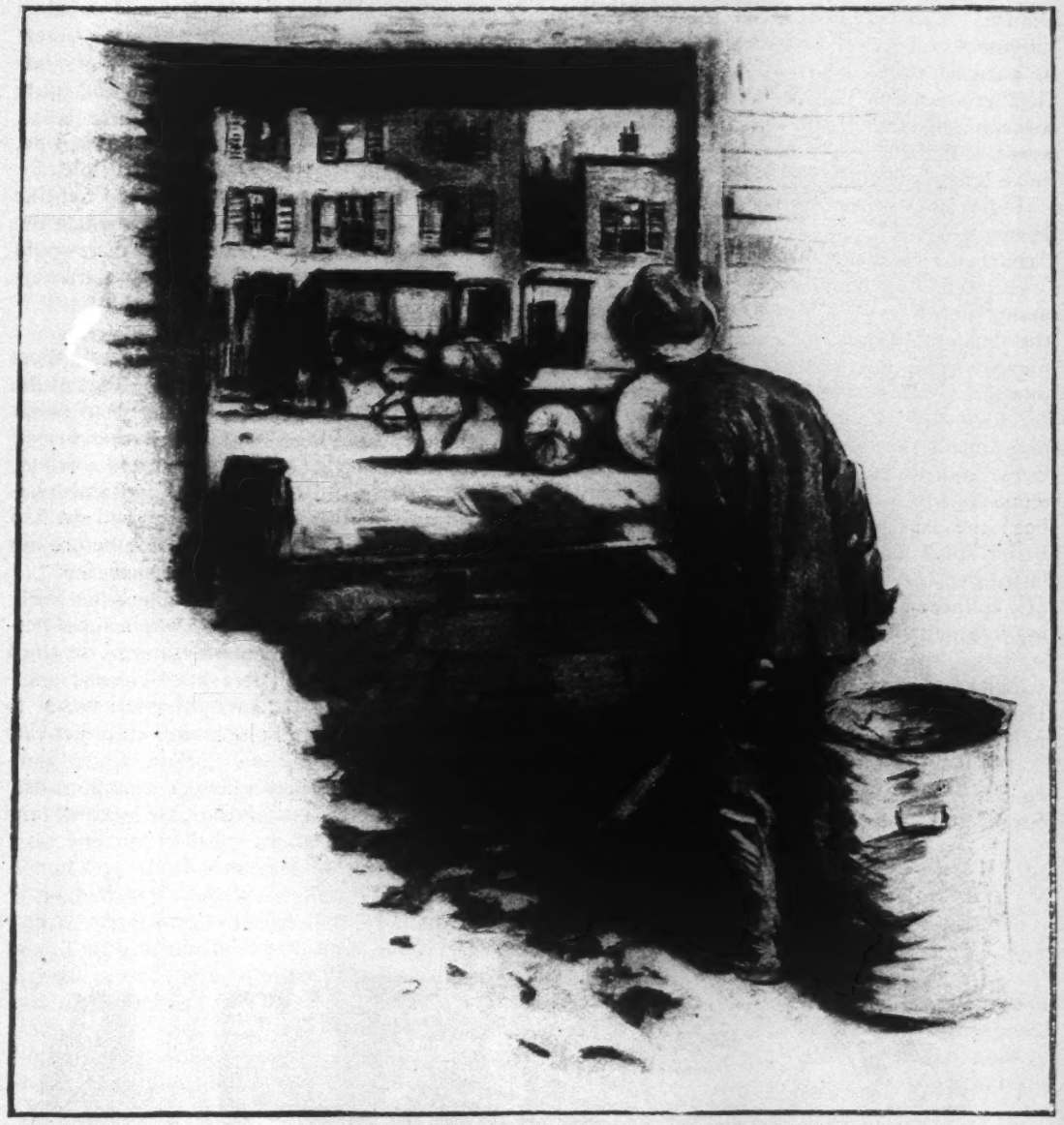
So Mikey seemed in a fair way, notwithstanding the recovery of his victim, to have an unusually severe penalty meted out to him. The State appointed him a lawyer to defend him. But the lawyer, when he saw how little there was likely to be in the case, either in the way of "pickings" or in the way of public interest, gave but a half-hearted service to his client. Mikey was sullen and uncommunicative. Also, the discouraged lawyer found, there was nothing in Mikey's record to help him. The boys he had associated with were bad boys; the stigma of the Reform School seemed to argue that most persons — even those connected with the law — were so skeptical about its power to "reform" that they inclined to be harder instead of less hard on a boy who had been there.

This was the way things stood after the lawyer's first conference with Mikey. At the second conference Mary Casey was present; and to her, rather than to the seemingly unheeding Mikey, the young lawyer tried to make clear what a very poor case indeed this was that the State had given him.

"It was such a cold-blooded thing for him to do," he said — so that Mary would understand how impossible it was to defend Mikey.

"Was it?" she cried, and turned on him, wrath blazing from behind her tears.

"Yer a nice, well-fed young fella to know that! 'Cold-blooded,' was it? Very well, then! D'ye know what it mane to have the warm blood in ye



"A BOY 'WIDOUT PRINC'PLES' WAS DRIVING GINGER"

turned cold? Have ye anny idare what it take t' make the blood in the veins iv a b'y so cold he want t' hurt another b'y that's young like himsilf, an' full, most like, o' the love o' livin'?"

The young lawyer, ambitious for fame, might or might not have appreciated the new aspect Mary put upon his case; but, as if his kindly Providence were afraid he might miss it, an older lawyer, one of the best-known defenders at the Illinois bar, happened to be passing and to hear Mary's retort about "cold blood."

"Your case?" he asked the young lawyer, in an aside, indicating with a look the tragic figure of Mary updrawn in the unconsciously splendid pose of outraged motherhood. The young man nodded. "I envy you," the older man said with unmistakable sincerity, as he hurried on his way.

That was the beginning of Mikey's defense. From the prisoner's mother the lawyer got all those myriad details of Mikey's early sacrifice, his hard fight, his "wan ambition," his love of Ginger, and the rest; got, too, the story of Pa and Monrovia's burning mine.

"Bully!" he cried, when she had told him about Pa.

Mary's sad face flushed with pride. "It were a gran' t'ing t' do," she said, "an' showed what he had in 'im all the time. Fer all anny wan know, Mikey have the same in him; on'y he haven't had his chance. I want 'im t' have his

chance! I know it's hard fer thim that sit in judgment — hard t' understand. Theer ain't no patience in the hearts o' min like A'mighty God have wid the ones he know he have made wake an' falterin'. But ye'll try t' tell thim — won't ye? Don't l'ave him be shut away until he've had his chance!"

The young lawyer had been waiting for what seemed to him a weary while for his own "chance." Suddenly he thought he saw it.

He went to Henry Street — not once, but many times. He made the cautious descent of the creaking stairs, and even acknowledged to himself, quite candidly, a bit of trepidation as he pioneered into that low, black labyrinth where the Caseys had their home. He met Johnny and Angela Ann, Midget and Mollie, Dewey and baby Annie. He saw the bit of shining gold-stone by which the poor charred thing that had been the tabernacle of Pat Casey's weak and heroic spirit had been identified by Mary; he heard the story of Pa's dreams — wistful dreams of a country where one could pick up such shining fragments from the ground, and where, presumably, the exactions of stone-cutting do not trouble and the congenitally weary are at rest. He read the rude letter scrawled at the mouth of the blazing mine.

The young lawyer's Providence was very good to him; and after only a few visits to Henry Street, only a few brief talks with Mary Casey of the great, strong soul, he became so much more of a real man, conscious of having a real chance in the world, that he was in a very fair way indeed of doing well by Mikey and quite wonderfully well by himself.

But, after all, it was Mary Casey, and not he, who must make the overwhelming great plea for her boy. The best he could do was to toil like a Titan to devise a line of questioning which the court would consider relevant and which would give Mary opportunity to make those answers that would constitute her plea.

Mikey's case was called among several others of what seemed, to the machine-like clerks of the Law, equal unimportance. Mary had what might easily have been to any other than herself a weary wait. But, with all her sad anxiety, she was not fretful of the delay; patience was a wondrous great growth in her soul, and she had never learned to resent others being before her — even in the shortening of their suspense.

The succession of prisoners engaged her lively sympathy. That passive pity which most persons are pleased to call their sympathy was not in Mary. She wanted to ask a thousand questions; but, for the most part, there was no one to ask. So she could only look and strain her ears to listen.

Now and then Mikey's lawyer — importantly busy with his papers of the case — came and

"THE JUDGE ORDERED HIM TO THE COUNTY JAIL TO AWAIT THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS VICTIM'S INJURIES"

spoke to Mary, and assured her of his hope that their case would be called soon. To him, at these times, Mary addressed such questions as she could without attracting the ireful eye of the bailiff who shouted "Order!" so threateningly when anybody whispered.

"What have he done?" she entreated, indicating a boy no older than her Mikey.

"He is charged with stealing a roll of copper wire out of a telephone company's wagon."

"What would he do wid that?"

"Sh! That's what they are trying to find out."

Again, it was a youth who had "bolted" with a twenty-dollar bill belonging to his employer. Mary could hear what this prisoner said: he earned three dollars and a half a week in a grocery; he had a "girl"; he wanted to take his girl to a show and give her a good time, so she wouldn't go back on him; that was all.

"Are they all b'ys that comes here?" Mary asked, when she got an opportunity.

"Not all. But most criminals are young — they look like boys."

"Is it fer the likes o' these, an' me b'y, that they do have all these p'licemin an' judges wid theer solemn looks, an' fellies shoutin' 'Order'?"

"Well, not altogether; but mostly."

Mary shook her head — not disapprovingly, only wonderingly. She felt so unable to grasp the problems of the Law.

The morning session wore away, and Mikey's case was not called. In the noon recess Mary found several other mothers to talk to. At two o'clock Mikey's case was called. The State presented witnesses to prove that Michael Casey had a reputation for lawlessness, and a Reform School record; also to prove that he had, without the slightest provocation, attacked the young man who was peaceably driving the horse that this said Michael Casey had refused to drive; and so forth.

The defense waived the right to cross-examine the prosecution's witnesses, and on the prisoner's behalf produced only the prisoner's mother.

Mary was very much frightened when she heard her name called; she was shaking with nervousness when she took the witness-stand. Her replies to the first few questions of the young lawyer were nearly inaudible, even to the court stenographer.

The judge leaned toward her to reassure her.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. Casey," he said kindly; "there is nothing to be afraid of."

Tears filled Mary's eyes. "Thank ye, yer Honor," she replied. "But 'tis enough t' frighten annybody t' be the on'y wan in all the world that kin dafind her b'y. What kin I hope t' say that'll make ye understan'?"

"KEEPING HER EYES ON THE FACE OF HER BOY'S JUDGE, SHE DIRECTED HER REPLIES TO HIM"

"Everything you say will help us to understand," the judge answered. And Mary could not feel otherwise than that he was anxious to hear the very best defense of Mikey that she knew how to give.

So, keeping her eyes on the face of her boy's judge, she directed her replies as if to him alone.

Question by question, the examination caused her story to unfold. In a succession of simple statements she laid bare the dire poverty of Mikey's youth, the story of the "paint-p'is'n-in'"; the cold comfortlessness of those low back rooms; the danger of the streets and worse danger of pool-rooms as play-grounds; the return from the Reform School; the way she had got Mikey his job to drive (at this Mikey looked up for the first time since entering the court-room; he had never known that it was his mother who had got him the job he had loved so well); and his bitterness when he felt called into the strike. She told how he had loved Ginger (again Mikey

looked up in dull surprise, wondering how his mother knew), and how hopeless he had grown, looking for other work.

That was all; the defense was through with its case. The young lawyer made a motion indicating that his witness now belonged to the State for cross-examination. The Assistant State's Attorney arose, but the judge waved him to wait a moment.

"The court has a few questions to ask the witness," he said. Then, turning to Mary:

"Your husband, I think you said, is not living?"

Mary's drooping shoulders straightened.

"He died in the Monovia mine," she answered.

"In the Monovia mine?"

"He was wan o' thim that wint down t' riscue an' niver come up," she answered.

The judge missed nothing of her pride.

"Those men that went down were heroes," he declared, looking hard at her.

Mary's eyes flashed. "They were that!" she cried.

"Had you ever known that your husband was — that kind of a man?" the judge asked.

"I hadn't niver lost hopes that he *might* be," she answered.

"And you have the same hope for your son?" he went on.

"Sure I have!" she declared. "God help the mother that haven't got it!"

"Thank you," said the judge thoughtfully. "That will do."

The State's Attorney made his plea against such lawless spirit as Michael Casey had shown; the peace and order of the community demanded the punishment of Casey and of Casey's sort.

But Mikey was not punished. The case was with the judge (Mikey's lawyer having waived trial by jury), and the judge said:

"Michael Casey, stand up."

Mikey rose.

"You heard," said the court, addressing the prisoner, "what your mother said about her belief in you?"

Mikey nodded. "Yes, yer Honor."

"That is all, Michael Casey. You may go. The court will give you another chance to justify your mother's hope. The assault you committed was a grave offense. That you were sorely tried does not make the offense less. But you are young; you may yet be a credit to her and to yourself. The justice of this State does not seek to punish unless the public welfare demands protection. This court, appointed in the people's interest and in yours, will give you another chance."

In the brief interim before another case was called, Mary tried to thank the judge.

"I've l'arned a lot the day," she said. "I used t' t'ink the Law was on'y *win*-geance; an' now I see ye do the bist ye kin. But theer's such a lot I can't understan'! God do be good, an' ye try t' be patient an' kind. But why do this place be so full o' b'ys that niver had theer chance?"

"That's what I wish I knew!" the judge said fervently.

THE HUMMING-BIRD

BY ANITA FITCH

WITHIN my honeysuckle vine
A humming-bird has made her nest.
A whirring toy — a fancied flash —
'Tis thus I know my guest.

Yet she has dreamed of motherhood,
This mite unreal as fay and gnome,
This sipper of small honey-dews —
Dreamed and prepared her home!

AN AMERICAN LAWYER AT THE CAMORRA TRIAL

BY

ARTHUR TRAIN

FORMERLY ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY IN NEW YORK COUNTY

[MR. TRAIN spent the summer in Italy, attending the trial at Viterbo and studying the history of the Camorra and methods of Italian jurisprudence. His work as Assistant in the District Attorney's office, under Jerome, brought him into contact with the type of Italian criminals who emigrate to the United States, and gave him an opportunity to study the workings of the Black Hand in New York. During his stay in Italy Mr. Train has had access to the most authentic sources of information regarding the trial, and has consulted historians and criminologists who have made the Camorra a lifelong study.—EDITORS.]

IT is not unnatural that a young, enthusiastic, and self-confident people should regard with condescension, if not contempt, the institutions of foreign, if older, societies. Americans very generally suffer from the illusion that liberty was not discovered prior to 1776, and that their country enjoys a monopoly of it. Even experienced and conservative editorial writers sometimes unconsciously fall victims to the provincial trait of decrying methods, procedures, and systems simply because they are not our own. Without, the writer believes, a single exception, the newspapers of the United States have indulged in torrents of bitter criticism at the manner in which the trial of the Camorra prisoners at Viterbo is being conducted, and have commonly compared the court itself to a "bear garden," a "circus," or a "cage of monkeys." Wherever the matter has been the subject of discussion or comment, the tone has been always the same, with the implied, if unexpressed, suggestion that if the prosecution were being conducted here the world would see how quickly and effectively we would dispose of the case — and this with the memory of the Thaw and Patterson trials fresh in our minds. The following editorial from the New York *Times*, printed in March of this year, is by no means extreme as compared with the views expressed in other newspapers, and seems to indicate the popular impression of the manner in which this trial is being carried on:

ASTONISHING SCENES AT VITERBO

Our own methods of criminal procedure have long been the object of severe and just criticism, and in our exaggerated and insincere fear of convicting the innocent we have made the conviction of the guilty always difficult and often impossible. Quite unknown in our criminal courts, however, and fortunately, are such strange scenes as are presented daily at the trial of the Camorrists now going on in Italy.

There the law is so little confident of its own powers that the accused are herded together in one steel cage, apparently with the idea of preventing attempts at rescue by a public largely sympathetic with organized robbery and assassination, while the witness for the prosecution is secluded in another cage, lest he be torn to pieces by the prisoners or their friends. The pleadings on each side seem to consist largely of denunciations and threats aimed at the other, tears of rage alternate with shrieks of the same origin, and order is only occasionally restored, when the din rises too high, by the curiously gentle expedient of suspending the session of the court.

How justice is to be the outcome of proceedings such as these, and thus conducted, may be comprehensible to what is called — with little reason — the Latin mind, but others are lost in amazement. It is all highly interesting, no doubt, but one is no more likely to regret that we do not carry on our trials in this way than he is to be sorry that our criminals are not such important and powerful persons as the members of the Camorra seem to be.

Only one fact stands out clearly at Viterbo — the fact that the attack on the banded brigands has been so long delayed that the authority of the law can not now be vindicated without producing a sort of civil war. Which ought to be humiliating for somebody.

Only one conclusion could have been reached by the half million readers of this particular editorial, and that — the immense superiority of our own legal procedure and method of handling criminal business over those of Italy.

The Camorra Trial Sensationally Misrepresented by American Reporters

Yet (to examine the statements in this editorial *seriatim*) it is not the fact that scenes similar to those enacted at Viterbo are unknown in our

SORTINO (Assassin of Cuocolo) — LUIGI ARENA (Prince of Neapolitan burglars and instigator of Cuocolo murders) — DE MARINIS (Abettor of the Cuocolo murders) — IBELLO (One of those who decreed assassinations) — "ERRICONE" ALFANO (Effective supreme chief of the Neapolitan Camorra)

criminal courts; that the lack of confidence of the authorities in their own power is the cause of the prisoners being confined in court in a steel cage; that the public is "largely sympathetic with organized robbery and assassination"; and that tears and shrieks of rage alternate to create a pandemonium which can be stilled only by adjourning court; and, while there is enough justification in fact to give color to such an editorial, the only extenuation for its exaggeration and the false impression it creates lies in the charitable view that the writer had an equally blind confidence in the sincerity of his resident Italian correspondent and in the latter's cabled accounts of what was going on.

Unfortunately, the reporters at Viterbo have sent in only the most sensational accounts of the proceedings, since, unless their "stuff" is good copy, the expense of collecting and cabling European news deprives it of a market. The press men at Viterbo have given the American editors just what they wanted. Such opportunities occur only once or twice in a lifetime, and they have fully availed themselves of it.

Then, to the false and exaggerated cable of the correspondent the "write-up man" lends his imagination; significant and important facts are omitted altogether, and the public is led to believe that an Italian criminal trial consists of a yelling bandit in a straitjacket, with a hysterical judge and frenzied lawyer abusing each other's character and ancestry.

Let the writer state, at the outset, that he has never in his legal experience seen a judge presiding with greater courtesy, patience, fairness, or ability, or keeping, as a general rule, under all the circumstances, so perfect a control over his court, as the president of the assize in which the prosecution of the Camorra is being conducted; nor is he familiar with any legal procedure better fitted to ascertain the truth of the charges being tried.

Difference between Italian and English Criminal Procedure

In studying the Camorra trial at Viterbo, or any other Italian or French criminal proceeding, the reader must bear in mind that there is a fundamental distinction between them and our own, and that there are two great and theoretically entirelly different systems of criminal

DI GENNARO (Assassin of Cuocolo) | AVOLIO | CERRATO (Assassin of Cuocolo) | LUIGI FUCCI (Nominal dummy head of Camorra) | DE MATTEO (Accomplice in the double murder) | SALVI (Assassin of Maria Cutinelli)

procedure, one of which is the offspring of the Imperial Roman law and the other entirely Anglo-Saxon. One is the Roman or inquisitorial system, and the other the English or controversial. Under the former the officers of the state are charged with the duty of ferreting out and punishing crime wherever found, and the means placed at their disposal are those likely to be most effective for the purpose. The theory of the latter is that, to some extent at least, a criminal trial is the result of a dispute between two persons, one the accuser and the other the accused, and that the proceeding savors of a private law-suit. Now, it is obvious that, in principle at least, the two systems differ materially. In the one, the only thing originally considered was the best way to find out whether a criminal were guilty, and to lock him up, irrespective of whether or not any private individual had brought an accusation against him. In the other, somebody had to make a complaint and "get his law" by going after it himself to a very considerable extent.

The history of the development of these diverse theories of criminal procedure is too involved to be discussed at any length in a magazine article, but inasmuch as the most natural way of ascertaining whether or not a person has been guilty of a crime is to question him about it, the leading feature of the Continental system is the "question," or inquisitorial nature of the proceedings, whereby the police authorities, who are burdened with the discovery and prosecution of crime, initiate the whole matter and bring the defendant and their witnesses before an examining magistrate in the first instance. The *procureur* (district attorney) in France and the *procuratore del re* in Italy represent the government and *are part of the magistracy.* They are actually quasi-judicial in their character, and their powers are infinitely greater than those of our own prosecutors, who occupy a rather anomalous position, akin in some ways to that of a *procureur*, and at the same time, under our controversial practice, acting as partizan attorneys for the people or the complainant.

Tracking Down Criminals the Government's Business in Italy

The fundamental proposition under the inquisitorial system is that the proceeding is *the*

DON CIRO AT THE DOOR OF HIS HOSPITAL RESIDENCE AT VITERBO, IN COMPANY WITH HIS DOCTOR (IN WHITE ON THE RIGHT) AND HIS LAWYER (ON THE LEFT)

government's business, to be conducted by its officers by means of such investigations and interrogations as will most likely get at the truth. Obviously, the quickest and surest means of determining the guilt of a defendant is to put him through an exhaustive examination as soon as possible after the crime, under such surroundings that, while his rights will be safeguarded, the information at his disposal will be elicited for the benefit of the public. The fact that in the past the Spanish Inquisition made use of the rack and wheel, or that to-day the "third degree" is freely availed of by the American police, argues nothing against the desirability of a public oral examination of a defendant in a criminal case. If he be given, under our law, the *right* to testify, why should he be *privileged* to remain silent?

The Anglo-Saxon procedure, growing up at a time when death was the punishment for almost every sort of offense, and when torture was freely used to extort confessions of guilt, developed an extraordinary tenderness for accused persons, which has to-day been so refined and extended by legislation in America that there is a strong feeling among lawyers (including President Taft) that there is much in our practice which has outlived its usefulness, and that some elements of Latin procedure, including the compulsory interrogation of defendants in criminal cases, have a good deal to recommend them.

A French or Italian criminal trial, therefore, must be approached with the full understanding that it is a governmental investigation, free from many of the rules of evidence which Bentham said made the English procedure "admirably adapted to the exclusion of the truth." The judge is charged with the duty of *conducting* the case. He does all the questioning. There is no such thing as cross-examination at all in our sense, that is to say, a partizan examination to show that the witness is a liar. The judge is there for the purpose of determining that question so far as he can, and the jury are not compelled to listen to days of monotonous interrogation during which the witness is obliged to repeat the same evidence over and over again, and testify as to the most minute details, under the dawdling of lawyers paid by the day, who not only "take time, but trespass upon eternity."

The Prisoner Allowed to Debate the Question of His Own Guilt

Such a trial is conducted very much as if the judge were a private individual who had dis-

RAPI LEAVING COURT UNMANACLED, AFTER HIS THREE DAYS' CROSS-EXAMINATION

covered that one of his employees had been guilty of a theft and was trying to ascertain the identity of the guilty party. Practically anything tending to shed light upon the matter is acceptable as evidence, and the suspected person is regarded as the most important witness that can be procured. Finally, and in natural course, comes the confronting of accuser and accused.

Then fellow servant on the one hand, or formal accuser upon the other, steps forward, and they go at it "hammer and tongs," revealing to their master, the public, or the jury the very bottom of their souls; for no man, least of all an Italian, can engage an antagonist in debate over the question of his own guilt without disclosing exactly what manner of man he is.

With these preliminary considerations upon the fundamental distinction between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon criminal procedure, and without discussing which theory, on general principles, is best calculated to arrive at a definite and effective conclusion as to the guilt of an accused, let us enter the ancient Church of San Francesco at Viterbo, and listen for a moment to the trial of the thirty-six members of the Neapolitan Camorra.

CAVALIERE BIANCHI, THE ABLE PRESIDENT AT THE CAMORRA TRIAL

It is a cool spring morning, and the small crowd which daily gathers to watch the arrival of the prisoners in their black-covered wagons has dispersed; the guard of infantry has marched back to the Rocca, once the castle of the popes and now a barracks; and only a couple of *carabinieri* stand before the door, their white-gloved hands clasped before their belts. Inside, in the extreme rear of the church, you find yourself in a small inclosure seating a couple of hundred people, and a foot or so lower than the level of the rest of the building. This is full of visitors from Rome, wives of lawyers, townspeople, and a scattering of English and American motorists. A rail separates this — the only provision for spectators — from the real court. (At the Thaw and Patterson trials the guests of the participants and officials swarmed all over the court-room, around and beside the jury-box, inside the rail at which the prisoners were seated, and occasionally even shared the dais with the judge.)

Why a Cage is Used for the Camorra Prisoners

We will assume that the proceedings have not yet begun, and that the advocates in their black gowns are chatting among themselves or conferring with their clients through the bars of the cage, which is built into the right-hand side of the church and completely fills it. This cage, by the way, is an absolute necessity where large numbers of prisoners are tried together. The custom of isolating the defendant in some such fashion is not peculiar to Italy, but is in use in our own country as well; and if one attends a criminal trial in the city of Boston he will see the accused elevated in a kind of temporary cell in the middle of the court-room, and looking as if he were suspended in a sort of human bird-cage. Where, as in most jurisdictions of the United States, every defendant can demand a separate trial as of right (which he almost inevitably does demand), no inconvenience is to be anticipated from allowing him his temporary freedom while in the court-room in the custody of an officer. But there are many cases, where

GENNARO ABBATEMAGGIO, THE INFORMER, ALREADY DOOMED TO DEATH BY THE CAMORRA

three or more defendants are tried together, when, even in New York City, there is considerable danger that the prisoners may seek the opportunity to carry out a vendetta against the witnesses or to revenge themselves upon judge or prosecutor. There is much to be said in favor of isolating defendants in some such way, particularly where they are on trial for atrocious crimes or are likely to prove insane. The Camorrists at Viterbo have already been incarcerated for over four years,— one of them died in prison,— and were they accessible in the courtroom to their relatives or criminal associates and could thus procure firearms or knives, there is no prophesying what the result might be to themselves or others. Certain it is that the chief witness, the informer Abbatemaggio, would have met a speedy death before any of his testimony had been given.

The Jury

On the opposite or left side of the church, in an elevated box, sit the jury, who keep their hats on throughout the proceedings. They are respectable-looking citizens, rather more prepossessing than one of our own petit juries and slightly less so than twelve men drawn from one of the New York City special panels. At the end or apex of the church is a curved bench or dais with five seats. In the middle, under the dome, are four rows of desks, with chairs, at which sit the advocates, one or more for each prisoner. The only gallery, which is above and behind the jury-box, is given over to the press. At all the doors and the ends of the aisles, at each side of the judges' dais, and in front of the prisoners' cage stand *carabinieri*, in their picturesque uniforms and cocked hats with red and blue cockades, and a captain of *carabinieri* stands beside each witness as he gives his testimony. Thus the court, which is in the form of a cross, is naturally divided into four parts and a center: in front the spectators, on the right the prisoners, on the left the jury, between them the lawyers, and at the end the judges and officers of the assize. A mellow light filters down from above, rather trying to the eyes.

The Prisoners

The Camorristi, heavily shackled, are brought in from a side entrance, each in custody of two *carabinieri*, their chains are removed, the prisoners are thrust behind the bars, and the guards step to one side and remain crowded around and

MARIA STENDARDO, ONE OF THE TWO WOMEN DEFENDANTS. SHE HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A CHILD SINCE HER INCARCERATION

PRISONERS ENTERING SANTA MARIA AD GRADI PENITENTIARY. ALL HAVE SCREENED THEIR FACES FROM THE CAMERA, EXCEPT DE MARINIS, THE ARISTOCRATIC CAMORRIST, FRIEND OF DUKES AND PRINCES, WHO IS SMILING

behind the cage during the session. In a separate steel cage sits Abbatemaggio, the informer, at an oblique distance of about five feet from the other prisoners. A guard stands between the two cages. If one meets a file of these prisoners in one of the corridors, he will be surprised, and perhaps embarrassed, to find that each, as he approaches, will raise his shackled hands to his head, remove his hat, and bow courteously, with a "*Buon giorno*" or "*Buona sera.*" While this may be one of the universal customs of a polite country, one can not help feeling that it is partly due to an instinctive desire of the accused for recognition as human beings. All are scrupulously clean and dressed in the height of Italian fashion. In fact, the Camorristi are much the best-dressed persons in the court-room, and the judicial officials, when off duty and in fustian, look a shade shabby by contrast. The funds of the Camorristi seem adequate both for obtaining witnesses and retaining lawyers; and the difference between one's mental pictures of a lot of Neapolitan thieves and cutthroats and the apotheosized defendants on trial is at first somewhat startling. Looking at them across the court-room, they give the impression of being exceptionally intelligent and smartly dressed men — not unlike a section of the grand stand taken haphazard at a National League game. Closer scrutiny reveals the merciless lines in most of the faces, and the catlike shiftiness of the eyes.

The Lawyers

As for the lawyers,— the *avvocati,*— they seem very much like any group of American civil lawyers and distinctly superior to the practitioners in our criminal courts. Many are young and hoping to win their spurs in this celebrated case. Others are old war-horses whose fortunes are tied up with those of the Camorra. At least one such, Avvocato Lioy, is of necessity giving his services for nothing. But it is when the *avvocato* rises to address the court that the distinction between him and his American brother becomes obvious; for he is an expert speaker, trained in diction, enunciation, and delivery, and rarely in our own country (save on the stage or in the pulpit) will one hear such uniform fluency and eloquence. Nor is the speech of the advocate less convincing for its excellence, for these young men put a fire and zeal into what they say that compel attention.

Now, if the prisoners are all seated, the captain of *carabinieri* raps upon the floor with his

scabbard, and the occupants of the room, prisoners, advocates, jury, and spectators, rise as the president, vice-president, prosecutor, vice-prosecutor, and *cancelliere* enter in their robes. The president makes a bow, the others bow a little, the lawyers bow, and everybody sits down — that is to say, everybody who has arisen; for Don Ciro Vitozzi and "Professor" Rapi, who sit outside and in front of the cage (the "professor" has already been confined longer than any term to which he could be sentenced, and both have pleaded sickness as an excuse for leniency), make a point of showing their superiority to the vulgar herd by waiting until the last moment and then giving a partial but ineffectual motion as if to stand.

No Shorthand Minutes of the Testimony

The five men upon the dais are, however, worthy of considerable attention. The president, who occupies the center seat, is a stout, heavily built, "stocky" man with a brownish-gray beard. In his robes he is an imposing and dignified figure, in spite of his lack of height. All wear gowns with red and gold braid and tassels, and little round caps with red "top-knots" and gold bands. This last ornament is omitted from the uniform of the *cancelliere*, who is the official scribe or recorder of the court. And just here is noticeable a feature which tends to accelerate the proceedings, for there are no shorthand minutes of the testimony, and only a rough digest of what goes on is made. This is, for the most part, dictated by the president, under the correction of the advocates and the officers of the court, who courteously interrupt if the record appears to them inaccurate. It they raise no objection the record stands as given. Thus thousands of pages of generally useless matter are done away with, and the record remains more like the "notes" of a careful and painstaking English judge. Any particular bit of testimony or the gist of it can usually be found very quickly, without (as in our own courts of law) the stenographer having to wade through hundreds of pages of questions and answers before the matter wanted can be unearthed, buried like as not under an avalanche of objections, exceptions, wrangles of counsel, and irrelevant or "stricken out" testimony.

At the left of the semicircle sits the acting *procuratore del re* — another small man who on the bench makes a wonderfully dignified impression. He plays almost as important a part in the proceedings as the president himself, and is treated with almost equal consideration. This is Cavaliere Santaro, one of the most learned and eloquent lawyers in Italy. To hear him argue a point in his crisp, clean-cut, melodious voice is to realize how far superior Italian public speaking is to the kind of oratory prevalent in our courts, national legislature, and on most public occasions throughout the United States. Beside both the president and the *procuratore del re* sits a "vice," or assistant, to each, to take his place when absent and to act as associate at other times. The *cancelliere* occupies the seat upon the right nearest the prisoners' cage.

Constant Interruption Permitted by the Court

The president having taken his place, the first order of the day is the reading or revision of all or part of the record of the preceding session. This is done by the *cancelliere*, who from time to time is interrupted by the lawyers, Abbatemaggio, or the prisoners. These interruptions are usually to the point, and are quickly disposed of by the judge, although he may allow an argument thereon at some length from one of the advocates. The court then proceeds with the introduction of evidence, documentary or otherwise, the examination of the witnesses, or the confronting of the prisoners with their accusers. Now is immediately observable for the first time the characteristic of Italian criminal procedure which has been so much misrepresented and has been the cause of such adverse criticism in the United States and England — namely, the constant interruption of the proceedings by argument or comment from the lawyers, and by remarks and contradictions from the prisoners and witnesses. These occasionally degenerate into altercations of a more or less personal nature; but they are generally stilled at a single word of caution from the judge, and serve to bring out and accentuate the different points at issue and to make clear the position of the different parties. When such interruptions occur, the proceedings ordinarily resemble a joint discussion going on among a fairly large gathering of people presided over by a skilful moderator.

A witness is testifying. In the middle of it (and "it" consists of not only what the witness has seen, but what he has been told and believes) one of the prisoners rises and cries out:

"That is not so! He is a liar! Abbatemaggio swore thus and so."

"Nothing of the kind!" retorts the witness impatiently.

"Yes! Yes!" or "No! No!" chime in the advocates.

"Excellency! Excellency!" exclaims Abbatemaggio himself, jumping to his feet in his cage. "I said in my testimony that Cuocolo *did* accuse Erricone," etc. And he goes on for two or

three minutes, explaining just what he did or did not say or mean, while the president listens until he has had sufficient enlightenment, and stops him with a sharp "*Basta!*" ("Enough!")

The incident (whatever its nature) usually tends to elucidate the matter, and while to an outsider, especially one not familiar with Italian dialects, the effect may be one of temporary confusion, it is nevertheless not as disorderly as it seems, and the president rarely (so far as the writer could see during many days of observation) loses complete command of his court, or permits any one to go on talking unless for a clear and useful purpose. At times, when everybody seemed to be talking at once, and several lawyers, Abbatemaggio, and one or two prisoners were on their feet together, his handling of the situation was little short of marvelous, for he would almost simultaneously silence one with a sharp "S–s–s!" shake his head at another, direct a third to sit down, and listen to a fourth until he stilled him with a well-directed "*Basta!*" When the shouting is over, one usually finds that who is the liar has been pretty clearly demonstrated.

Moderation of the Presiding Judge

In this connection, however, it should be said that the writer was perhaps fortunate (or unfortunate, as the reader may prefer) in not being present on those days when the scenes of greatest excitement and confusion occurred. Several times, it is true, President Bianchi has preferred to adjourn court entirely on account of the uproar, rather than take extreme measures against individual defendants or witnesses. Thus, during the entire conduct of the case and in spite of the grossest provocation, he has ordered the forcible removal of only three defendants — that of Morro on June 21st, and of Alfano and Abbatemaggio on July 21st. On several other occasions he has adopted the more gentle expedient of adjourning the proceedings and clearing the court, and this has resulted in a certain amount of criticism from the Italian bar, which otherwise regards his presiding as a model of efficiency. The only adverse comment that the writer has heard in Italy, either of the president or the *procuratore del re*, is that both are somewhat lenient toward the conduct of the prisoners and their advocates, and lack strength in dealing with exigencies of the character just described. In the long run, however, if such criticism be just, such an attitude is bound to be in favor of justice, and will irresistibly convince the public and the world at large that this is no attempt on the part of the government to "railroad" a lot of suspected undesirables at any cost, whatever the evidence may be.

The Witness Allowed to Correct His Testimony

Before commenting too harshly upon this mote in the eye of Italian procedure, it may not be unwise to consider whether any similar beam exist in our own. Certainly there is a deal of interruption, contradiction, and disputation in our own criminal courts which sometimes is not only undignified, but frequently ends in an unseemly dispute between judge and lawyers. Contempt of court is very general in the United States, and we have practically no means for punishing it. Moreover, these scenes in our own courts do not usually assist in getting at the truth. With us, once a witness has spoken and his testimony has become a matter of record, whether he has said what he meant to say or not (under the complicated questions put in examination and cross-examination) or whether or not he has succeeded in giving an accurate impression of what he saw or knows, he is hustled out of the way and made to keep silence. He has little, if any, chance to explain or annotate his testimony. A defendant may go to jail or be turned loose on the community because the witness really didn't get a chance to tell his own story in his own way. Now, the witness' own story in precisely his own way is just what they are looking for under the inquisitorial procedure, and if he is misinterpreted they want to know it. The process may take longer, but it makes for getting at the truth, and the Italians regard a criminal trial as of even more importance than do some of our judges, who often seem more anxious to get through a record-breaking calendar and "dispose of" a huge batch of cases than to get at the exact facts in any particular one. There is nothing "hit or miss" about the Continental method. Whatever its shortcomings, whatever its limitations, to the cold Anglo-Saxon mind, it gets all the details and the witness' reasons. At an Italian trial a witness might testify (and his evidence be considered as important) that he heard sounds of a scuffle and a man's voice exclaim, "You have stabbed me, Adolfo!" that somebody darted across the street and into an alley, that an old woman whom he identifies in court as the deceased's mother, and who was standing beside him, cried out, "That is my son's voice!" and that three or four persons came running up from several different locations, each of whom described, circumstantially and independently, a murder which he had seen perpetrated, identifying the assassin by name.

In America it is doubtful whether in most jurisdictions the witness would be permitted to testify to anything except that he heard a scuffle, saw a man run away, and that an old woman and several other people thereupon said *something*.

Rapidity with which the Trial is Being Conducted

It must not be supposed that the trial of the Camorra is being conducted with the calm of a New England Sabbath service; but the writer wishes to emphasize the fact that the confusion, such as it is, serves a certain purpose, and that the yellings and heartrending outcries described by the newspaper correspondents are only occasional and much exaggerated — except in so far as they might occur at an Italian trial in America. Any one who has been present at many murder trials in New York knows that outbreaks on the part of Italian prisoners are to be anticipated and are frequent if not customary. The writer recalls more than one case where the defendant shrieked and rolled on the floor, clutching at the legs of tables, chairs, and officers, until dragged by main force from the court-room. And at Viterbo they are trying thirty-six Italians at the same time; and every person participating in or connected with the affair is an Italian, sharing in the excitability and emotional temperament of his fellows.

A noteworthy feature of this particular prosecution is that (due doubtless to the strength and ability of the presiding judge), in spite of all interruptions and the freedom of discussion, the case, considering the amount of evidence that is being taken, proceeds with a rapidity greater than in America, for the reason that there are no objections or exceptions, or attendant argument, and, above all, no cross-examination, except such questions as are put by the judge himself at the request of the advocates.

The Prisoner Allowed to Fight It Out with His Accuser

Finally, the system of the *confronto*, or confronting of the accused by his accuser, deserves a word of commendation, for no method could possibly be devised whereby the real character and comparative truthfulness of each would be so readily disclosed. The defendant is given on this occasion free scope to cross-examine the witness and deny or refute what he says, and it takes ordinarily but a few minutes before the mask is torn aside and each pictures himself in his true colors. Our procedure tends to deprive the witnesses of personality and to reduce them all to a row of preternaturally solemn and formal puppets. It is probably true that in most criminal cases in America the defendant is convicted or acquitted without the jury having any very clear idea of what sort of person he really is. On the day of his trial the prisoner makes a careful toilet, is cleanly shaved, and dons a new suit of clothes and fresh linen. The chances are that, as he sits at the bar of justice, he will make at least as good and very possibly a more favorable impression upon the jury than the witnesses against him, who have far less at stake than he. Each takes the stand and is sworn to tell the truth, so far as they will be permitted to do so under our rules of evidence. Then the District Attorney proceeds to try to extract their story of the crime under a storm of objections, exceptions and hasty rulings from the judge. Then the prisoner's lawyer (who can take all the liberties he wants, as the State has no appeal in case of an acquittal) proceeds to mix things up generally by an unfair and confusing cross-examination. At last the defendant is called, and marches to the stand, looking like an early Christian martyr. He is carefully interrogated by his lawyer, who permits him (if he be wise) to do nothing but deny the salient facts against him. The District Attorney, to be sure, has the right of cross-examination, but a skilful criminal lawyer has plenty of opportunities to "nurse" his client along and guide him over pitfalls; and when all is over the jury have formed no valuable or accurate impression of the defendant's real character and personality — whether or not, in other words, he is the kind of man who *would have done* such a thing.

In Italy (to use vulgar English) they "sick" them at each other and let them fight it out, and while the language of the participants is often not parliamentary, the knowledge that they are being watched by the judge and jury has a restraining effect, and the presence of the *carabinieri* makes violence no more likely than in our own courts. Occasionally, in America, where a prisoner insists on conducting his own defense, a similar scene may be witnessed — always, it may be affirmed, to the enlightenment of the jury. On the other hand, most confrontations are attended with few sensational incidents or emotional outbreaks.

The writer was fortunate enough to be present when "Professor" Rapi was confronted by Gennaro Abbatemaggio, and, to his surprise, found that the proceeding, instead of being interspersed with yells of rage and vehement invocations to Heaven, closely resembled a somewhat personal argument between two highly

intelligent and deeply interested men of affairs. Whatever may be Rapi's real character (and he is said to supply a large part of the brains of the Camorra, as well as handling all its funds), he is, as he stands up in court, a fine-looking, elegantly dressed man, of polished manners and speech. If the evidence against him is to be believed, however, his mask of gentility covers a heart of medieval cruelty and cunning, for he is alleged to have made the plans and given the final directions to Sortino for the murder of the Cuocolos. Rapi is a celebrated gambler, and as such may have had the acquaintance of some decadent members of the Italian aristocracy, who not only knew him in the betting ring at the races, but frequented his establishment in Naples, which he called the "Southern Italy Club." In 1875, at the age of eighteen, he won against four hundred candidates the position of instructor in classical languages to the municipality of Naples. Some ten years later, in 1884, he moved with his parents to France. At this time he was suspected of having something to do with the murder of a Camorrist youth, named Giacomo Pasquino, who, in fact, was killed in a duel with a fellow member of the society.

The Gambler Rapi, Alleged Treasurer of the Camorra

From that on Rapi became a professional gambler, and as such was expelled from France in 1902. Later on Rapi returned to Naples and opened a sort of "Canfield's" there. At any rate, he boasts that it was the center of attraction for dukes and princes. That he had any sort of acquaintance with or admission to aristocratic circles is entirely untrue; but he certainly was a figure in the fast life of the town, and used what position he had to further the ends of the Camorra. It is alleged that he was the actual treasurer of the Camorra, and disbursed the funds of its central organization, apportioning the proceeds of robberies and burglaries among the participants, and acting as head receiver for all stolen goods. Certainly he was a friend of "Erricone" and an associate of well-known Camorrists, and he was one of the five arrested immediately after the Cuocolo murders on suspicion of complicity, because of his known presence on the night of the crime at Torre del Greco, not far from the place where the murder of Gennaro Cuocolo was perpetrated. For fifty-two days he remained in prison, and was then acquitted and set at liberty, largely through the efforts of Father Ciro Vitozzi. He continued to reside in Naples until April, 1908, when the French decree against him was canceled and he returned to Paris, after holding a sort of informal levee at the Naples railroad station, where many persons of local distinction, journalists, and others came to see him off. It was in the following June that he says he read in a Paris paper that his departure from Naples was regarded as a flight. He wired to the *procuratore del re* at Naples, offering to place himself absolutely at the disposition of the authorities; but, receiving no response, he returned by train to Naples to present himself before the magistrates. He was promptly arrested *en route*, and for three years has been in jail, being questioned by the authorities on only three occasions during that period. He claims that at the time of the murder he was living in England, and his elaborate alibi is supported by a number of witnesses whose testimony is more or less relevant.

Without dilating on the individual history of this sleek gentleman, be he merely gambler or full-fledged accomplice in many murders, it is enough to say that when confronted by Abbatemaggio he conducted himself with the most suave and courteous moderation. Alternately he would politely engage the informer in argument or ask him a question or two, and then in polished sentences would address the jury and spectators.

The Informer Abbatemaggio a Popular Idol

He is the antithesis of Abbatemaggio, who has an insolent confidence and braggadocio about him that carry with them a certain first-hand impression of sincerity. In fact, the fiery little black-haired coachman has proved so convincing to the public that the Camorrists have been driven to allege that he is mad. He gives no indication of madness, however, although the government, to refute any such contention, has an alienist, Professor Otto Lenghi, in court to keep him under constant surveillance. His memory is astonishing and uncannily accurate. His mind works with marvelous rapidity, and had he been born in a different environment he would have made his mark in almost any line that he might have chosen. He has all the instincts and tricks of the actor, is a master of repartee, extremely witty, with a tongue like a razor, and delights the spectators with his sallies and impertinences. Altogether Abbatemaggio is the center of attraction at Viterbo — and knows it. He makes the court wait on his health and convenience, and has evidently made up his mind that, if his life is to be short, he will at least make it as merry as possible. Naturally he is a sort of popular idol, and a confrontation in which he

is one of the participants draws a crowd of the townspeople, who applaud his gibes and epigrams and jeer at his Camorrist opponent.

On the afternoon of the Rapi-Abbatemaggio *confronto* the "Professor" arose with great dignity, bowed low to the court and jury, folded his hands over his stomach, and faced the audience with an air of patient resignation. Then the captain of *carabinieri* unlocked Abbatemaggio's cage, and the little coachman sprang to his feet, gave a twirl to his mustache and a contemptuous glance at Rapi as if to say, "Look at the old faker! See how I shall show him up!"

The Scene between Rapi and Abbatemaggio

With an attitude respectful toward the court and scornful toward Rapi, he takes his stand by the *procuratore del re* and awaits his antagonist's attack. The "Professor" accosts him gently, almost pathetically. Abbatemaggio answers in cold, unsympathetic tones that tell the spectators that they must not be deceived by the oily address of this arch-conspirator. But Rapi, with his magnificent voice, is a foe to be reckoned with, and presently he enters upon a denunciation of the informer that is distinctly eloquent and full of vehement sarcasm. Abbatemaggio flushes and interrupts him, the "Professor" attempts to proceed, but the little coachman sweeps him out of the way and pours forth a rapid-fire volley of Neapolitan dialect in which he accuses Rapi of being a hypocrite and a liar and a man who lives on the criminality of others, referring specifically to various enterprises in which they have both been engaged as partners. He pauses for breath, and Rapi plunges in, contradicting, denouncing, and accusing in turn. The prisoners by interjectory exclamations show their approval.

"Sh-sh-sh!" remarks *il presidente*, raising a finger.

"Excellency! Excellency!" exclaims Abbatemaggio deprecatingly, as if pained that the judge should be compelled to listen to such an outburst.

Presently he can restrain himself no longer, and both he and Rapi begin simultaneously to harangue the court, until the president orders Abbatemaggio to stop and the captain of *carabinieri* touches Rapi on the shoulder. The latter is now reduced to tears, and wrings his hands as he calls his aged mother to witness that he is an innocent man! Soon order is restored, and the *confronto* concludes with a sort of summing up of his defense on the part of the "Professor." It is a model of rhetoric, rather too carefully calculated to appear as sincere as his previous outbursts. He calls down the curses of God upon Abbatemaggio, who listens contemptuously; he protests the purity of his life and motives; he weeps at the irony of fate that keeps him — the merest object of suspicion — confined in a loathsome prison. Then he bows and resumes his seat by the side of Father Ciro Vitozzi, to whom, amid the laughter of the spectators, he has referred as "that holy man there." And, apart from the rencontre between him and Abbatemaggio, there has really been no more denunciation, no more emotion, no more tears, than if an ordinary criminal attorney in a New York City court were summing up an important case.

An Outbreak from One of the Prisoners

Court adjourns. No sooner has the judge departed than an outcry is heard from the cage.

"I am tired — *tired — tired!*" exclaims an agonized voice. "I have been in prison for five years! Everybody else talks and I have to listen. I am not allowed to speak, and nothing ever happens! It is interminable! I can not stand it!"

It is "Erricone" having one of his periodical moments of relief. After all, one is not inclined to blame him very much, for there is a good deal of truth in what he says — owing to the way the case was bungled in its earlier stages. The *carabinieri* rush up, "Erricone" is pacified by his fellow Camorrists, and quiet is restored. One inquires if there is generally any more excitement than has just occurred, and is told that it has been quite a sensational day, but then — that "Erricone" is always "yelling." A good many defendants make a noise and carry on — and so do their relatives — after court has adjourned, in America.

One is in doubt whether to believe Abbatemaggio on the one hand or Rapi on the other, and ends by concluding that it would be utterly impossible to believe either. Both were acting, both playing to the gallery. You know Rapi is a crook, and — well, you wouldn't trust Abbatemaggio, either, around the corner. And, after all, it is the word of one against that of the other so far as any particular defendant is concerned. But one fixed impression remains — that of the aplomb, intelligence, and cleverness of these men, and the danger to a society in which they and their associates follow crime as a profession. Once more you study the faces of the well-dressed prisoners in the cage, of the four alleged assassins of Cuocolo — Morra, Sortino, de Gen-

naro, and Cerrato; of Giuseppe Salvi, the murderer of Maria Cutinelli; of Luigi Fucci, the dummy head of the Camorra; of "Erricone" Alfano, the wolfish supreme chief and dictator of the society; of Luigi Arena, the captain of the Neapolitan burglars; of that astounding rascal, "Father" Ciro Vitozzi, the most picturesque figure of the lot; of Desiderio, head of petty blackmailing and tribute-levying industry; of Maria Stendardo, whose house was a Camorrist hell; and of Rapi, the gambling "professor" and "Moriarty" of Naples — and you know instinctively that, whether as an abstract proposition Abbatemaggio conveys an impression of absolute honesty or not, what he has said is true and that this is the Camorra — the real Camorra, vile, heartless, treacherous!

Admirable Conduct of the Camorra Trial

Then, if you were asked to give your impressions of the way the trial was being carried on, you would probably say that, considering the magnitude of the task involved, the mass of evidence (there are forty volumes of the preliminary examinations), the great number of prisoners and the multitude of witnesses, and the latitude allowed under the Italian law in the matter of taking testimony, the trial was being conducted with exceptional rapidity — faster than would be probable in America under like conditions; that the methods followed are admirably calculated to ascertain the truth or falsity of the charges; that the judge presides with extreme fairness, courtesy, and ability; that, all things considered, there is, as a rule, less confusion or disorder than would be naturally expected — that, in a word, the Italian government is making a good job of it, and deserves to be congratulated.

Indeed, so far as the procedure is concerned, it is not so very different from our own, and, were it not for the presence of the uniforms of the *carabinieri* and the officers of infantry in the court-room, and the huge cage in which the prisoners are confined, one could easily imagine one's self in a court in America. The conduct of the trial is far more free, far less formal, than with us, a fact which, the writer believes, makes in the end for effectiveness, although the excitability of the Italian temperament occasionally creates something of an uproar, which calls sometimes for a suspension of proceedings. Doubtless the prisoners give vent to cries of rage and humiliation; perhaps one or two of them in the course of the trial may faint or have fits (such things happen with us); the judge and lawyers may squabble, and accuser and accused roundly curse each other. Such things could hardly help occurring in a trial lasting, perhaps, a year. In fact, deaths and births have occurred among them during this period, for Ciro Alfano has passed away and Maria Stendardo has given birth to a child; but, on the whole, there is probably no more excitement, no more confusion, no more bombast, and vastly less sensationalism than if thirty-six members of the Black Hand were being tried *en masse* in one of our own criminal courts for a double murder, involving the existence of a criminal society whose ramifications extended into the national legislature and whose affiliations embraced the leaders of a local political organization and many officials and members of the New York police.

THE VOICES

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

I KNOW now what I did not know,
The trouble in the wind and rain
That all night long sigh and complain.

All night in the lonely night
The Voices spake to one another,
Voice of the Rain and Wind her brother.

Ah! what a world where youth must die!
Wind and Rain went crying and grieving;
Half for the dead and half for the living.

When I was young I did not know
What the Wind cried in the rainy weather,
The Wind and the Rain crying together.

Quitters

by Rowland Thomas

Illustrations by F. B. Masters

TO Oncoast came a Good Samaritan disguised behind an unobtrusively impressive waistcoat and wearing pearl-gray spats — a trifle conscious of his power to do kindly deeds, as Samaritans often are, but still at bottom a simple, sincere fellow, and possibly Claverly's staunchest friend.

He stayed the night, and in the morning, while they waited for Miss Claverly to give them breakfast, he offered Claverly a place in charge of traffic on the Oregon-Arequipa Overland, standing, back to him, at a window meanwhile. Except for that, he betrayed none of the embarrassment he felt.

But Claverly understood, and, changed as he was, he became for a moment his old lightly scornful self, now that the ultimate choice was offered him. His shoulders, that had seemed to hang so heavy, took on their old easy squareness. His somber features lighted, and the old insolent challenge leaped up in his eyes. He looked as tall and clean and young as he had ever been.

He laughed, and the Good Samaritan had the grace to redden. Then Claverly turned serious.

"So it's come to that?" he mused. "Jim, why should a man go away from everything" — he glanced about the breakfast-room, cheerful with morning sunshine and massed goldenrod and asters — "everything like this, to boss ore-road traffic in some unheard-of place?" He had never lost a trick of looking his man or his situation square in the face. He did it now.

Jim Hoxsey looked just as squarely back, and under his roly-poly pinkness and his trivial preciseness of dress and manner the real man showed. There was no distinction in him, as there was in Claverly, but there was solidity.

"I haven't a notion what you're driving at," he lied. "It is a great opening for any one. South America is the country of the future."

For a moment the eyes of the two men fought. Hoxsey's fell, and Claverly smiled at him with less of mockery. "You're the same good old chap still," he said. "I'll give your offer what they call my serious consideration."

"Do," Hoxsey urged, very serious himself. "It's a great opening."

"And openings," Claverly mused, his smile all bitterness now, "lead to holes. And holes are convenient places for disposing of a certain sort of men."

Hoxsey reddened again. "Bill," he said, "you know you can always have anything I've got. But what are you going to do? You can't go on this way."

Claverly shrugged his square shoulders, for an instant, into abject weariness. He looked like an old man. "What?" he agreed. "Whereas your solution of the annoying problem, Jim, seems ideally simple. I'll think it over."

"I say," the girl broke in, entering to them in adorable sleepy rosiness, "you seem tremendously in earnest about something."

For the third time Hoxsey reddened, and turned away. Prosaic as he was, he suddenly felt the element of tragedy that underlay the situation.

If Claverly felt it too, he gave no sign. "It's a way men have, Kiddie," he told her, straightening up with his old indolent recklessness. "Give Jim his coffee before I hurl him at his train. He wants to get away; don't you, Jim?"

The wretched Samaritan looked more ill at ease than ever, but no less resolute. "Wire me the minute you decide," he mumbled. "It's a great opening. Immense!"

Miss Claverly gave him a sidelong glance out of inscrutable eyes. "Are we talking," she asked, "of volcanoes?"

"Something of that sort," said Claverly, somber again; and Hoxsey, solidly prosperous and prosaic though he was, felt a quick constriction in his throat. They looked such a pair of thoroughbreds to have a thing of that sort hanging over them.

"I'll take the day to think it over, Jim," said Claverly. "I'll wire you to-night."

"And I," Miss Claverly said to Hoxsey, "will wait with you for enlightenment."

Once again Hoxsey came as close to shuddering as a plump pink banker can. He had not realized, till then, how uglily the affair was complicated by the fact that Claverly had a sister like Rose Claverly.

The banker went back to his bank, and Claverly out to another day of shooting which held no interest. The world was out of tune for him. The zest was gone even from outdoor life and sport. Oncoast had changed to him.

He had come down there expecting rest, and had not found it. It was not in the autumn woods, where his shaggy terriers, wild with unaccustomed freedom, dashed at random through the crashing leaves, recklessly flushing partridges in a way to wring a sportsman's heart; nor on the brook-sides, where they tore at muskrat holes, sobbing and slavering, and emerged reluctant, unrewarded save by plasterings of mud.

Rest was not for him on the russet marsh, stretched out unendingly from the mowing-fields and orchards to the far rim of the sea. He had sat there in his blind through sunrise after solemn sunrise, while all the eastward was a flood of golden light where rosy cloud-flecks floated serenely high, and the crisp October air rustled in the sedgy borders of creek and pond-hole, and bitterns in pairs and trios, homeward bound from nights of stilted fishing on the brim of tidal drains, swung by overhead, majestic in measured sweep of wing and ludicrously awkward in helpless length of trailing leg. Through it all he had sat dully or impatiently indifferent, according to his momentary mood, gun across high-booted knees, a foot swishing listlessly through the black marsh water under his hard and narrow seat.

Even when out of the northeastern distance floated the most moving of outdoor sounds, the melancholy-mellow whistle of unseen flights of yellow-leg, he had rarely raised his head or pursed his lips and tried his skill at tolling call in answer. The zest was gone from outdoor life and sport.

But he got through this day, as he had through so many others, and evening came at last.

It was an uneasy night. A storm was brewing to the eastward, and the surf on the outer beach droned a heavy, unceasing diapason to the minor piping of the wind in the chimney-tops.

Miss Claverly sat with her chair drawn up before the fireplace, her slippered feet crossed to the blaze in one of the immemorial attitudes of women, a hand shielding her eyes and face from the glow. They were alone together in their old house above the marshes, Claverly and she.

Claverly, uneasy as the night was, paced restlessly up and down the shadowed room,— it was immense in the vague firelight,— smoking and looking at the hand that half hid his sister's face from him, and seemed no less to screen her thoughts from him, somehow.

It was a frail-seeming hand and wrist, and the face itself was the most delicate of New England ovals. But he knew well enough the strength that could show in them. To him, the girl, in her long, fair slimness, her spritelike poise of body and mind, her unbreakable reserve that passed outwardly for shyness, had long been the most satisfying of women, to the eye and to the imagination, as in her rarely speechful but unfailing friendliness she had been the most understanding of companions. They responded to each other's moods like strings tuned in the strong unison of an octave.

But that night everything was out of tune. More than Oncoast had changed to him. Even his sister's accustomed silence vexed him.

He halted abruptly and tossed his cigarette-end on the logs. He watched it flare up and shrivel to a cinder before he spoke: "Kiddie, this is no good. I'll go back to town to-morrow."

The girl, uncrossing her feet, smothered a little yawn. The fire was sleepy-hot, and she had tramped a score of miles that day. "It seems pretty good to me," she said lazily. "Something wrong with you?"

Claverly stared at her. Then his little smile, so bitter, so incredulous, and yet so very likable, rested on his lips. "Nothing more than usual," he answered somewhat dryly.

The girl caught the shade of emphasis. She laughed then, Claverly's own old laugh, full of the easy insolence of one whom life's small troubles touch but lightly. "Been getting your bumps?" she asked. "I thought so when you and Jim Hocks were gassing away this morning."

"Rather," said Claverly.

The girl glanced up at him, and turned her face quickly from the sight of his. "Billy!" she cried incredulously, "how could I guess it was something *real?*" Then, quietly enough: "Want to tell me? I suppose you do, or you wouldn't have spoken about it."

"I don't know why I spoke," said Claverly, "except you asked me if anything was wrong." The last words held a quick, savage mockery that made his voice sound high and strained.

The girl, without looking up, stretched out her hand, and after an instant's hesitation Claverly took it, and quieted too.

"Now tell me," said his sister.

And a sudden impulse to talk to her, to say out to some one what a score like Hoxsey more or less vaguely guessed or knew, and dared not speak of, swept Claverly away. He had walked alone for months, and she was the only living creature of his blood.

His voice turned colorless. "They fired me from the Atlantic & Northwestern a year and a half ago," he told her. "I went to the N. & S. Six months ago they fired me there. I got a job with a jerk-water mountain line — they call it the Missouri-Trans-Pacific. They were fighting for air right then, and they snapped me up without asking too many questions. I used to have a reputation for doing the impossible with traffic, you know. It's gone now. And you ask me if anything is wrong?" Again his voice pitched sharply up to mockery.

The girl patted his hand. "Just one more thing to tell me, Billy," she said at last. "Railroads aren't in the habit of — firing — men like you without a reason."

Claverly wrenched his hand away. "Can't you guess why?" he asked. "It's a very old story, Kid. Hundreds of men have told it at Salvation Army meetings, with a cup of coffee and a sandwich in prospect for the telling. They call 'em 'experiences.' Want to hear my 'experience'? Well," he flung at her, "I get drunk. I" — he gave the phrase a curious flat emphasis, as if he quoted some one else — "I get drunk on the job."

The girl seemed to flame into quivering life, though she sat unstirring in her chair. "You, Billy? You doing that!" She said no more, but that little was enough for Claverly.

"Whatever you say," he begged her, "please don't preach at me."

Instantly the girl's tense body relaxed in cool indifference. "It *does* seem to be up to you," she said. "What are you going to do about it?"

Her self-control sent a pin-point of irritation pricking at Claverly's strained nerves. "I suppose my quickest way out," he told her, "would be to get drunk once more."

"Mm-hmm," breathed the girl, lightly scornful. "I dare say. But afterwards?"

"Get drunk again," suggested Claverly.

The girl stiffened again, ever so slightly. "But," she asked deliberately, "after one tired of — getting drunk?"

She pushed it too far. Claverly's irritation vanished as if fire had seared it from him. "Good God, Kiddie!" he cried, "don't you suppose I got deathly tired of it long ago?"

And the girl melted to him. "Sit down here," she said. And Claverly obeyed her, nestling on the floor beside her chair just as they had done, boy and girl together, a hundred times before. She had been his tower of strength from her babyhood.

"Billy," said the girl at last, "I'm *not* going to preach. But you ought to have told me before. It's bad. Still," she said, clutching at a hope, "you haven't been — doing it — since you've been down here? So it can't be a regular — habit?"

"It's worse," said Claverly. "It's something wild inside me that goes mad for excitement and goes and gets it from the booze, and then disappears for weeks or months."

"So," said the girl — "I don't know much about such things — but you're what the doctors call a periodical drinker?"

"Drunkard," said Claverly brutally, "is the word they use."

The girl did not flinch. "Never mind words," said she. "And keep still, anyway, for a minute. I want to think what we can do about this."

"There's mighty little can be done," said Claverly, "for a man that's down and out."

His sister drew away from him. "Out?" she echoed in a cool little tone.

"Out," Claverly repeated indifferently.

"Billy Claverly," his sister cried, "you talk like a fool! You're not 'out' as long as you're alive. Nobody ever had a bigger chance. Look at the friends you've got. You have — 'a w'y with you,' like Tommie. Everybody likes you — loves you. They'll work their heads off for you. And you make them trust you. Look where they put you on the A. & N., and you not thirty-five. Don't talk about being 'out,' when everybody knows what you can do."

Claverly stopped her. "Not any longer, Kid," he said. "My reputation's gone, I tell you. And my friends. I can't find any one to trust me now. Why," he said suddenly, "I don't believe I even trust myself."

The girl laughed impatiently. "Talk away," she said.

"I don't," Claverly repeated stubbornly. "I can't. Listen! When I went on that Trans-Pacific junk-heap I wanted to make good. God only knows how much I wanted to! It was the only time I ever really did care, and really tried. And — I couldn't. It was the same old story. No, Kiddie; I've failed too many times. I tell you, I can't trust myself again."

The girl drew away once more. "I'd hate to admit it, anyway, if it was me," she told him bluntly.

"I'm past all that," said Claverly wearily.

And then all at once she laughed, not lazily or insolently, but a warm purr of sound such as Claverly had never heard before. It caught him by the heart. In one of her rare impulses

"'WHAT RELIGION I'VE GOT BOILS RIGHT DOWN TO THIS: GOD CERTAINLY HATES A QUITTER!'"

of tenderness, she flung an arm round his neck and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "You're a tragic goat," she said, "and I'm another. We aren't the first that have gone through this sort of thing and won out. To-morrow's a new day. Snuggle your head down on my knee and smoke one cigarette while I read your future for you in those coals. Then I'm going to bed, and you are, too." And Claverly, comforted by her steadiness, as he always was, lighted up.

"You were right," she resumed then. "About going away, I mean. Oncoast is no place, the way you're feeling. You want work — the hardest kind. See," she pointed. "Over in that corner where it's hottest, there's a man just sizzling for something to happen. That's you, Billy. You watch. He'll bust up in a minute. There! And you're the same. You've had your bumps. You've stood it all you could. To-night you're busting up. And to-morrow you'll go back, and you'll get another job——"

That word was unfortunate. It woke in Claverly the fever, the fierce need, that had been consuming him. "Another job!" he cried, and flung his cigarette away and jumped to his feet. "What do you know about it?" he demanded. "What do you know about getting a job? You're right — I want work the hardest way. It's my only chance. It's all there is in living — for me, anyway. Just work and the drive to get through it. But getting it! Being a burden and a bore to friends who hate to tell you they have nothing for you. Try it once! Try sitting in ante-rooms with office-boys who know as well as you that the boss don't want to see you. Try having men hurry you through interviews, very anxious to see you more at leisure on a later date they never set. Try seeing the crowd melt away before you, cocktail hour at the club, for fear you'll strike some of them for work. They'd rather you struck them for a loan. Try dining by yourself when you don't want to. Try some of that," said Claverly, "and you'll know what being down and out means. I tried it for six weeks before I came down here. And now you tell me to go back and try some more of it!"

The girl just smiled up at him. "Spit it out, Bill," said she, in the kennel-paddock-flavored speech of youth she still sometimes fell into. "It does you good."

The kindness of her, and the steady cheerfulness, were too much for Claverly. The revulsion came. He flung himself down beside her again, and buried his face in her skirts. "I'm sick for work," he said. "If they'd only give me one more chance! I may have learned

my lesson. But — no, they're right. They couldn't trust me. When it gets a man as it's got me, there's no more chance for him, except —" He raised his head and looked at her squarely. He had to tell her sometime; it might as well be now. "Except," he said, "the kind of chance Jim Hoxsey offered me."

She looked at him questioningly. "Jim offered you a chance?"

"He came down just for that," said Claverly.

She smiled. "That's like Jim," she said. "Where is it?"

Claverly did not smile. "Down in Peru."

"Peru?" she echoed, a bit startled. "That's a long way off. But, still, I mustn't kick, if it's a chance. You must take anything that's — square." She gazed at him again, puzzled by his attitude. "Jim's a good friend, so it must be all right. But why do you look so — so queer about it? I should think you'd be glad. I am."

The bitter, incredulous smile curled Claverly's lips. "I ought to be glad," said he. "It's my last chance." Then his self-control gave way. "Kiddie," he cried, "can't you understand? It's — quite the British thing they offer me. A chance to save my face, and theirs, in the Lost Legion. 'Little black sheep who've gone astray—baa-aa-ah!'" he quoted. "But they're friendly to the last, if they *are* tired. South America is ever so much more — more ultra, nowadays, than mere Australia."

Then she understood him. "So," she said, slow scorn gathering in her voice, "they want you to run away? The cads!" The very prosperous and moderately self-respecting gentlemen she spoke of might have been the spawn of earth under her feet. She looked down at her brother and her scorn deepened. "And you," she said, "think of going! You didn't punch Jim Hoxsey's face this morning!" With one quick motion she threw him from her and stood tall and straight before him, and incredibly remote. "I hate you," she drawled. "You aren't *my* brother. *I'd* die before I'd quit. Before I'd run away I'd take the *lit*-tlest, *mean*-est job ——"

Her anger at himself was the last thing he had expected. But she spoke the challenge of blood to blood. He rose to his feet, angry as she was, and as cold. "Nevertheless," he said, "I shall go to Peru. I have sense enough to know when I am down and out, and pride enough ——"

She did not look at him. "I'd *never* let them make me run away," she said. "I'd start in at the very bottom."

A smile that was half a sneer curled Claverly's lip at the inane little phrase, drudge of the barren moralists. It set there and hardened, and his eyes took on the vacantness of introspection. He was looking back to the beginning.

The beginning was a springtime morning in the city, when Claverly closed a door marked with his name and stepped across a big, cool-smelling room, as straight and nonchalant, as arrogant in carriage of chin and shoulder, as he had been under the fire of the prying eyes, friendly but still prying, outside its shelter. But inside him waves of nausea at life, and all it had done with him and he with it, beat and surged sickeningly.

He sat down at his desk, and even in his misery the little habitual smile, half bitter, half incredulous, touched his lips. It was his desk no longer. That morning, an hour ago even, it had been his. Now he had none.

His glance rested idly on a desk-clock, a toy in gold and leather, his sister's gift to him on his last birthday. Its tiny pointers marked the half-hour. At precisely twelve minutes past, he knew by some silly trick of recollection, the Chief's summons had come. All that had happened had happened in less than eighteen minutes by his sister's foolish clock. Men often spent as long as that over a vacant cigarette.

Claverly slid down into his chair,— likewise his no longer,— and those arrogant shoulders sagged like an impotent old man's. Outside, where eyes watched, friendly but prying, to learn what dose had been administered and how he swallowed it, straight-backed indolence had been easier than any other thing. But here, alone — He rested his chin on his palms, propping his elbows on the chair-arms, and gazed at the orderly disorder where the clock, remorseless in its miniature fashion as devouring Time himself, ticked away more minutes. Never before had it ticked away so many idle ones out of a working day.

But this was not a working day for Claverly. He slipped down lower into the massive office chair, and the implications of his situation were revealed to him in one mercilessly swift flash of intelligence. Its very swiftness left the black sea of dizziness rolling in its wake again. He covered his staring eyes with a hand.

But suddenly he raised his head. A sob, quickly choked back, had caught his ear. He stumbled to his feet and swung around.

He was not alone, after all. From her desk by the window, a stenographer, a slip of a girl, trim in business woman's black, rose too, more panic-stricken than he had been. "Mr. Claverly," she stammered, "I — tried not to, truly. But — but — oh!" she cried, and sobbed again.

Instantly Claverly was his masked self, clean, tall, young, with thoroughbred ease and strength

"NEVER BEFORE HAD IT TICKED AWAY SO MANY IDLE MINUTES"

in every turn of cheek and jaw and shoulder and flank, with a challenge in his eyes and in the smile, wholly likable for all its incredulity, that just touched his lips.

"Miss Helm?" he said. "Still waiting? I shall have no more work for you this morning." A moment, while the smile touched his lips more strongly, with more of amusement in it. "Nor on any other morning, I am afraid."

The girl's eyes opened wide. She stepped swiftly toward him, and for an instant it seemed that she meant to grasp his arm with those groping fingers of hers — imploring hands they were, quite literally. "Mr. Claverly!" she cried. "It can't be as bad as that? They'd never let you — leave — the road!"

Claverly's smile became frankly amused and tolerant. "Oh, no," he told her. "The road is merely — firing — me."

She did not sob again. Her lip quivered, and then, as something in her answered to the insulting disdain in him, the mothering creature became all at once a vibrantly enduring thing. Claverly, watching her as she leisurely gathered up her work to leave him, was proud of her. Women were always doing things like that. Eyes looking straight out untroubled, chins up and never a soft muscle tightening, they said, "Good-by, then, Mr. Claverly?" just as conventionally as she was saying it.

But the moment was too crowded with real emotions for long contemplation of abstractions like the eternal futile gameness of women. She was hardly gone when he was back at the desk,

slumped in the chair, staring unseeingly at past and future.

At twelve minutes past the Chief had summoned him. He had strolled through the outer office, between the batteries of prying eyes, and opened the door marked "General Manager."

As he expected, the old man was in a towering passion. His eyes snapped in the caverns under his bushy brows as he stared across the untidy table. His thick neck swelled with a sudden rush of blood, and he plucked at his collar with an impatient finger. It was a characteristic trick—some day he would go with apoplexy. Then, thrusting out his chin, "Well?" he asked.

Claverly made no answer. None was expected yet.

Holt waited through the space of two quick breaths. He plucked at the collar again. "Well?" he repeated. The monosyllable held the crass brutality of a blow delivered straight into an undefended face.

Claverly, standing indifferently at ease across the table, smiled ever so slightly. "Well, sir?" he said in his turn. His voice was colorless.

"What about losing those fast-freight contracts?" the old man blustered, and plunged on, shaking his head impatiently lest he be answered before he had his say out: "Carson couldn't make the Intercolonial people terms on empties and demurrage. And his wire lay on your desk from 4 P. M. Monday till 10 A. M. yesterday. Why didn't he get authority?" Again he gave Claverly no room to reply. "I ain't kicking just because we lose some *freight*. But I do kick when we lose freight we don't *have* to lose. That's *your* job. The road pays you to see that don't happen. Now — why?" Again the question came with unveiled brutality, like the fist of a bucko mate crashing into a seaman's face.

Claverly smiled again. "I don't seem to remember much about it," said he, his voice still colorless. "I have a notion, though, it was the same old story, sir." The thought might have amused him.

The veins in the old man's temples bulged. "Same old story!" he shouted. "Drunk on the job, eh! I've stood a lot from you and never said a word. But" — he leaned forward, and the words came with the vicious speed of short-arm blows — "but when you have the nerve to offer it as an *excuse* ——"

The little smile still curled Claverly's lips, but the corners of them lifted warningly, like an Airedale's. "Mr. Holt," he said, still in that colorless voice, "I merely answered your question. No excuses have been offered." His eyes met the old man's steadily.

For an instant Holt glared. Then his angry face turned gray and stony. He picked up a pencil, only to lay it down. "I beg your pardon," he said with averted eyes.

Claverly twitched his shoulders. "Mind if I smoke, sir?" he asked.

"Smoke your darned head off if you want to!" Holt spoke with a swift return of anger. Then, quietly enough: "You know as well as I do why I've stood for so much from you. You've banked on it. You're the best man we ever had to get traffic and move traffic — when you want to. But there's a limit. There's such a thing as justice to the man that *does* stay on the job. What religion I've got boils right down to this: God certainly hates a quitter."

"I should have resigned yesterday, sir," said Claverly, "only" — he stopped to inhale a whiff of smoke and blow it out again — "it seemed more appropriate, all round, to wait and give you a chance to — fire — me."

"Well," said Holt, grimly matter-of-fact, as if he spoke to a recalcitrant trainman instead of to his freight traffic manager, "you're fired." He punched a button on the desk-front by his knees. "Good-by," he said.

"Good-by, sir," Claverly had answered, and even as the door closed behind him heard Holt dictating, "In regard to the new Equipment 5's ——"

That rather daunted even Billy Claverly's self-assurance, it came so quickly.

But he had strolled back through the long office, between banks of typewriters and adding-machines, with nothing save a little tilt to his chin and a little added indifference in his smile giving notice to prying, friendly eyes that the pet of a trunk-line railroad had just been discharged in the course of a morning's work.

That had been merely the easy wearing, for a minute longer, of the mask he had worn for years. Easy, too, even amusing, the recall of Miss Helm to the paths of discipline, the friendly nod in response to her composed farewell.

But, once alone with his sister's toy as it ticked away the empty minutes, alone with the grunt of locomotives and the click and grind of car-wheels that rose to his window from the bustling terminal train-shed far beneath, bringing with them now and then whiffs of acridly sulphurous coal-smoke, incense to the railroad man in him — alone with those things, the reaction came. The roaring traffic in the yard, monotonously singsong, beat a refrain in his ears: "You're fired, Billy Claverly. — Good-by, good-by. — You're fired. — Now in re-gard to — those E-quipment 5's ——"

Came, too, a daunting and an unexpected mistrust of the future, immediate and more remote. The world that went with eddying

smoke-curls and clicking wheels, a place of pressing activities and interests and duties, lay empty about him as an empty house. The day held no furniture of work for him, there or anywhere, nor the days to come, unless he made it for himself.

Claverly, gazing dully round the room where work, close-pressed and tangible enough to cut and eat, had been his daily portion, felt the first stabbing ache of lonesomeness for it, as for the sight of some dead friend — the ache that in the months to come was to drive him through the Valley of Humiliation.

His door-latch clicked, and before he could straighten up a heavy hand rested on his shoulder and Holt's voice said: "I've been thinking about you. I can't drop you this way, like a hot potato."

Even in that stormy, unpredictable old man, the reversal of attitude was so unexpected that Claverly was taken utterly aback. But his astonishment was at once swallowed up in another emotion which half strangled him with its intensity — the pain of reviving hopefulness. He had another chance. He had not known till then what he'd give for one. In that instant he took more vows of faithful service than he could have paid off in a lifetime.

"I've been thinking about you," Holt said again, while his hand still pressed Claverly's shoulder with friendly roughness. "Can you work a wire?"

"Why," said Claverly, a little wonderingly, "I used to be sort of a ham operator once, for fun."

"This wouldn't be for fun," said Holt, with a return of grimness. "'Twould be for a green station-agent's thirty-five a month. There's a place open. Can you start up the line this afternoon?"

Claverly could have laughed insanely as he realized his mistake. No fatted calves were killed for prodigals here. The Chief offered him just a chance to face the music.

He shook off the friendly hand. "Start in at the bottom and work up again?" he asked. "It sounds like — story-books."

"All right," Holt shouted, his temper catching fire. "Start at the top and work down, if that's your way. But," he called back through the closing door, regardless of the interested outer office, "I don't take my offers back. Any time you want an agent's job, you wire me."

Claverly laughed. But mingled with the laugh was the clean sting of shame. Start at the top and work down, then, was his way? The monotonously roaring traffic beat out a refrain again: "Work down — and down — down and down — to what?" It died away, and the piping of the east wind in Oncoast chimney-tops, the steady tramp of surf on Oncoast beach, asked in its stead, as Claverly came back to the vague, fire-lighted room: "Down — to what?"

•

Down to Jim Hoxsey's pity, and Peru.

His sister spoke again. "I'd die first," she drawled in her cold anger. "I'd die drunk if I had to, but I wouldn't run for *any*-body. I'd take the littlest, *meanest* job ——"

Billy Claverly did an absurd thing. Behind him, on the writing-table, were telegraph blanks. He walked over there and sat down and scribbled two messages.

This to Hoxsey:

No, thanks, old man. No holes in mine.

And this to old man Holt:

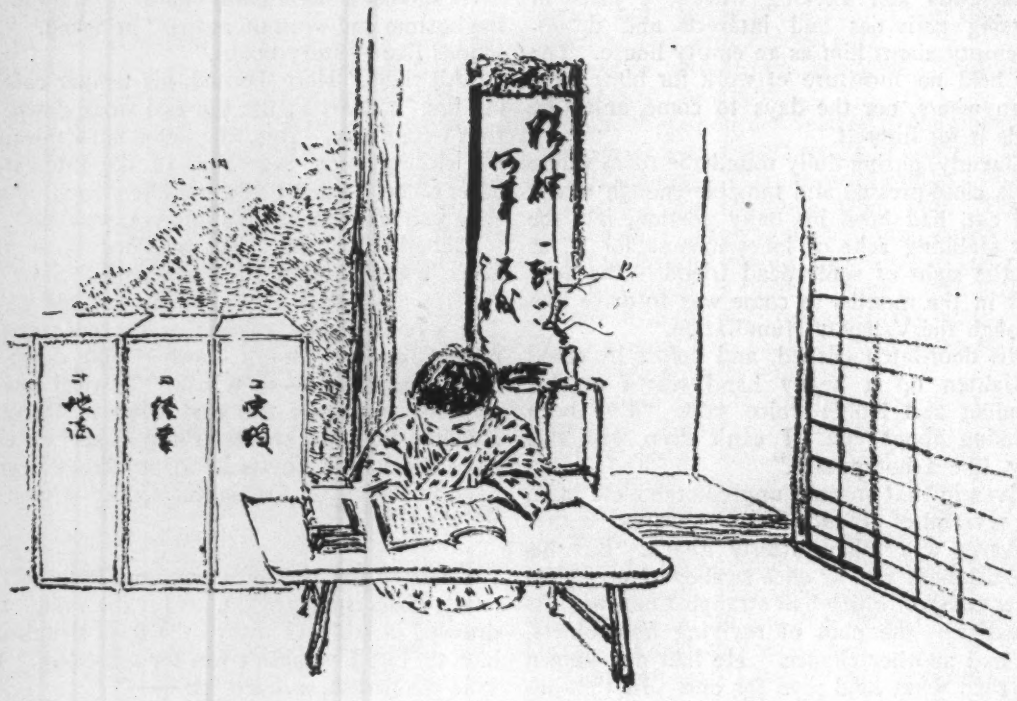
I want that thirty-five a month. God certainly does hand it to a quitter.

For a moment he stared at the scribbled bits of yellow paper. Then, silently, he got up and reached them to his sister. And she, still quivering with disdain of him, and all men, and all the world, put out a hand and took them.

HEALING

BY WINIFRED WEBB

NOW, for the sting of her "No" in my breast,
The balm of the East, the wine of the West;
For what is the change in a woman's eyes
To men on the sea with the midnight skies?
God! how this sweep of the firmament seems
To take the arrogance out of old dreams!
Love for the land, but stars for the sea —
Dear, it shall be as you wish it to be.



WHEN I WAS A CHILD

HOW I BEGAN TO STUDY ENGLISH

BY

YOSHIO MARKINO

AUTHOR OF "A JAPANESE ARTIST IN LONDON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

AT this moment my father had the brightest idea to cure me. One day he told me there was only one way for me. My mother's spirit was always watching me from above, and if I wanted to please her spirit, I ought to do something in this world and become "somebody." And he said to me, with a happy smile: "How your mother would be delighted!"

I was such an ambitious boy, so it was something like the sunbeam to my life, and immediately I began to feel quite a bright boy again. Yes, I really became very jolly boy; but I entirely gave up all sorts of children's games, such as tops, kites, little boats, etc. I used to sit down all day and read books. And I have got corns on my ankles by sitting on Japanese way. I really studied every word of those very difficult books of the ancient classics and histories, and all words were the guides and keys for my future life.

Here I give the readers the stories of some personalities in the ancient Chinese histories which I used to love. I loved Kanshin very much. Kanshin was a son of an ordinary farmer. But he had a great ambition. It was the end of Jin Dynasty, and the whole country was in upheaved state.

Kanshin never thought of his own daily life, as his head was busy to think of some greater things.

One day he was starving almost to death. There was a washwoman, and she gave him one bowl of cooked rice. Kanshin said to her, "You good woman, I shall return your kindness when I fulfil my ambition." The woman laughed at him, and insulted him, saying, "Such a fool could do nothing."

Another day Kanshin met with several butchers on a market. (In China butchers were classed as the lowest.) They shouted to Kanshin, "Hallo, young coward, if you are afraid to fight with us, you must crawl under our feet."

Kanshin stared at their faces for a while, then crawled their feet. All the crowds on the market screamed with their laughter. But, in fact, Kanshin himself thought his life was too precious to risk such a useless duel. Afterward, when the first King of Han Dynasty raised a revolutionary war, Kanshin assisted him and conquered all country. Now Kanshin was made the Field Marshal of the King of Han. That washwoman and those butchers were invited to a dinner by the Field Marshal. When they were told the honorable host was that "coward Kanshin," they could not raise up their heads.

Another hero of the same period was Choryo. One day when he was quite a boy he met with a benevolent old man on a horseback. Just when he was riding over a bridge, he dropped one of his shoes in the water. Choryo hurried to the river to pick up the shoe. He wiped it with his own clothes and gave it to the old man. The old man accepted it with his feet. Nevertheless, Choryo saluted him very politely, and he was going away. The old man called him back and said to him in a most haughty way: "You can be taught, though you are stupid enough. Come to this very bridge to meet me on the early morning of the third day."

Choryo went there on the third morning, and found out the old man was already there. The latter was very angry, and said: "What? You make a promise with an elder person, and come later than he? Go back now and try to come earlier than me next time!"

After another third day Choryo went there quite early, but, to his surprise, the old man was already there again. He was still more angry, and kicked Choryo. Choryo apologized him very sincerely, and begged him to make another appointment after three days.

Choryo went there on the evening of the second day, and waited whole night. But this time the old man was quite late; he arrived there long time after the sunrise.

The old man smiled and took out a parchment, and said to Choryo: "Here is written all the secrets to become a great man, so you read it! I shall never see you again, but if you go to that mountain beyond, you shall see a big yellow rock. That is I." And he disappeared. Choryo opened the parchment, and found that, although many words were written, everything could be said in two words —"patience and perseverance." But with these two words Choryo became the Premier for the King of Han!

Still nobler story was that of Kai-Shi-Sui.

Kai-Shi-Sui was a loyal subject of Bunko-Toji of Shin, who became a king later on. While Toji was wandering about the country as fugitive, a few of his subjects followed him. Kai-Shi-Sui was most devoted to Toji. Once, when Toji was starved nearly to death, Kai-Shi-Sui cut his own flesh to feed his master.

Toji conquered all over the country at last; it was all through Kai-Shi-Sui's merits. Other less important subjects were elevated to high ranks, but Kai-Shi-Sui was forgotten by his master, because he was so modest and did not come forward. He said: "It is all the Heaven's will that our master has become the King. If one steals some properties of his neighbor, people call him 'thief.' If, then, one stole the Heaven's will, what would he be called?" He hid himself in a lonely mountain.

Some one gave a hint to the King, saying: "Once upon a time there was a dragon, and a few serpents followed him. One of the serpents was so loyal, and when the dragon starved he offered his own flesh to his master dragon. Now the dragon got a nice palace whereupon to live, and all the other serpents received the comfortable holes to live in. Only that most loyal serpent has no hole."

The King said: "It is my own fault."

He commanded his subjects to search Kai-Shi-Sui, but the latter never came out from the mountain. The King set fire on the mountain in hope Kai-Shi-Sui would come out; but Kai-Shi-Sui was burnt to death instead. The King lamented extremely, and even now all the villagers around that mountain keep the anniversal day of Kai-Shi-Sui's death; and they don't use fire on the date, but have cold dishes.

When I read this story I told my father that I loved Kai-Shi-Sui so much. Nothing could be nobler than his words, "If one steals the Heaven's will, what will he be called?"

My father was so delighted. He said to me, "My dear little boy, could you really understand that at your age? You are my son!"

Indeed, my father has led his own life something like Kai-Shi-Sui. During our civil war to make the New Japan, he had staked his life and

had done a great deal for our country. But no sooner was peace and order restored than he resigned himself in his little village. I always thought he could have occupied quite a prominent seat in the government if he had tried, but it was not at all his desire. He always said it was the Heaven's will and the Emperor's own virtue to have New Japan, and he could not be a thief of the Heaven's will. His idea was that the political work ought to be absolutely voluntary for the country, and that one must not expect any reward for his work. He used to admire George Washington, especially the last part of his life when he resigned as a farmer once more, after being a President. He thought the education was most important when the country was restored to peace. He began to train all the young men in the village. I am very proud of my father's conduct, especially to think that several well-to-do patriots have sprung out among his pupils now.

As such was my father's life, and he was impractical about the business matter; he was getting poorer and poorer every day. Of course he spent a great deal on the medical attention for my poor, delicate mother. There was another reason. No doubt my mother was a good manageress in my home, and unluckily my father lost his manageress so early. Many good friends of his advised him to marry again, but he so absolutely refused, as a stepmother could not be as nice to his favorite child (myself) as the real mother. He preferred his widowered life for my own sake.

Within eighteen months my father was almost bankrupted. He himself was obliged to be a school-teacher at a little village called Miyoshi, and my elder brother, too, gave up his collegical study and became a tutor in a school some fifty miles away. We all had to abandon our dear home. It was decided quite sudden!

I was told to join to my father in Miyoshi village. Just a few weeks before, my brother bought nice lotus plants in a beautiful vase, and some flowers were half blossomed. I used to get up very early every morning in hope to see the flowers quite blossomed. On the day when it was fixed to leave our home, the lotus had not blossomed yet. I begged my father to postpone our departure until they would open, and, despite of all the luggages packed up, my father consented to wait.

After two mornings they all blossomed beautifully as if they were bidding farewell to us. I went to my own garden, which I loved so dearly, and shed my tears quite secretly whole morning.

They could not sell our house immediately, so all the doors were shut up except a little tea-ceremony room, which was lent to a policeman. As Miyoshi village was not more than ten miles off, I often came back to see my dear old home. But it was changing its appearance more and more every time when I visited it. That policeman so heartlessly destroyed my own beloved garden. There were no more beautiful roses nor chrysanthemums, but he planted potatoes, and all the rest part of the gardens were ruined by wild weeds.

Looking at these, I recollected the Japanese history of the era of Hogen-Heiji (twelfth century of the Christian era) which I was just studying. At that time Naritsune Fujiwara was exiled in a small island for three years. When he was pardoned and came back to his own house in Kyoto, he found out his house was abandoned and ruined. He made a poetry:

The mosses are grown so much between the broken roof-boards
That the moonbeams do not leak in as much as I thought!

I made a poetry of my own home, too:

The gardens and house are so much ruined that I recollect the old poetry,
While the sparrows are heartlessly chattering on the plum tree.

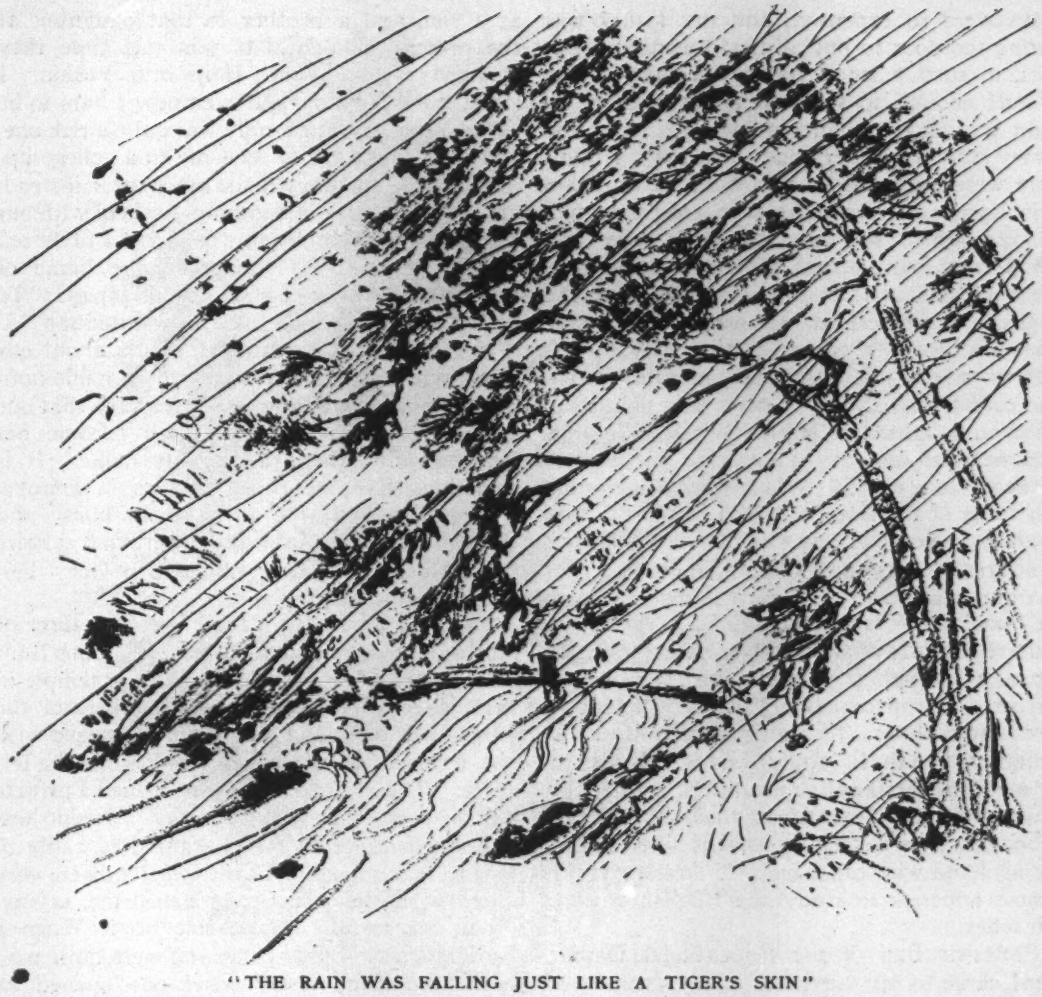
One evening that policeman, Yuba (who hired our tea-room), invited me and my cousin-friend Goto.

He was talking about *gai-shi*, the Japanese history by the great Rai San Yo. (It just equals the English history by Macaulay.) But the policeman was so hopelessly ignorant. I could not help without laughing. I gave him a deep sigh and I said: "Pray stop your nonsensical demonstration. If you want to talk me about Rai San Yo, study the book for three years more, then come to me!"

I said this from my heart, without being conceited at all. But the poor policeman was very indignant. And I never forget his angry expression. He said: "Dear Master Heiji, how dare you try to insult me, who am much elder than you?" (Indeed, he was about forty.) "Remember, you are only a little kid of twelve year old. I heard of you a great deal as a comely little darling. Now I am surprised to see you so different from what I heard of. Be careful and behave yourself better or else you shall be hated by everybody."

So I said: "Good-by, poor policeman; I sha'n't see you again."

He was still more angry. My cousin Goto whispered me that Yuba might do some harm on me, but he thought I was quite right. I remember he wrote all about that, adding more tales so untruthfully to my father and brother. I was



"THE RAIN WAS FALLING JUST LIKE A TIGER'S SKIN"

rather frightened to see my father and brother; I thought they might scold me. But when I saw them next time, they did not say a single word about that, and my mind was very much released.

At this time many English books were translated into Japanese, and I studied them. Among these books my most favorites were Fawcett's "Political Economy" and Buckle's "History of Civilization." I loved the prefaces of both books, because they told me both Fawcett and Buckle were so filial to their parents. I thought Fawcett was a real Bushido, because when he met with that gun accident and lost his sight, instead of grumbling, he so tenderly soothed his father not to worry his own future life.

Buckle I loved most dearly. First of all, I thoroughly agreed with him when he said he preferred his self study to the school study. I always had the same idea, because my father trained me in that way. He often said: "The modern school system is very bad for children, because the childrens are too much excited with examination. They all study their lessons for the sake to pass their examination, and then the worst thing is, they forget everything after the examination!"

And that preface of the "History of Civilization" said: "When Buckle finished his first volume, he put it in front of his mother and said, 'Mother, please be glad; your beloved son has made this book!'"

When I had read and come to this point, I threw the book down and said to the book: "Oh, Buckle, I envy you very much! You *were* a lucky one to have mother to please! Indeed, if I ever succeed writing a nice book, to whom shall I show it to please?"

My father was much afraid that I might get into a melancholy fit again. He tried to soothe me with all sorts of fairylike tales. However, I tried to get all books to study. But there was a great difficulty to do so, because some new

books were so expensive and my father was getting too poor to buy all that I wanted. Besides, in such a small country village it was difficult enough to get new books even if we could pay any amount of money. And the library system was very bad then, too. I think there were only one or two libraries in Tokio or in Kyoto. And even in such a big town like Nagoya (which was only seventeen miles and a half from our village) they had no library. When I think of that now, I always envy the English or American students, who have abundant libraries wherever they live.

It was about this time a new monthly magazine called *English Self Taught* was published. I was so delighted to subscribe this magazine, because I had already an ambition to come out to the western world! Whenever I think of my first study of the English now, I can not help of laughing. You see, this was the very first time to study an entirely different language. The first number had to start with Webster's Spelling Book and Wilson's First Reader. The pronunciations of every word were written in the Japanese alphabet. They were awfully incorrect. For instance, for "Ape has hands" I pronounced thus: "Yaipu hazoo handōsu"—something like that. And it was ever so difficult for me to understand the meanings, because the idioms were so different from those of Japanese. I thought "Ape has hands" meant "Ape is holding his hand with other hand"! Really, it was almost hopeless to study the English without a teacher.

Professor Ban of the Educational Department came to my village to have lectures with lanterns for two nights. He was just back from his tour in America and Europe. He showed us many views of the western life and lectured all his impressions upon them.

That made me quite mad with my ambition to come out to America or Europe more than ever. I thought my father was too poor to send me abroad, so I decided to become a tutor of some grammar school. Such a young boy tutor! Anyhow, I got that job in Chita Gori, a peninsula in the inland sea, where my brother was a tutor, too. I stayed at a village doctor's house. This doctor wanted to make me a medicine; but I refused, and after a month or two I ran away and joined to my father again.

A horrid question now happened upon my life. I was obliged to inherit one of my nearest relatives who had only one daughter. Some day later on I should have to marry her.

I was quite shocked.

They told me I need not marry her until I finished all my study and reached twenty or twenty-one of my age. Anyhow, I ought to be adopted as a son, and a brother to that daughter, at the present moment. It was this time they changed my boy-name Heiji into Yoshio. I loved my boy-name, and even now I hate to be called Yoshio. The family was quite a rich one, and they promised to send me to a college immediately. But they made me a tutor instead, and I had to work in a grammar school with our cousin. I was awfully surprised, but I preferred it to a life in that supposed-to-be home of my future. We have a saying in Japan: "To be a dog is better than to be an adopted son."

Here I need to explain the reader about our life. When any family, especially a noble family, has only a daughter, it is necessary that one (generally a near relative) shall become her husband and inherit her family name. It is something like the royal families in Europe. The wife becomes the queen of the house, and the husband has no more power than a mere consort-prince. He is obliged to obey her, and also his mother-in-law.

I think I worked as a tutor there for three or four months, during which time a famous Buddhist philosopher, Tanaka, came to a temple in that village and had a lecture to reform the religions in Japan. I was much impressed with it. I studied all those books which Tanaka left there. Then I heard some one opened a private school to teach English in Nishio. Nishio was only a few miles away. I wanted so badly to join to that school. All my relatives were very angry with me. They reproached me, saying: "You are awfully changeable boy! When a Buddhist philosopher came you were quite mad with Buddhism. Now some one opened an English school, and you are so mad of English lessons. Keep your mind a little quieter."

I said: "I don't see any sense in you. What's wrong with me to study everything eagerly? Besides, are you not teaching the Reader to the school children every day? Have you not read histories of many great men? They all had a great struggle in their life. Now you teach those histories to the children in daytime, and you contradict it to an ambitious boy in the evening! I am sorry to say, but you are nothing for good at all!"

They were furious.

"Shut up your mouth, you saucy kid! Book is book, and our daily life is ours. Be serious and listen to us. Books tell only about those great men, and remember you are not a great man. You are so unpractical in your daily life. First lesson for you to learn is how much is the price of rice. You always talk about your future ambition. It is very well to say 'ambition.' Yours is more like a phantom cloud. Remember, you may not stumble against Fuji

"ALL THE REST PART OF THE GARDENS WERE RUINED BY WILD WEEDS"

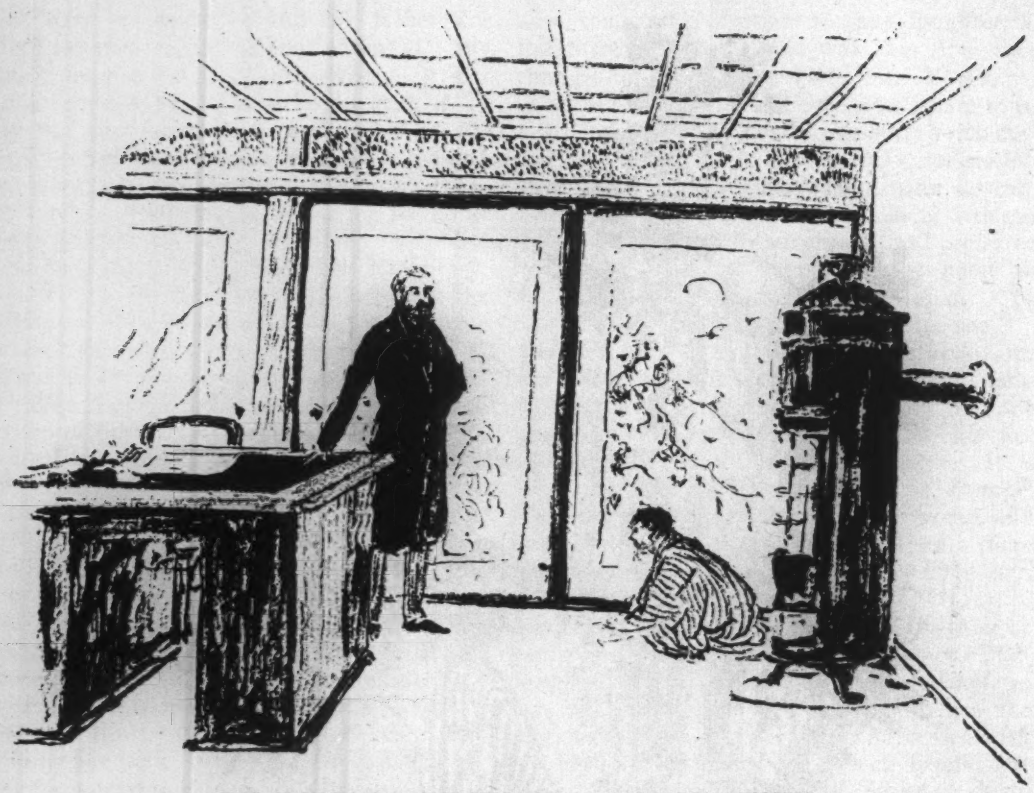
Mountain, but you are always stumbling against a little pebble."

I said: "If I stumble against a little pebble, I shall get up immediately. That is all. How glad I am to hear I don't stumble against Fuji Mountain. It is a great compliment to me!"

They all went into a dining-room, for it was the supper-time. I remained in my room, and thought with wonder how different their idea was from my own family. It was better to get rid of them. So I decided to run away. It was about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and I saw such a dark, angry cloud on the eastern sky. Shall I wait until to-morrow morning? No; I could not see such hideous people again. I left a note: "A big fish could not live in such a small pond."

I was afraid if I put on my *geta* (Japanese wooden footgear) I might make noise, and they would recognize me. So in my bare feet I slipped myself out from my window.

I had to walk about twenty miles in rice-fields and six or eight miles in a lonely mountain. Within a mile I met with such a strong tempest. The rain was falling just like a tiger's skin, and the white splash of it rose high on the fields. The wind was blowing and whistling against my ear. The clay road was awfully slippery. I saw thunder-bolts behind me first, and in front later on. I was rather frightened when I saw a valley streamlet was so angrily dashing against the bridge-poles, and the bridge itself was shaking so hard as if it might be floated every second. It was not at all easy journey for me. And my kimonos and myself together were quite wet through. The weather cleared up in about



THE MISSIONARY ENGAGING ME AS A SCHOOL SWEEPER

thirty or forty minutes, and a clear moon appeared between the dark clouds. I was so happy, but my poor kimonos did not dry at all and it was awfully uncomfortable. I arrived at my father's place early next morning. My sister was just there. I told them it was quite hopeless for me to stay with those people any longer. My father nodded and said: "I know that, I know that. So never mind."

My sister brought me a warm kimono, and caressed me. Next day I had a very high fever, and they all were very sorry. My father sent my brother immediately to those people to inform them I had run away and now I was with him. I know there were some troubles among them, but at last they came to the conclusion to put off all this matter until I grew up a little older. However, to avoid all sorts of trouble, I was sent to my old art and poetry teacher. There I stayed for a month or two. This time, to his disappointment, I did not study the Chinese poetries any more, but I was only struggling with that magazine of *English Self Taught*. Looking at this, my teacher made a poetry in which he expressed his sorrow that I should give up my classical study and go into the foreign language which was so little use for me!

"So little use for me?" I said in my heart. "The English lesson is the foundation-stone for my ambition." But I did not tell him my own opinion, because everybody round me opposed my ambition.

Indeed, once or twice I said to some people: "I want to do something in this world, but our country is not quite large enough." Every one laughed at me. They used to call me "a dreaming fool" or "a boy without common senses"! Even my own brother began to lose his confidence with my "foolishness." Only my father used to say how sorry he was because he became too poor to fulfil my ambition. He often sighed, "Only if it were the time that I could easily afford that!" I told him he must not worry about that, because I myself would do what I wanted to do. At that time I had an idea in my childish head. That was this. If one says he could not succeed his ambition because he has not money enough, I would call him a slave of money. If one says he could not because he is not strong enough, I would call him a slave of his body. And if one says he could not because his relatives or friends would not let him do so, I would call him a slave of his neighbors.

Indeed, I had no money, and my health was so delicate, and all my neighbors were opposing against me. By no means could I be a slave of any of them!

I decided this in my heart so strongly, and even now (after more than twenty years) I am still sticking to this idea.

Only I began at that time to feel too timid to tell that art teacher of mine all my opinion, so I ran away from him again.

My father's place was about nine miles away from Nagoya (the third biggest town in Japan), and there I found out a teacher who would teach me English lessons twice in a week. Of course, it was quite a small mountainous road, and I had to walk all way and back. This did not last more than three or four months, for my father and brother both had to go and live in a very deep mountainous country called Higashi Kamo, about forty miles away from Nagoya. But after some difficulty I got a situation as an assistant boy in a surveyance company in Nagoya. There I worked all sorts of map-drawings in daytime, and attended the evening class of an American missionary school. I was so excited to learn English directly from American teachers. Of course, there were some Japanese teachers, too, to teach the translations. But it was awfully hard work for me. At this time my brother wrote a letter to my father in which he said something like this:

"Our proverb says, 'Human life is fifty years.' Lo, I am nearly twenty-five, so half of my life might have passed now, and I have not much hope in my future life. As I promised you some time ago, I have sacrificed my life as a school-teacher to pay back all your debts. About this I have no complaining word to you. But my brother Yoshio is still quite a young boy, and he is much broader in hope already at his young age. I hear he is working now. It is such a pity to ruin his hope. Let us assist him to go on the proper course of studying."

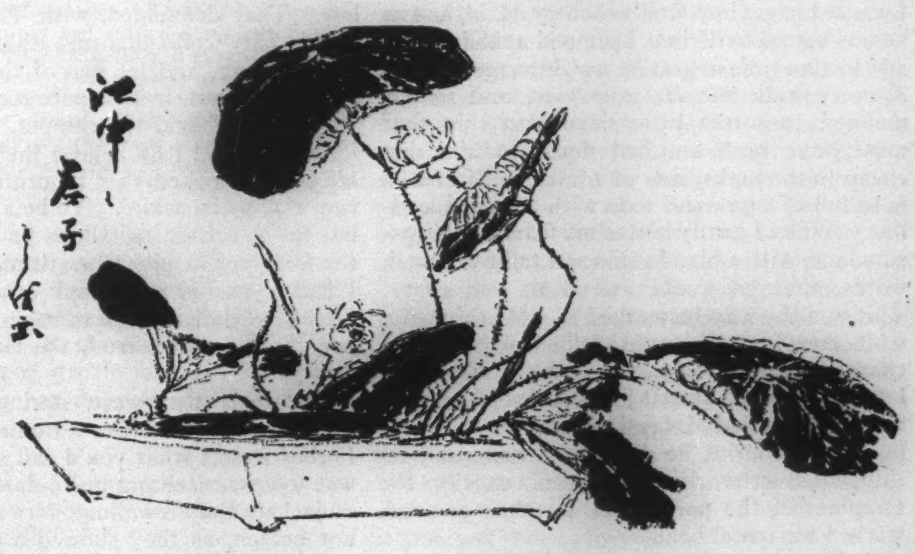
My father sent me this letter, adding his own opinion that by some means they would put me into a government college.

I knew too well that they were still in a great debt, while their income was so small.

Most difficult question for me was whether should I accept this and return them all their kindness when I succeed, or absolutely refuse this?

I went to Mr. Iinuma, my teacher friend, to ask his advice. There I met with another teacher, Mr. Ogawa, who was a friend of my brother. They said: "Why don't you come to our missionary college instead? Of course, the government college has better literature and sciences, but if you want to learn the English conversation, our college is no less good, because American teachers will teach. We shall keep you to study, and our American missionaries want a boy to sweep the school-rooms every morning and make his tuition free." I was so happy to accept this offer.

It was December of 1887.



Open Waters

by Adolph Bennauer

THEY tell you that the romance of the deep has departed; that with the advent of the ocean greyhound and the Marconi wireless there are no more adventures left upon the sea. But ask Captain Forbes and see what he says. There's nothing imaginative about Forbes; he's a hard-headed, practical, every-day Scot. What he tells you, you can take as fact; and when he tells you, in his own picturesque language, how he chased a derelict across ten thousand miles of open water, with a crew that mutinied and with a ship that had a habit of opening her seams and taking unto herself the salty Pacific, you may know that the story-book days of the sea are not yet over.

I met Forbes in Coepang — how, or why, doesn't matter — when he was running copra on the crazy little schooner *Hermosa*. He needed a mate and I needed a berth. Besides, I wanted to get into God's country again, and as he was bound to 'Frisco, I jumped at the chance and lost no time in getting my dunnage aboard. A crazy hulk the *Hermosa* was, and undermanned; a rotten little sieve of a ship that must have been knocked down to him dirt cheap in the junk-yards of Lloyd's. She had a hold full of copra and rode with a buried load-line. When I gently hinted my fears, Forbes assured me, with a bland smile and tainted Scotch words, that he would attend to our safety. This was the way he worked it. He shipped a white crew from 'Frisco to Melbourne; then discharged them, and took aboard a glut of Malays who worked almost for their keep and with whom he scoured Malaysia for copra. Returning to Melbourne, he discharged these and reshipped a crew of white men, usually the scrapings of the ports, who, for their passage, worked his vessel home.

Duly we arrived in Melbourne, fired our Malays after the custom, and took aboard a crew of whites. One by one, I appraised them as they came over the gang-plank. Eight of them there were, and they were all two hundred pounders — not fat, but big and husky, with their bones showing through their starved skin. Sailors they were now, with A. B. certificates, but what they *had* been I could only guess: prize-fighters and jail-birds, most likely, for their faces bespoke the Bowery and the water-front.

For the first week out of Melbourne we didn't have any trouble. The men were new to the ship and they acted shy. Besides, they were strange to one another; and where there is no unanimity in the forecastle the after-guard need have no fear. But it didn't take these heathen long to find out that the *Hermosa* was the wettest ship that ever flew a top-sail, that their quarters were worse than a hog-sty, and that the grub we served out to them had a taint that was leprous. When they did find it out, they let us know it in the regular, time-honored way. They came aft in a body and made their plea, holding out the stuff in their hands, as far away from their noses as they could get it. Poison, they called it; nothing less. They demanded, with 'Frisco oaths and Jersey City colloquialisms, that we serve out eatable grub, and let two of them bunk, turn and turn about, in the spare room amidships.

"Laddies," said the skipper, when they had finished,— and I do believe there was a tear in his eye, he looked that mournful,— "ye dinna ken w'at ye be askin'. Ye be a strange, warthless lot o' varmin to talk as ye do. Ye no ha' the farst preenciples o' gratitude. Never have I had a warrud with anny other crew, an' at farty-six I do not mean to begin me sea-trainin' over again. Git forrud, the lot o' ye, afore I drill ye."

And there they were, staring, ox-eyed, into the barrels of two heavy automatics. As I say, Forbes wasn't what you'd call sentimental; he was too practical and up-to-date. Like a pack of jackals the crew slunk forward, cowed, but not beaten, as they showed a-plenty by their nasty looks and growls of vengeance.

We heard no more of them for a week; and then, when we had got up into the latitude of New Caledonia, there happened an event that drove all thought of mutiny from their minds. One of the hands sighted a bottle floating in the sea dead ahead. All corked up she was, and

painted red, white, and blue. That looked too uncommon and curious to pass by regardless, and even the canny Scot was interested. At his orders, we hove to, lowered a boat, and fetched the thing aboard the ship. On account of the coat of paint we couldn't see what was stowed inside; but that only increased our curiosity, and Forbes invited me into his cabin and closed the door jealously before opening the bottle.

He pulled out a flat oilskin packet. This he cut with his knife, and a single sheet of folded writing-paper dropped out. We weren't surprised. Whaling-vessels commonly adopt this method of sending letters home. This bottle, however, contained nothing more than the slip of paper Forbes held in his hands. I watched him closely as he read it — watched him with growing impatience and curiosity, for his fingers began to tremble and his eyes danced and a flush appeared upon his butter-colored cheeks.

"Stark," he gasped, finishing the letter with an oath, "*read* this."

I took it from his shaking fingers and devoured it.

Lat. 20° S., Long. 172° E. Brig *Mary Cullen;* Grant, master. Bound from Melbourne to San Francisco. To the reader: For several days the hands have been dying from a strange and merciless plague. Yesterday we buried two. Out of twelve there are only three left fit for duty. Thus far the plague has confined itself to the forecastle, but this morning the mate awoke declaring that he felt feverish. We are lying in a helpless condition and drifting northward at the mercy of the sea and weather. A recent typhoon disabled our top-hamper and carried away our rudder. We are repairing the damage as well as possible, but I fear that it is useless. Death seems to have fastened upon us all. May God send you to our relief. Inasmuch as we have aboard a half million dollar gold shipment, you may perceive how anxious I am professionally that help will come as soon as possible.

L. M. GRANT, *Master.*

"Whew!" said I, and I looked at Forbes.

"Twenty degrees south an' a hundred an' seventy-two east," he muttered, tapping the table nervously and gazing hard at the ceiling. "About fifty miles to the east'ard. The bottle an' she have been driftin' apart. We're in a fair way to run her down if she don't make any more northing. But, then, we kin allow fer that."

"Half a million," I muttered dazedly, "to whom? I didn't know there was that much money in the world."

Forbes stared at me.

"An' don't ye read the papers?" he asked. "The *Mary Cullen* left Melbourne a month ago. There was a bit about it in the *Times*. I remember wonderin' at the size o' the shipment meself. But the de'il sure takes care o' his ane. Hoot! Think av the salvage, mon, the salvage!"

He clenched his fists and began to pace the cabin like a leopard. And a leopard he looked to me — as if he were waiting to leap on his prey and devour it. His attitude made me sick for the words I had spoken. But it is always so. As long as there is anything to covet, so long will man retain his predatory instincts.

"Then you mean to go to their relief?" I said.

"Ay, lad, as fast as tops'ls 'll carry us. Let the de'ils forrud complain. She'll be a main wet ship from now on, I tell ye."

"Shall I tell them about it?" I asked.

"A-about the goold?" He eyed me for a moment sharply. "Well, I dinna ken. It'll not make a big difference. We'd all ha' tuh share in ut, annyway. Ay, ye may tell them. It'll quiet the de'ils, mayhap."

So I told them. I found them eager listeners. They fair went crazy. Nothing would satisfy them but to see the letter. They knew the *Mary Cullen*, and most of them had read about the gold shipment. Promptly they forgot their wet quarters and their poisonous grub and gave all thought to the treasure It was strange to watch them. It was like looking into the pages of a pirate story. They grew as eager as the skipper to overhaul the derelict, and we cracked on sail till the old *Hermosa* began to develop the tactics of a submarine. It was impossible for the men to live forward, so they took up their quarters in the spare room amidships.

But the following day and night brought no sign of the *Mary Cullen;* nor did the next, nor the next. Either the wind was blowing her northward at a faster rate than we imagined, or she had repaired her damages and continued on her course. The latter supposition holding true, we should eventually fall in with her, unless she were the faster ship, for our ports of destination were identical. A vague murmur of impatience began to make itself felt in the forecastle. I could not get the hands to work. Unless it was a task that would actually promote the *Hermosa's* progress, they would not budge an inch to undertake it. The treasure had laid hold of the men's imaginations and fascinated them, making them extremely disagreeable and dangerous. And I saw wherein the skipper and I had been fools.

Then, one day, we sighted another red, white, and blue bottle over the bow. The crew spied it first, and they came yelling aft in a body to tell us. I tumbled into a boat, and in five minutes we had the dumb messenger aboard. As before, the skipper and I opened it in the seclusion of his cabin.

Lat. 12° S., Long. 178° W. Brig *Mary Cullen.* This is the fourth bottle I have thrown overboard and no help has yet arrived. Our condition is tragic. The

carpenter expired to-day, and I, the last man of them all, expect to go in a day or so. Before they went four of us dragged the gold up from below and prepared to leave the cursed vessel in the pinnace. But it capsized as soon as it struck the water and one of the men was drowned. We three alone could not right it. I am now alone with the gold. I have not sighted a sail or a speck of land. The wind has started in from the northwest, and I am drifting rapidly to the southward. Look for me anywhere southeast of here. This loneliness is growing unbearable. My only companions are the sharks, and they flit about the ship like ghouls. I am growing afraid of them. I have not yet been attacked with the fever, but if help does not arrive soon I know I shall go mad.

L. M. GRANT, *Master.*

While the skipper paced the cabin and thought aloud his unholy thoughts, I sat dumb in a chair and meditated upon the fate of the charnel-ship. One sentence I couldn't get out of my head: "*I am now alone with the gold.*" It seemed to me that I could see the man as he sat, stark and alone, on the quarter-deck beside the chest of gold, wide awake and harkening, afraid to go to sleep because of the noisome *things* in the hold.

"Stark," said the skipper briskly, "I dinna ken that we will lose much time if we go off our course a bit to folly the *Mary Cullen.* Ye may take the letter forrud, laddie, an' show it to the hands. I'll git our position this noon an' then we'll head her sou'east."

"Ay, ay, sir," I answered, and went forward with the news.

So we nosed the trail of the *Mary Cullen* like a bloodhound. It was a leash of bloodhounds that we had forward and a dean of bloodhounds that we had aft. The lure of the gold was strong upon them; and gold is a curious metal, for it has the property of changing a man into a beast. It brought out the true natures of those scoundrels we had shipped, for one day I overheard a conversation among them that froze my blood. They were contemplating the feasibility of repairing the *Mary Cullen* and taking her and her precious cargo to some desert island — the way they do in the story-books. It wasn't the scheme itself that alarmed me: it was the attitude of the men who devised it. They didn't appear to care a continental whether I overheard their plans or not; they considered Forbes and me too insignificant to reckon with.

For days on end we did not touch a brace or a sheet. The weather-worn *Hermosa* groaned and groaned as she plowed her way southward, and many times she faltered by the way and would have foundered. But we pumped her swollen belly dry and calked up her poor, splintered sides, and drove her on again. Bit by bit the men began to protest against the labor at the pumps. Overboard with the copra and give the schooner a chance, they had the temerity to suggest. But their canny Scotch skipper said no, a bird in the hand was worth two at sea, or words to that effect, and backed his argument substantially with his automatics. So we kept on and on. From time to time we picked up the red, white, and blue bottles of skipper Grant. Always he said that he was going southward, southward and eastward; and always we followed him, slowly but persistently, across realms of weary water-land. I can't name the suspense and the hopes and the fears that we suffered. They wore our nerves to shreds. A man shrieked if you touched him on the shoulder, and drew a knife on you if you berated him. The crew quarreled even among themselves, and would long ago have murdered us had it not been that the messages from Grant, pathetic as they were, cheered their vile spirits to boisterousness. One day we picked up the last red, white, and blue bottle we were to see. The tortured man said that he could stand it no longer. With no sleep, no companions but sharks, and no knowledge of his letters being picked up, he was going mad. At times he had fits, he said, such fits that he frothed at the mouth — and yet the fever would not come and let him die.

That was the last. From then on we heard from him no more. Days and weeks passed, and still we groped along his trail, blindly, stoically, persistently. The skipper, avaricious though he was, tired of it at length and began to run his finger over the chart and count the miles of useless southing we had made. It was an evil moment when he ordered the helmsman to turn about and head for 'Frisco. The man flatly refused. Forbes, astounded, and not realizing the metal of the crew he had shipped, dove below and secured his automatics — always the arbiters of dispute. I, too, laid hold of a good revolver, and together we faced the mutineers. They had gathered aft in a body, and all were armed with knives and belaying-pins. At first, seeing how greatly the odds were against us, the skipper sought to temporize. But words were useless. From the attitude of the men it was clear that they were out after our scalps. They swarmed about us like hornets, yelling for our blood.

But Forbes' automatics and my six-chambered hammerless were not idle. His dealt devastation in whichever direction they turned, mine at frequent intervals. In two minutes we had only four men left to deal with; but our weapons were empty. We now grasped them by the barrel, and waded in tooth and nail. I believe that forty blows landed on my body in as many

seconds. I know that I struck out lustily myself, and with no small degree of success. But it was plain that Forbes and I were getting the worst of it. We were back to back against the rail, fighting for our lives, with small chance of retaining them, when the man at the wheel yelled, "Sail, ho!"

You should have seen those nail-chewers drop their knives and spring into the rigging. I can't blame them. It was the cry their spirits had been tuned to for a long, nerve-racking month. It affected Forbes and me no less forcibly; but we had enough presence of mind to reload our weapons before taking any interest in the scene.

"Where away?" bawled the skipper, in as authoritative a tone as you might ever hear him use.

"A p'int off the loo-ard bow, sir," answered the man; and the next moment the skipper and I were both in the rigging.

About two miles off to leeward, a hulk rolled sluggishly on the oily swell. Her poles were bare, her bowsprit was missing. She was brig-rigged, or had been, and she wallowed about erratically, as if she were minus a rudder.

"Man the braces," yelled the skipper; and the four men, assisted by two of the wounded, sprang to obey.

We bore down upon the stranger like a homing bird, and inside of ten minutes we could read the letters on her stern: "*Mary Cullen*, port of San Francisco." Every man aboard, except the dead sailor lying in the waist, screamed himself hoarse. I yelled as loud as any, and from appearances you might have concluded that I was as much worked up over the gold as they were. But it wasn't that. It was simply that the long period of suspense was ended, and my nerves, which had been strained to the breaking-point, had given way at last and carried my sanity with them.

The two wounded men were left aboard to mind ship, and the rest of us tumbled into the quarter-boat and pulled for the derelict. All about her the sea was alive with sharks — silent, ghostlike fellows, that swept majestically and untiringly round her bows and stern. It was going to be some trouble to board her, we could see from the way she was thrashing about; so we watched our chance, and made it at length by way of the fore-chains when we lay most directly under them. As soon as we put a foot on her deck, a spell seemed to come over us. Without a word, we trundled aft, keeping in a closely packed body — for, I tell you, there was an air about that tomb that made you catch your breath. All the way aft we knew we were treading on the roof of a sepulcher. The deck was broken by a galley and a sail-house, and we couldn't take in the quarter-deck till we were almost upon it. Skipper Forbes was in the lead, and he was the first one to round the sail-house. When he did so, he stopped, gasped, and his eyes stuck out like dollar watches.

He couldn't speak: he just pointed; so we looked.

Forward of the wheel was an open chest, and beside it sat a man. He was a very ragged and unkempt man. He was babbling and cursing softly to himself, and his eyes glowed and flashed like a serpent's. From time to time he reached into the chest, drew forth a fistful of gold pieces, and hurled them viciously over the rail at the school of sharks that disported themselves alongside. He didn't seem to take any notice of us or of the *Hermosa*. He just babbled and raved and threw gold pieces. And that was L. M. Grant.

A cry of rage, fiercer than anything human, broke from the group of men about me. Like harpies at a feast, they rushed forward and fell upon the man and the gold-chest. But Grant had done his work — the chest was empty. At sight of us, he leaped up, his hand flew to his throat, and then, with a scream of terror, he fell face forward to the deck.

Like a swarm of ants the crew turned and poured into the bowels of the vessel and laid her secrets bare. Clear on deck I could hear the noise they made overturning cases and ripping up planking in their mad quest for gold, and once or twice they shrieked aloud when they stumbled on to a berth where a dead man lay.

But the golden egg of the *Mary Cullen* was overboard, and they returned disappointed and raving. Lucky it was for Captain Grant that he had died as the fates ordained, or I believe that, in their rage, they would have killed him. We left the brig and rowed stoically back to the schooner. We sheeted home, trimmed braces, and set her nose for 'Frisco and let the *Mary Cullen* lie. What else could we do? To bury the men would have been to catch the plague, and we'd have had an awful elephant on our hands if we had attempted to tow the derelict home.

The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XXIII

THE February afternoon in Long Whindale, shortened by the first heavy snow-storm of the winter, passed quickly into darkness. Down through all the windings of the valley, the snow showers swept from the north, becoming, as the wind dropped a little towards night, a steady, continuous fall, which in four or five hours had already formed drifts of some depth in exposed places.

Towards six o'clock the small farmer living across the lane from Burwood became anxious about some sheep which had been left in a high "intak" on the fell. He was a thriftless, procrastinating fellow, and, when the storm came on about four o'clock, had been taking his tea in a warm ingle-nook by his wife's fire. He was then convinced that the storm would "ho'd off," at least till morning, that the sheep would get shelter enough from the stone walls of the "intak," and that all was well. But a couple of hours later the persistence of the snowfall, together with his wife's reproaches, goaded him into action. He went out with his son and lanterns, intending to ask the old shepherd at the Bridge Farm to help them in their expedition to find and fold the sheep.

Meanwhile, in the little sitting-room at Burwood, Catherine Elsmere and Mary were sitting, the one with her book, the other with her needlework, while the snow and wind outside beat on the little house. But Catherine's needlework often dropped unheeded from her fingers; and the pages of Mary's book remained unturned. The postman who brought letters up the dale in the morning and took letters back to Whinborough at night had just passed by in his little cart, hooded and cloaked against the storm, and hoping to reach Whinborough before the drifts in the roads had made travelling too difficult. Mary had put into his hands a letter addressed to the Rev. Richard Meynell, Hotel Richelieu, Paris. And beside her on the table lay a couple of sheets of foreign note-paper, covered closely with Meynell's not very legible handwriting.

Catherine also had some open letters on her lap. Presently she turned to Mary:

"The Bishop thinks the trial will certainly end to-morrow."

"Yes," said Mary, without raising her eyes.

Catherine took her daughter's hand in a tender clasp.

"I am so sorry! — for you both."

"Dearest!" Mary laid her mother's hand against her cheek. "But I don't think Richard will be misunderstood again."

"No. The Bishop says that, mysterious as it all is, nobody blames him for being absent. They trust him. But this time, it seems, he *did* write to the Bishop? — just a few words."

"Yes, I know; I am glad." But, as she spoke, the pale severity of the girl's look belied the word she used. During the fortnight of Meynell's absence, while he and Alice Puttenham in the south of France had been following every possible clue in a vain search for Hester, and the Arches trial had been necessarily left entirely to the management of Meynell's counsel and to the resources of his co-defendants Darwen and Chesham, Mary had suffered much. To see his own brilliant vindication of himself and his followers, in the face of religious England, snuffed

out and extinguished in a moment by the call of this private duty, had been hard! — all the more, seeing that the catastrophe had been brought about by misconduct so wanton, so flagrant, as Hester's. There had sprung up in Mary's mind, indeed, a *saeva indignatio* — not for herself, but for Richard first and foremost, and next for his cause. Dark as she knew Meynell's forebodings and beliefs to be, anxiety for Hester must sometimes be forgotten in a natural resentment for high aims thwarted, and a great movement risked, by the wicked folly of a girl of nineteen, on whom every affection and every care had been lavished.

"The roads will be impassable to-morrow," said Catherine, drawing aside the curtain, only to see a window already blocked with drifted snow. "But! — who can be ringing on such a night?"

For a peal of the front door bell went echoing through the little house.

Mary stepped into the hall and herself opened the door, only to be temporarily blinded by the rush of wind and snow through the opening.

"A telegram!" she exclaimed, in wonder. "Please come in and wait. Isn't it very bad?"

"I hope I'll be able to get back!" laughed the young man who had brought it. "The roads are drifting up fast. It was noa good bicycling. I got 'em to gie me a horse. I've just put him in your stable, Miss."

But Mary heard nothing of what he was saying; she had rushed back into the sitting-room.

"Mother! Richard and Miss Puttenham will be here to-night. They have heard of Hester."

In stupefaction they read the telegram, which had been sent from Crewe:

> Received news of Hester on arrival Paris yesterday. She has left M. Says she has gone to find your mother. Keep her. We arrive to-night Whinborough seven-ten.

"It is now seven," said Catherine, looking at her watch. "But where — where is she?"

Hurriedly they called their little parlour-maid into the room and questioned her with closed doors. No — she knew nothing of any visitor. Nobody had called; nobody, so far as she knew, had passed by, except the ordinary neighbours. Once in the afternoon, indeed, she had thought she heard a carriage pass the bottom of the lane, but, on looking out from the kitchen, she had seen nothing of it.

Out of this slender fact the only further information that could be extracted was a note of time. It was, the girl thought, about four o'clock when she heard the carriage pass.

"But it couldn't have passed," Catherine objected, "or you would have seen it go up the valley."

The girl assented, for the kitchen window commanded the road up to the bridge. Then the carriage, if she had really heard it, must have come to the foot of the lane, turned, and gone back towards Whinborough again. There was no other road available.

The telegraph messenger was dismissed, after a cup of coffee; and, thankful for something to do, Catherine and Mary, with minds full of conjecture and distress, set about preparing two rooms for their guests.

"Will they ever get here?" Mary murmured to herself, when at last the two rooms lay neat and ready, with a warm fire in each, and she could allow herself to open the front door again an inch or two and look out into the weather. Nothing to be seen but the whirling snowflakes. The horrid fancy seized her that Hester had really been in that carriage and had turned back at their very door; so that again Richard, arriving weary and heart-stricken, would be disappointed. Mary's bitterness grew.

But all that could be done was to listen to every sound without, in the hope of catching something else than the roaring of the wind, and to give the rein to speculation and dismay.

Catherine sat waiting in her chair, the tears welling silently. It touched her profoundly that Hester, in her sudden despair, should have thought of coming to her — though apparently it was a project she had not carried out. All her deep heart of compassion yearned over the lost, unhappy one. Oh, to bring her comfort! — to point her to the only help and hope in the arms of an all-pitying God. Catherine knew much more of Meryon's history and antecedents — from Meynell — than did Mary. She was convinced that the marriage, if there had been a marriage, had been a bogus one, and that the disgrace was irreparable. But in her stern, rich nature, now that the culprit had turned from her sin, there was not a thought of condemnation, only a yearning pity, an infinite tenderness.

At last, towards nine o'clock, there were steps on the garden path. Mary flew to the door. In the porch stood the old shepherd from the Bridge Farm. His hat, beard, and shoulders were heavy with snow, and his face shone like a red, wrinkled apple in the light of the hall lamp.

"Beg your pardon, Miss, but I've juist coom from helpin' Tyson to get his sheep in. Varra careless of him to ha' left it so long! — aw mine wor safe i' t' fold by fower o'clock. An' I thowt, Miss, as I'd mak bold, afore goin' back to t' farm, to coom an' ast yo' if t' yoong leddy got safe hoam this afternoon? I wor a bit worrited,

for I thowt I saw her on t' Mardale Head path, juist afther I got home, from t' field abuve t' Bridge Farm, an' it wor noan weather for a stranger, Miss, yo' un'erstan', to be oot on t' fells, and it gettin' so black ——"

"What young lady?" cried Mary. "Oh, come in, please."

And she drew him hurriedly into the sitting-room, where Catherine had already sprung to her feet in terror. There they questioned him. Yes — they had been expecting a lady. When had he seen her — the young lady he spoke of? What was she like? In what direction had she gone? He answered their questions as clearly as he could, his own honest face growing steadily longer and graver.

And all the time he carried, unconsciously, something heavy in his hand, on the top of which the snow had settled. Presently Mary perceived it.

"Sit down, please!" She pushed a chair towards him. "You must be tired out! And let me take that ——"

She held out her hand. The old man looked down — recollecting.

"That's noan o' mine, Miss. I ——"

Catherine cried out:

"It's hers! It's Hester's!"

She took the bag from Mary, and shook the snow from it. It was a small dressing-bag of green leather, and on it appeared the initials "H. F. W."

They looked at each other, speechless. The old man hastened to explain that, on opening the gate which led to the house from the lane, his foot had stumbled against something on the path. By the light of his lantern he had seen it was a bag of some sort, had picked it up and brought it in.

"She *was* in the carriage!" said Mary, under her breath, "and must have just pushed this inside the gate before ——"

Before she went to her death? Was that what would have to be added? For there was horror in both their minds. The mountains at the head of Long Whindale run up to no great height, but there are plenty of crags on them, with a sheer drop of anything from fifty to a hundred feet. Ten or twenty feet would be quite enough to disable an exhausted girl. Five hours since she was last seen! — and since the storm began; four hours at least since thick darkness had descended on the valley.

"We must do something at once." Catherine addressed the old man in quick, resolute tones. "We must get a party together."

But, as she spoke, there were further sounds outside — of trampling feet and voices, vying with the storm. Mary ran into the hall. Two figures appeared in the porch in the light of her lamp as she held it up, with a third behind them, carrying luggage. In front stood Meynell, and an apparently fainting woman clinging to and supported by his arm.

"Help me with this lady, please!" said Meynell peremptorily, not recognising who it was holding the light. "This last little climb has been too much for her. Alice! — just a few steps more!"

And, bending over his charge, he lifted the frail form over the threshold, and saw, as he did so, that he was placing her in Mary's arms.

"She is absolutely worn out," he said, drawing quick breath, while all his face relaxed in a sudden irrepressible joy. "But she would come." Then, in a lower voice: "Is Hester here?"

Mary shook her head, and something in her eyes warned him of fresh calamity. He stooped suddenly to look at Alice, and perceived that she was quite unconscious. He and Mary, between them, raised her and carried her into the sitting-room. Then, while Mary ministered to her, Meynell grasped Catherine's hands, with the brusque question:

"What has happened?"

Catherine beckoned to old David, the shepherd, and she, with David and Meynell, went across, out of hearing, into the tiny dining-room of the cottage. Meanwhile the horses and man who had brought the travellers from Whinborough had to be put up for the night; for the man would not venture the return journey.

Meynell had soon heard what there was to tell. He himself was grey with fatigue and sleeplessness; but there was no time to think of that.

"What men can we get?" he asked of the shepherd.

Old David ruminated, and finally suggested the two sons of the farmer across the lane, his own master, the young tenant of the Bridge Farm, and the cowman from the same farm.

"And the Lord knaws I'd goa wi' you myself, sir," said the fine-featured old man, a touch of trouble in his blue eyes, "for I feel soomhow as though there were a bit o' my fault in it. But we've had a heavy job on t' fells awready, an' I should be noa good to you."

He went over to the neighbouring farm to recruit some young men, and presently returned with them. They had been joined also by the driver from Whinborough, a stalwart Westmoreland lad, who suggested taking one of the horses and loading it with blankets in which to carry the wanderer home.

Meanwhile Meynell had snatched some food, at Catherine's urgent entreaty, and had stood

a moment in the sitting-room, his hand in Mary's, looking down upon the just reviving Alice.

"She's been a plucky woman," he said, with emotion, "but she's about at the end of her tether." And in a few brief sentences he described the agitated pursuit of the last fortnight: the rapid journeys, prompted now by this clue, now by that; the alternate hopes and despairs, with no real information of any kind till Hester's telegram, sent originally to Upcote and reforwarded, had reached Meynell in Paris, just as they had returned thither for a fresh consultation with the police at headquarters.

As the sound of men's feet in the kitchen broke in upon the hurried narrative, and Meynell was leaving the room, Alice opened her eyes.

"Hester?" The pale lips just breathed the name.

"We've heard of her." Meynell stooped to the questioner. "It's a real clue this time. She's not far away. But don't ask any more now. Let Mrs. Elsmere take you to bed — and there'll be more news in the morning."

She made a feeble sign of assent.

A quarter of an hour later all was ready, and Mary stood again in the porch, holding the lamp high for the departure of the rescuers. The horse was there, laden with everything that Catherine's practical sense could suggest as likely to be of use to the party; and round it stood five men with lanterns, ropes, and poles, old David going with the rest as far as the Bridge Farm.

The snow was still coming down in a stealthy and abundant fall, but the wind showed some signs of abating.

"They'll find it easier goin', past t' bridge, than it would ha' been an hour since," said old David to Mary, pitying the white anxiety of her face. She thanked him with a smile, and then, while he marched ahead, she put down the lamp and leant her head a moment against Meynell's shoulder, and he kissed her hair.

Down went the little procession to the main road. Through the lane the lights wavered, and presently, standing at the kitchen window, Catherine and Mary could watch them dancing up the dale, now visible, now vanishing. It must be at least, and at best, two or three hours before the party reappeared; it might be much more. They turned from useless speculation to give all their thoughts to Alice Puttenham.

Too exhausted to speak or think, she was passive in their hands. She was soon in bed in a deep sleep, and Mary, having induced her mother to lie down in the sitting-room, and having made up fires throughout the house, sent the servants to bed and herself began her watch in Alice Puttenham's room.

Dreary and long, the night passed away. Once or twice through the waning storm, Mary heard the deep bell of the little church, tolling the hours; once or twice she went hurriedly downstairs, thinking there were steps in the garden, only to meet her mother in the hall, on the same bootless errand. At last, worn with thinking and praying, she fell fitfully asleep, and woke to find moonlight shining through the white blind in Alice Puttenham's room. She drew aside the blind, and saw, with a shock of surprise, that the storm was over; the valley lay pure white under a waning moon just dipping to the western fells; the clouds were upfurling; and only the last echoes of the gale were dying through the bare, snow-laden trees that fringed the stream. It was four o'clock. Five hours since the rescue party had started. Alack! — they must have had far to seek.

Suddenly, out of the dark bosom of the valley, lights emerged. Mary sprang to her feet. Yes, it was they — it was Richard returning!

One look at the bed, where the delicate, pinched face still lay high on the pillows, drenched in a sleep which was almost a swoon, and Mary stole out of the room.

There was time to complete their preparations and renew the fires. When Catherine softly unlatched the front door, everything was ready — warm blankets, hot milk, hot-water bottles. But now they hardly dared speak to each other; dread kept them dumb. Nearer and nearer came the sound of feet and lowered voices. Soon they could hear the movements of the horse, and the swing of the gate leading into the garden. Four men entered, carrying something. Meynell walked in front with the lantern.

As he saw the open door, he hurried forward. They read what he had to say in his haggard look before he spoke.

"We found her a long way up the pass. She has had a bad fall — but she is alive. That's all one can say. The exposure alone might have killed her. She hasn't spoken — not a word. That good fellow" — he nodded toward the Whinborough lad who had brought them from the station — "will take the other horse and go for the doctor. We shall get him here in a couple of hours."

Silently they brought her in, the stalwart, kindly men; they mounted the cottage stairs, and on Mary's bed they laid her down.

O crushed and wounded youth! The face, drawn and fixed in pain, was marble-cold and marble-white; the delicate, mire-stained hands hung helpless. Masses of drenched hair fell

about the neck and bosom; and there was a wound on the temple which had been bandaged but was now bleeding afresh. Catherine bent over her in an anguish, feeling for pulse and heart. Meynell, whispering, pointed out that the right leg was broken below the knee. He himself had put it in some rough splints made out of the poles the shepherds were carrying.

Both Catherine and Mary had had ambulance training, and, helped by their two maids, they did all they could. They cut away the soaked clothes; they applied warmth in every possible form; they got down some spoonfuls of warm milk and brandy — dreading always to hear the first sounds of consciousness and pain.

They came at last — the low moans of one coming terribly back to life. Meynell returned to the room and knelt by her.

"Hester — dear child! You are quite safe — we are all here — the doctor will be coming directly."

His tone was tender as a woman's. His ghostly face, disfigured by exhaustion, showed him absorbed in pity. Mary, standing near, longed to kneel down by him and weep; but there was an austere sense that not even she must interrupt the moment of recognition.

At last it came. Hester opened her eyes.

"Uncle Richard? Is that Uncle Richard?"

A long silence, broken by moaning, while Meynell knelt there, watching her, sometimes whispering to her.

At last she said: "I couldn't face you all. I'm dying." She moved her right hand restlessly. "Give me something for this pain; I — I can't stand it."

"Dear Hester — can you bear it a little longer? We will do all we can. We have sent for the doctor. He has a motor; he will be here very soon."

"I don't want to live. I want to stop the pain. Uncle Richard!"

"Yes, dear Hester."

"I hate Philip — now."

"It's best not to talk of him, dear. You want all your strength."

"No — I must; there's not much time. I suppose — I've — I've made you very unhappy?"

"Yes; but now we have you again — our dear, dear Hester."

"You can't care. And I — can't say — I'm sorry. Don't you remember?"

His face quivered. He understood her reference to the long fits of naughtiness of her childhood, when neither nurse nor governess nor "Aunt Alice" could ever get out of her the stereotyped words, "I'm sorry." But he could not trust himself to speak; and it seemed as if she understood his silence, for she feebly moved her uninjured hand towards him, and he raised it to his lips.

"Did I fall — a long way? I don't recollect — anything."

"You had a bad fall, my poor child. Be brave! The doctor will help you."

He longed to speak to her of her mother, to tell her the truth. It was borne in upon him that he *must* tell her — if she was to die; that in the last strait Alice's arms must be about her. But the doctor must decide.

Presently she was a little easier. The warm stimulant dulled the consciousness which came in gusts. Once or twice, as she recognised the faces near her, there was a touch of life, even of mockery. There was a moment when she smiled at Catherine:

"You're sweet. You won't say —'I told you so'!"

In one of the intervals when she seemed to have lapsed again into unconsciousness, Meynell reported something of the search. They had found her a long distance from the path, at the foot of a steep and rocky scree, some twenty or thirty feet high, down which she must have slipped headlong. There she had lain for some eight hours in the storm before they found her. She neither moved nor spoke when they discovered her, nor had there been any sign of life, beyond the faint beating of the pulse, on the journey down.

The pale dawn was breaking when the doctor arrived. His verdict was at first not without hope. She *might* live, if there were no internal injuries of importance. The next few hours would show. He sent his motor back to Whinborough Cottage Hospital for a couple of nurses, and prepared, himself, to stay the greater part of the day. He had just gone downstairs to speak to Meynell, and Catherine was sitting by the bed, when Hester once more roused herself.

"How that man hurt me! Don't let him come in again."

Then, in a perfectly hard, clear voice, she added imperiously: "I want to see my mother."

Catherine stooped towards her in an agitation she found it difficult to conceal.

"Dear Hester! — we are sending a telegram as soon as the post-office is open to Lady Fox-Wilson."

Hester moved her hand impatiently.

"She's not my mother, and I'm glad. Where is — *my mother?*" She laid a strange, deep emphasis on the word, opening her eyes wide and threateningly. Catherine understood at once that, in some undiscovered way, she knew what they had all been striving to keep from her. It was no time for questioning. Catherine rose quietly.

"She is here, Hester. I will go and tell her."

Leaving one of the maids in charge, Catherine ran down to the doctor, who gave a reluctant consent, lest more harm should come of refusing the interview than of granting it. And, as Catherine ran up again to Mary's room, she had time to reflect, with self-reproach, on the strange completeness with which she, at any rate, had forgotten that frail, ineffectual woman asleep in Mary's room from the moment of Hester's arrival till now.

But Mary had not forgotten her. When Catherine opened the door, it was to see a thin, phantom-like figure standing fully dressed and leaning on Mary's arm. Catherine went up to her with tears, and kissed her, holding her hands close.

"Hester asks for you — for her mother — her real mother. She knows."

"*She knows?*" Alice stood paralysed a moment, gazing at Catherine. Then the colour rushed back into her face. "I am coming — I am coming — at once," she said impetuously. "I am quite strong. Don't help me, please. And — let me go in alone. I won't do her harm. If you — and Mary — would stand by the door — I would call in a moment — if ——"

They agreed. She went with tottering steps across the landing. On the threshold Catherine paused; Mary remained a little behind. Alice went in and shut the door.

The blinds in Hester's room were up, and the snow-covered fells rising steeply above the house filled it with a wintry, reflected light — a dreary light that a large fire could not dispel. On the white bed lay Hester, breathing quickly and shallowly, bright colour now in each sunken cheek. The doctor himself had cut off a great part of her hair — her glorious hair. The rest fell now in damp golden curls about her slender neck, beneath the caplike bandage which hid the forehead and temples and gave her the look of a young nun. At first sight of her Alice knew that she was doomed. Do what she would, she could not restrain the low cry which the sight tore from the depths of life.

Hester feebly beckoned. Alice came near, and took the right hand in hers, while Hester smiled, her eyelids fluttering. "Mother!" she said, so as scarcely to be heard; and then, again: "*Mother!*"

Alice sank down beside her with a sob, and without a word they gazed into each other's eyes. Slowly Hester's filled with tears. But Alice's were dry. In her face there was as much ecstasy as anguish. It was the first look that Hester's *soul* had ever given her. All the past was in it, and that strange sense, on both sides, that there was no future.

At last Alice murmured:

"How did you know?"

"Philip told me."

The girl stopped abruptly. It had been on her tongue to say: "It was that made me go with him."

But she did not say it. And while Alice's mind, rushing miserably over the past, was trying to piece together some image of what had happened, Hester began to talk intermittently about the preceding weeks. Alice tried to stop her; but to thwart her only produced a restless excitement, and she had her way.

She spoke of Philip with horror, yet with a perfectly clear sense of her own responsibility.

"I needn't have gone — but I would go. There was a devil in me — that wanted to know. Now I know — too much. I'm glad it's over. This life isn't worth while — not for me."

So from these lips of nineteen came the voice of the world's old despairs!

Presently she asked peremptorily for Meynell, and he came to her.

"Uncle Richard, I want to be sure"— she spoke strongly and in her natural voice. "Am I Philip's wife — or — or not? We were married on January 25th, at the *mairie* of the Tenth Arrondissement, by a man in a red scarf. We signed registers and things. Then — when we quarrelled — Philip said — he wasn't certain about that woman — in Scotland. You might be right. Tell me the truth, please. Am I — his wife?"

And, as the words dropped faintly, the anxiety in her beautiful, death-stricken eyes was strange and startling to see. Through all her recklessness, her defiance of authority and custom, could be seen at last the strength of inherited, implanted things — the instinct of a race, a family, overleaping deviation.

Meynell bent over her steadily and took her hand in both his own.

"Certainly you are his wife. Have no anxiety at all about that. My enquiries all broke down. There was no Scotch marriage."

Hester said nothing for a little; but the look of relief was clear. Alice, on the further side of the bed, dropped her face in her hands. Was it not only forty-eight hours since, in Paris, Meynell had told her that he had received conclusive evidence of the Scotch marriage, and that Hester was merely Philip's victim, not his wife? Passionately her heart thanked him for the falsehood. She saw clearly that Hester's mortal wounds were not all bodily. She was dying partly of self-contempt, self-judgment. Meynell's strong words — his "noble lie"— had lifted, as it were, a fraction of the moral weight

that was destroying her — had made a space, a freedom, in which the spirit could move.

So much Alice saw — blind, meanwhile, to the tragic irony of this piteous stress laid at such a moment, by one so lawless, on the defied social law!

Thenceforward the poor sufferer was touchingly gentle and amenable. Morphia had been given her liberally, and the relief was great. When the nurses came at midday, however, the pulse had already begun to fail. They could do nothing; and, though within call, they left her mainly to those who loved her.

In the early afternoon she asked suddenly for the communion, and Meynell administered it. The three women who were watching her received it with her. In Catherine's mind, as Meynell's hands brought her the sacred bread and wine, all thought of religious difference between herself and him had vanished, burnt away by sheer heat of feeling. There was no difference! Words became mere transparencies through which shone the ineffable.

When it was over, Hester opened her eyes. "Uncle Richard!" The voice was only a whisper now. "You loved my father?"

"I loved him dearly — and you — and your mother — for his sake."

He stooped to kiss her cheek.

"I wonder what it'll be like," she said after a moment, with more strength, "beyond? How strange that — I shall know before you! Uncle Richard — I'm — I'm sorry!"

At that the difficult tears blinded him, and he could not reply. But she was beyond tears, concentrating all the last effort of the mind on the sheer maintenance of life. Presently she added:

"I don't hate — even Philip now. I — I forget him. Mother!" And again she clung to her mother's hand, feebly turning her face to be kissed.

Once she opened her eyes, when Mary was beside her, and smiled brightly.

"I've been such a trouble, Mary — I've spoilt Uncle Richard's life. But now you'll have him all the time — and he'll have you. You dear! Kiss me. You've got a golden mother. Take care of mine — won't you? — my poor mother!"

So the hours wore on. Science was clever and merciful and eased her pain. Love encompassed her; and when the wintry light failed, her faintly beating heart failed with it, and all was still.

"Richard! — Richard! Come with me."

So, with low, tender words, Mary tried to lead him away, after that trance of silence in which they had all been standing round the dead. He yielded to her; he was ready to see the doctor and to submit to the absolute rest enjoined. But already there was something in his aspect which terrified Mary. Through the night that followed, as she lay awake, a true instinct told her that the first great wrestle of her life and her love was close upon her.

XXIV

On the day following Hester's death, an inquest was held in the dining-room at Burwood. Meynell and old David, the shepherd, stood out chief among the witnesses.

"This poor lady's name, I understand, sir," said the grey-haired coroner, addressing Meynell, when the first preliminaries were over, "was Miss Hester Fox-Wilson; she was the daughter of the late Sir Ralph Fox-Wilson; she was under age; and you and Lady Fox-Wilson — who is not here, I am told, owing to illness — were her guardians?"

Meynell assented. He stood to the right of the coroner, leaning heavily on the chair before him. The doctor who had been called in to Hester sat beside him, and wondered professionally whether the witness would get through without fainting.

"I understand also," the coroner resumed, "that Miss Fox-Wilson had left the family in Paris with whom you and Lady Fox-Wilson had placed her some three weeks ago, and that you have since been in search of her, in company, I believe, with Miss Fox-Wilson's aunt, Miss Alice Puttenham. Miss Puttenham, I hope, will appear?"

The doctor rose:

"I am strongly of opinion, sir, that, unless for most urgent reasons, Miss Puttenham should not be called upon. She is in a very precarious state in consequence of grief and shock, and I should greatly fear the results were she to make the effort."

Meynell intervened:

"I shall be able, sir, I think, to give you sufficient information without its being necessary to call upon Miss Puttenham."

He went on to give an account, as guarded as he could make it, of Hester's disappearance from the family with whom she was boarding — of the anxiety of her relations, and the search that he and Miss Puttenham had made.

His conscience was often troubled. Vaguely his mind was pronouncing itself all the while: "It is time now the truth were known; it is better it should be known." Hester's death had changed the whole situation. But he could himself take no step whatever towards disclosure. And he knew that it was doubtful whether he should or could have advised Alice to take any.

The enquiry went on, the coroner avoiding the subject of Hester's French escapade as much as possible. After all, there need be — there was — no question of suicide; only some explanation had to be suggested of the dressing-bag left within the garden gate, and of the girl's reckless climb into the fells, against old David's advice, on such an afternoon.

Presently, in the midst of David's evidence describing his meeting with Hester by the bridge, the handle of the dining-room door turned. The door opened a little way, and then shut again. Another minute or two passed, and then the door opened again timidly, as if some one were hesitating outside. The coroner, annoyed, beckoned to a constable standing behind the witnesses. But, before he could reach it, a lady had slowly pushed it open and entered the room.

It was Alice Puttenham.

The coroner looked up, and the doctor rose in astonishment. Alice advanced to the table, and stood at the farther end from the coroner, looking first at him and then at the jury. Her face — emaciated now beyond all touch of beauty — and the childish overhanging lip quivered as she tried to speak; but no words came.

"Miss Puttenham, I presume?" said the coroner. "We were told, madam, that you were not well enough to give evidence."

Meynell was at her side.

"What do you wish?" he said in a low voice, as he took her hand.

"I wish to give evidence," she said aloud.

The doctor turned towards the coroner.

"I think you will agree with me, sir, that, as Miss Puttenham has made the effort, she should give her evidence as soon as possible, and should give it sitting."

A murmur of assent ran round the table. Over the weather-beaten Westmoreland faces had passed a sudden wave of animation.

Alice took her seat, and the oath. Meynell, sitting opposite to her, covered his face with his hands. He foresaw what she was about to do, and his heart went out to her.

Everybody in the room bent over to listen. The two shorthand-writers lifted eager faces.

"May I make a statement?" The thin voice trembled through the room.

The coroner assured the speaker that the court was willing and anxious to hear anything she might have to say.

Alice fixed her eyes on the old man, as if she would thereby shut out all his surroundings.

"You are enquiring, sir, into the death — of my daughter."

The coroner made a sudden movement.

"Your daughter, madam? I understood that this poor young lady was the daughter of the late Sir Ralph and Lady Fox-Wilson?"

"She was their adopted daughter. Her father was Sir Neville Flood, and I — am her mother. Sir Neville Flood, of Sandford Abbey, died nearly twenty years ago. He and I were never married. My sister and brother-in-law adopted the child. She passed always as theirs, and when Sir Ralph died he appointed — Mr. Meynell — and my sister her guardians. Mr. Meynell has always watched over her — and me. Sir Neville was much attached to him. He wrote to Mr. Meynell asking him to help us — just before his death."

She paused a moment, steadying herself by the table. There was not a sound, not a movement, in the room. Only Meynell uncovered his eyes and tried to meet hers, so as to give her encouragement.

She resumed:

"Last August the nurse who attended me — in my confinement — came home to Upcote. She made a statement to a gentleman there,— a false statement,— and then she died. I wished then to make the truth public; but Mr. Meynell — as Hester's guardian, and for her sake as well as mine — did not wish it. She knew nothing — then; and he was afraid of its effect upon her. I followed his advice, and took her abroad in order to protect her from a bad man who was pursuing her. We did all we could — but we were not able to protect her. They were married without my knowing — and she went away with him. Then he — this man — told her — or perhaps he had done it before — I don't know — who she was. I can only guess how he knew; but he is Sir Neville Flood's nephew. My poor child soon found out what kind of man he was. She tried to escape from him. And because Mrs. Elsmere had been always very kind to her she came here. She knew how ——"

The voice paused, and then with difficulty shaped its words again:

"She knew that we should grieve so terribly. She shrank from seeing us. She thought we might be here — and that, partly, made her wander away again — in despair — when she actually got here. But her death was a pure accident — that I am sure of. She tried to get home — to me. That was the last thing she was conscious of — before she fell. When she was dying — she told me she knew — I was her mother. And now — that she is dead ——"

The voice changed and broke, a sudden cry forced its way through:

"Now that she is dead, no one else shall claim her — but me. She's mine now — my child — for ever — only mine!"

She broke off incoherently, bowing her head

upon her hands, her slight shoulders shaken by her sobs.

The room was silent, save for a rather general clearing of throats. Meynell signalled to the doctor. They both rose and went to her. Meynell whispered to her.

The coroner spoke, drawing his handkerchief hastily across his eyes:

"The court is very grateful to you, Miss Puttenham, for this frank and brave statement. We tender you our best thanks. There is no need for us to detain you longer."

She rose, and Meynell led her from the room. Outside was a nurse to whom he resigned her.

"My dear, dear friend!" Trembling, her eyes met the deep emotion in his. "That was right — that will bring you help. Aye! you have her now — all, all your own."

On the day of Hester's burying Long Whindale lay glittering white under a fitful and frosty sunshine. The rocks and screes with their steep beds of withered heather made dark scrawls and scratches on the white; the smoke from the farmhouses rose bluish against the snowy wall of fell; and the river, amid the silence of the muffled roads and paths, seemed the only audible thing in the valley.

In the tiny church-yard the new-made grave had been filled in with frozen earth, and on the sods lay flowers, piled there by Rose Flaxman's kind and busy hands. She and Hugh had arrived from the south that morning.

Another visitor had come from the south, also to lay flowers on that wintry grave. Stephen Barron's dumb pain was bitter to see. The silence of spiritual and physical exhaustion in which Meynell had been wrapped since the morning of the inquest was first penetrated and broken up by the sight of Stephen's anguish; and, in the attempt to comfort the younger, the elder man laid hold on some returning power for himself.

But he had been hardly hit; and the depth of the wound showed itself strangely — in a kind of fear of love itself, a fear of Mary! Meynell's attitude towards her during these days was almost one of shrinking. The atmosphere between them was electrical, charged with things unspoken, and a conflict that must be faced.

The day after Hester's funeral the newspapers were full of the sentence delivered on the preceding day, in the Arches Court, on Meynell and his co-defendants. A telegram from Darwen the evening before had conveyed the news to Meynell himself.

The sentence of deprivation *ab officio et beneficio* in the Church of England on the ground of heretical opinion and unauthorised services, had been expressed by the Dean of Arches in a tone and phraseology of considerable vehemence. According to him, the proceedings of the Modernists were "as contrary to morality as to law," and he marvelled how "honest men" could consent to occupy the position of Meynell and his friends.

Notice of appeal to the Privy Council was at once given by the Modernist counsel, and a flame of discussion arose throughout England.

Meanwhile, on the morning following the publication of the judgment, Meynell finished a letter, and took it into the dining-room, where Rose and Mary were sitting. Rose, reading his face, disappeared, and he put the letter into Mary's hands.

It was addressed to the Bishop of Dunchester. The great gathering in Dunchester Cathedral, after several postponements to match the delays in the Court of Arches, was to take place within a fortnight from this date, and Meynell had been everywhere announced as the preacher of the sermon which was to be the battle-cry of the Movement in the second period of its history — the period of open revolt, of hot and ardent conflict.

The letter which Mary was invited to read was short. It simply asked that the writer should be relieved from a task he felt he could not adequately carry out. He desired to lay it down, not for his own sake, but for the sake of the cause.

I am not the man, and this is not my job. This conviction has been borne in upon me during the last few weeks with an amazing clearness. I will only say that it seems to represent a command — a prohibition — laid upon me, which I can not ignore. There are, of course, tragic happenings and circumstances connected with it, my dear lord, on which I will not dwell. The effect of them at present on my mind is that I wish to retire from a public and prominent part in our great Movement — at any rate, for a time. I shall carry through the Privy Council appeal; but, except for that, I intend to refuse all public appearances. When the sentence is confirmed, as of course it will be, it will be best for me to confine myself to thinking and writing in solitude, and behind the scenes. "They also serve who only stand and wait." The quotation is hackneyed, but it must serve. Through thought and self-proving, I believe that in the end I shall help you best. I am not the fighter I thought I was — the fighter that I ought to be to keep the position that has been so generously given me. Forgive me for a while if I go into the wilderness — a rather absurd phrase, however, as you will agree when I tell you that I am soon to marry a woman whom I love with my whole heart. But it applies to my connection with the Modernist Movement, and to my position as a leader. My old friends and colleagues — many of them, at least — will, I fear, blame the step I am taking. It will seem to them a mere piece of flinching and cowardice. But

each man's soul is in his own keeping, and he alone can judge his own powers.

The letter then became a quiet discussion of the best man to be chosen in the writer's stead, and passed on into a review of the general situation created by the sentence of the Court of Arches.

But of these later pages of the letter Mary realised nothing. She sat with it in her hands, after she had read the passage which has been quoted, looking down, her mouth trembling.

Meynell watched her uneasily — then came to sit by her, and took her hand.

"Dearest! — you understand?" he said entreatingly.

"It is — because of Hester?" She spoke with difficulty.

He assented, and then added:

"But that letter — shall only go with your permission."

She took courage. "Richard, you know so much better than I; but — Richard! did you ever neglect Hester?"

He tried to answer her question truly:

"Not knowingly."

"Did you ever fail to love her and try to help her?"

He drew a long breath.

"But there she lies!" He raised his head. Through the window, on a rocky slope half a mile away, could be seen the tiny church of Long Whindale, and the little grave-yard round it.

"It is very possible that I see the thing morbidly,"— he turned to her again, with a note of humility, of sad appeal, that struck most poignantly on the woman's heart,—"but I can not resist it. What use can I be to any human being as guide, or prophet, or counsellor — if I was so little use to her? Is there not a kind of hypocrisy — a dismal hypocrisy — in my claim to teach, or inspire, great multitudes of people, when this one child — who was given into my care ——"

He wrung her hands in his, unable to finish his sentence.

Bright tears stood in her eyes, but she persevered. She struck boldly for the public, the impersonal note. She set against the tragic appeal of the dead the equally tragic appeal of the living. She had in her mind the memory of that London church, with the strained, upturned faces, the "hungry sheep"— girls among them, perhaps in peril like Hester, men assailed by the same vile impulses that had made a brute of Philip Meryon. During the preceding months Mary's whole personality had developed with great rapidity, after a somewhat taciturn and slowly ripening youth. The need, enforced upon her by love itself, of asserting herself even against the mother she adored; the shadow of Meynell's cloud upon her, and her suffering under it, during the weeks of slander; and now this rending tragedy at her doors, had tempered anew the naturally high heart and firm will. At this critical moment she saved Meynell from a fatal step by the capacity she showed of loving his cause only next to himself. And, indeed, Meynell was made wholesomely doubtful, once or twice, whether it were not, in truth, his cause she loved in him; for the sweet breakdowns of love which were always at her lips she banished, by a mighty effort, till she should have won or lost. Thus throughout she showed herself her mother's daughter — with her father's thoughts.

It was long, however, before she succeeded in making any real impression upon him. All she could obtain at first was delay, and that Catherine should be informed.

As soon as that had been done, the position became once more curiously complex. Here was a woman, to whom the whole Modernist movement was anathema, driven finally into argument for the purpose of compelling the Modernist leader, the contriver and general of Modernist victory, to remain at his post!

For it was part of Catherine's robust character to look upon any pledge, any accepted responsibility, as something not to be undone by any mere feeling, however sharp, however legitimate. You had undertaken the thing, and it must, at all costs, be carried through. Such was the dominant habit of her mind; and there were persons connected with her on whom the rigidity of it had at times worked harshly.

On this occasion it was no doubt interfered with (the Spirit of Comedy would have found a certain high satisfaction in the dilemma) by the fact that Meynell's persistence in the course he had entered upon must be, in her eyes, and *sub specie religionis*, a persistence in heresy and unbelief. What decided it ultimately, however, was that she was not only an orthodox believer, but a person of great common sense — and Mary's mother.

Her natural argument was that, after the tragic events which had occurred, and the public reports of them which had appeared, Meynell's abrupt withdrawal from public life would once more unsettle and confuse the public mind. If there had been any change in his opinions ——

"Oh, do not imagine"— she turned a suddenly glowing face upon him —"I should be trying to dissuade you, if that were your reason. No! it is for personal and private reasons you shrink from the responsibility of leadership.

And, that being so, what must the world say — the ignorant world that loves to think evil?"

He looked at her a little reproachfully.

"Those are not arguments that come very naturally from you!"

"They are the right ones! — and I am not ashamed of them. My dear friend, I am not thinking of you at all. I leave you out of count; I am thinking of Alice — and — Mary!"

Catherine unconsciously straightened herself, a touch of something resentful — nay, stern — in the gesture. Meynell stared in stupefaction.

"Alice! — *Mary!*" he said.

"Up to this last proposed action of yours, has not everything that has happened gone to soften people's hearts — to make them repent doubly of their scandal and their false witness? Every one knows the truth now — every one who cares; and every one understands. But now — after the effort that poor Alice has made, after all that she and you have suffered — you insist on turning fresh doubt and suspicion on yourself, your motives, your past history. Can't you see how people may gossip about it — how they may interpret it? You have no right to do it, my dear Richard! — no right whatever. Your 'good report' belongs not only to yourself, but — to Mary!"

Catherine's breath had quickened; her hand shook upon her knee. Meynell rose from his seat, paced the room, and came back to her.

"I have tried to explain to Mary," he said desperately, "that I should feel myself a hypocrite and pretender in playing the part of a spiritual leader, when this great — failure — lay upon my conscience."

At that Catherine's tension gave way. Perplexity returned upon her.

"Oh! if it meant — if it meant" — she looked at him with a sudden sweet timidity — "that you felt you had tried to do for Hester what only grace — what only a living Redeemer — could do for her ——"

She broke off. But at last, as Meynell, her junior by fifteen years,— her son almost,— looked down into her face, her frail, aging, illumined face, there was something in the passion of her faith which challenged and roused his own, which for the moment, at any rate, and for the first time since the crisis had arisen, revived in him the "fighter" he had tried to shed.

"The fault was not in the thing preached," he said, with a groan, "or so it seems to me — but in the preacher. The preacher — was unworthy of the message."

Catherine was silent. And after a little more pacing he said, in a more ordinary tone, and a humble one:

"Does Mary share this view of yours?"

At this Catherine was almost angry.

"As if I should say a word to her about it! Does she know — has she ever known — what you and I knew?"

His eyes, full of trouble, propitiated her. He took her hand and kissed it.

"Bear with me, dear mother! I don't see my way; but Mary — is to me — my life. At any rate, I won't do in a hurry what you disapprove."

Thus a little further delay was gained. The struggle lasted, indeed, another couple of days, and the aspect of both Meynell and Mary showed deep marks of it by the end. Throughout it Mary made little or no appeal to the mere womanly arts; and perhaps it was the repression of them that cost her most.

On the third day of discussion, while the letter still lay unposted in Meynell's writing-case, he went wandering by himself up the valley. The weather was soft again, and breathing spring. The streams ran free; the buds were swelling on the sycamores; and, except on the topmost crags, the snow had disappeared from the fells. Harsh and austere the valley was still,— the winter's grip would be slow to yield,— but the turn of the year had come.

That morning a rush of correspondence forwarded from Upcote had brought matters to a crisis. On the days immediately following the publication of the evidence given at the inquest on Hester, the outside world had made no sign. All England knew now why Richard Meynell had disappeared from the Arches trial, only to become again the prey of an enormous publicity as one of the witnesses to the finding and the perishing of his young ward. And, after Alice Puttenham's statement in the coroner's court, for a few days the England interested in Richard Meynell simply held its breath and let him be.

But he belonged to the public; and, after just the brief respite that decency and sympathy imposed, the public fell upon him. The Arches verdict had been given; the appeal to the Privy Council had been lodged. With every month of the struggle, indeed, as the Modernist attack had grown more determined and its support more widespread, so the orthodox defence had gathered force and vehemence. Yet, through the length and breadth of the country, the Modernist petition to Parliament was now kindling such a fire as no resistance could put out. Debate in the House of Commons on the Modernist proposals for Church Reform would begin after Easter. Already every member of the House was being bombarded from both sides by his constituents. Such a heat of religious feeling, such a passion of religious hope and fear, had not been seen in England for generations.

And meanwhile Meynell, whose action had first released the great forces now at work, who as a leader was now doubly revered, doubly honoured, by those who clamoured to be led by him, still felt himself utterly unable to face the struggle. Heart and brain were the prey of a deadly discouragement; the will could make no effort; his confidence in himself was lamed and helpless. Not even the growing strength and intensity of his love for Mary could set him, it seemed, spiritually, on his feet.

He left the old bridge on his left, and climbed the pass. And, as he walked, some words of Newman possessed him, breathed into his ear through all the wind and water voices of the valley:

> *Thou* to wax fierce
> In the cause of the Lord,
> To threat and to pierce
> With the heavenly sword!
> Anger and zeal
> And the joy of the brave
> Who bade *thee* to feel——

Dejectedly he made his way along the fatal path; he found the ruin where Hester had sheltered; he gradually identified the route which the rescue party had taken along the side of the fell, and the precipitous scree where they had found her. The freshly disturbed earth and stones still showed plainly where she had fallen, and where he and the shepherds had stood, trampling the ground round her. He sat down beside the spot, haunted by the grim memory of that helpless, bleeding form amid the snow. Not yet nineteen! — disgraced — ruined — the young body broken in its prime. Had he been able to do no better for Neville's child than that? The load of responsibility crushed him; and he could not resign himself to such a fate for such a human being. Before him, on the chill background of the fells, he beheld, perpetually, the two Hesters: here the radiant, unmanageable child, clad in the magic of her teasing, provocative beauty; there the haggard and dying girl, violently wrenched from life. Religious faith was paralysed within him. How could he — a man so disowned of God — prophesy to his brethren? . . .

Thus there descended upon him the darkest hour of his history. It was simply a struggle for existence on the part of all those powers of the soul that make for action, against the forces that make for death and inertia.

It lasted long, and it ended in the slow and difficult triumph, the final ascendency of the "yeas" of life over the "nays," which in truth his character secured. He won the difficult fight, not as a philosopher, but as a Christian, impelled, chastened, brought into line again by purely Christian memories and Christian ideas. The thought of Christ healed him — gradually gave him courage to bear an agony of self-criticism, self-reproach, that was none the less bitter because his calmer mind, looking on, knew it to be irrational. There was no prayer to Christ, no "Christe eleison," on his lips. But there was a solemn kneeling by the cross, a solemn opening of the mind to the cleansing and strengthening forces that flow from that life and death which are Christendom's central possession, the symbol through which — now understood in this way, now in that — the Eternal speaks to the Christian soul.

So, amid "the cheerful silence of the fells," a good man heavily took back his task. From this wreck of affection, this ruin of hope, he must go forth to preach love and hope to other men; from the depths of his grief and his defeat, he must summon others to struggle and victory.

He submitted.

Then,— not till then,— naked and stripped as he was of all personal complacency, smarting under the conviction of personal weakness and defeat, tormented still, as he would ever be, by all the "might have beens" of Hester's story, he was conscious of the "supersensual moment," the inrush of divine strength, which at some time or other rewards the life of faith.

On his way back to Burwood through the gleams and shadows of the valley, he turned aside to lay a handful of green moss on the new-made grave. There was a figure beside it. It was Mary, who had been planting snowdrops. He helped her, and then they descended to the main road together. Looking at his face, she hardly dared, close as his hand clung to hers, to break the silence.

It was dusk, and there was no one in sight. In the shelter of a group of trees, he drew her to him.

"You have your way," he said sadly.

She trembled a little, her delicate cheek close against his.

"Have I persecuted you?"

He smiled.

"You have taught me what the strength of my wife's will is going to be."

She winced visibly, and the tears came into her eyes.

"Dearest!" he protested. "Must you not be strong? But for you — I should have gone under."

The primitive instinct of the woman, in this hour of painful victory, would have dearly liked to disavow her own power. The thought of ruling her beloved was odious. Yet, as they walked on hand in hand, the modern in Mary prevailed,

and she must needs accept the equal rights of a love which is also life's supreme friendship.

A few more days Meynell spent in the quiet of the valley, recovering as best he could, and through a struggle and an anguish constantly renewed, some normal steadiness of mood and nerve, dealing with an immense correspondence and writing the Dunchester sermon; while Stephen Barron, who had already resigned his own living, was looking after the Upcote Church and parish. Meanwhile Alice Puttenham lay upstairs in one of the little white rooms of Burwood, so ill that the doctors would not hear of her being moved. Edith Fox-Wilson had proposed to come and nurse her, in spite of "this shocking business which has disgraced us all." But Catherine, at Alice's entreaty, had merely appealed to the indisputable fact that the tiny house was already more than full; there was no danger, and they had a good trained nurse.

Once or twice it was, in these days, that again a few passing terrors ran through Mary's mind on the subject of her mother. The fragility which had struck Meynell's unaccustomed eye when he first arrived in the valley forced itself now at times — though only at times — on her reluctant sense. There were nights when — without any definite reason — she could not sleep for anxiety. And then again the shadow entirely passed away. Catherine laughed at her; and when the moment came for Mary to follow Meynell to the Dunchester meeting, it was impossible even for her anxious love to persuade itself that there was good reason for her to stay away.

Before Meynell departed southwards there was a long conversation between him and Alice; and it was at her wish, to which he now finally yielded, that he went straight to Markborough, to an interview with Bishop Craye.

In that interview the Bishop learnt at last the whole story of Hester's birth and of her tragic death. The beauty of Meynell's relation to the mother and child was plainly to be seen through a very reticent narrative; and to the tale of those hours in Long Whindale no man of heart like the little Bishop could have listened unmoved. At the end the two men clasped hands in silence, and the Bishop looked wistfully at the priest that he and the diocese were so soon to lose.

For the rest, as before, they met as equals, curiously congenial to each other, in spite of the battle in front. The Bishop's certainty of victory was once more emphatically shown by the friendly ease with which he still received his rebellious incumbent. Any agreeable outsider of whatever creed — Renan or Loisy or Tyrrell — might have been thus welcomed at the Palace. It was true that till the appeal was decided Meynell remained formally Rector of Upcote Minor. The church and the parish were still in his hands, and the Bishop pointedly made no reference to either. But a very few weeks, now, would see Meynell's successor installed and the parish reduced to order.

Such, at least, was the Bishop's confidence, and in the position in which he found himself — with seven Modernist evictions pending in his diocese and many more than seven recalcitrant parishes to deal with — he was not the man to make needless friction.

In Meynell's view, indeed, the Bishop's confidence was excessive; and the triumph of the orthodox majority in the Church, if indeed it were to triumph, was neither so near nor likely to be so complete as the Bishop believed. He had not yet been able to resume all the threads of leadership, but he was clear that there had been no ebbing whatever of the Modernist tide. On the contrary, it seemed to him that the function at Dunchester might yet ring through England and startle even such an optimist as Bishop Craye.

The next few days he spent among his own people, and with the Flaxmans. The old red sandstone church of Upcote Minor was closely packed on Sunday; and the loyalty of the parish to their Rector, their answer to the Arches judgment, was shown in the passion, the loving intelligence, with which every portion of the beautiful Modernist service was followed by an audience of working-men and -women gathered both from Upcote itself and from the villages round, who knew very well — and gloried in the fact — that from their midst had started the flame now running through the country. Many of them had been trained by Methodism, and were now returning to the church that Wesley had been so loath to leave. "The Rector's changed summat," said men to one another, puzzled by that aspect — that unconscious aspect — of spiritual dignity that falls like a robe of honour, as life goes on, about the Knights of the Spirit. But they knew, at least from their newspapers, how and when that beautiful girl who had grown up from a child in their midst had perished; they remembered the winter months of calumny and persecution; and their rough, kind hearts went out to the man who was so soon, against their will and their protest, to be driven out from the church where for twenty years he had preached to his people a Christ they could follow and a God they could adore.

The week passed, and the Dunchester meeting was at hand. Meynell was to spend the night before the great service with the old Bishop against whom — together with the

whole of his chapter — Privy Council action was now pending. Mary was to be the guest of one of the canons in the famous Close.

Meynell arrived to find the beautiful old town in commotion. As a protest against the Modernist demonstration, all the students from a famous theological college in a neighbouring diocese under a High-Church bishop had come over to attend a rival service in the second church of the town, where the congregation was to be addressed "on this outrage to our Lord" by one of the ablest and most saintly of the orthodox leaders — the Rev. Cyril Fenton, of the Markborough diocese — soon, it was rumoured, to be appointed to a canonry of St. Paul's. The streets were full of rival crowds, jostling one another. Three hundred Modernist clergy were staying in or near the town; the old Cathedral city stared at them, amazed; and from all parts had come, besides, the lay followers of the new Movement, thronging to a day which represented for them the first-fruits of a harvest whereof not they perhaps, but their children, would see the full reaping.

On the evening before the function, Meynell went into the Cathedral with Mary, just as the lengthening March afternoon was beginning to wane. They stepped through the western doors set open to the breeze and the sunshine into a building all opal and ebony, faintly flooded with rose from the sky without — a building of infinite height and majesty, where clustered columns of black marble, incredibly light, upheld the richness of the bossed roof, where every wall was broidered history, where every step was on "the ruined sides of kings," and the gathered fragments of ancient glass, jewels themselves, let through a jewelled light upon the creamy stone.

For the first time since Hester's death, Meynell's sad face broke into joy. The glorious church appeared to him as the visible attestation of the divine creative life in men, flowing on endlessly from the Past, through the Present, to the unknown Future.

From the distance came a sound of chanting. They walked slowly up the nave, conscious of a strange tumult in the pulse, as though the great building, with its immemorial history, were half lending itself to, half resisting, the emotion that filled them. In the choir a practice was going on. Some thirty young clergy were going through the responses and canticles of the new service book, with an elder man, also in clerical dress, directing them. At the entrance of the southern choir aisle stood the senior verger of the Cathedral in his black gown — open-mouthed and motionless, listening to the strange sounds.

Meynell and Mary knelt for a moment of impassioned prayer, and then sat down to listen. Through the fast darkening church, chanted by half the choir, there stole those words of noblest poetry:

"A new commandment — a new commandment I give unto you."

To be answered by the voices on the other side:

"That ye love — ye love one another!"

And again:

"I have called you friends. Ye are my friends."

With the reply:

"If ye do the things which I command you."

And yet again:

"The words that I speak unto you ——"

"They — they are spirit; and they are life!"

A moment's silence before all the voices, gathering into one harmony, sent the last versicle ringing through the arches of the choir, and the springing tracery of the feretory, and of the Lady Chapel beyond:

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou — thou hast the words of eternal life!"

"Only a few days or weeks," murmured Meynell, as they passed out into the evening light, "and we two — and those men singing there — shall be outcasts and wanderers, perhaps for a time, perhaps while we live. But to-day — and to-morrow — we are still children in the house of our fathers, — sons, not slaves! — speaking the free speech of our own day in these walls, as the men who built them did in theirs. That joy, at least, no one shall take from us!"

At that "sad word joy" Mary slipped her hand into his, and so they walked silently through the Close towards the Palace, pursued by the rise and fall of the music from within.

The great service was over, with its bold adaptation of the religious language of the past, the language which is wrought into the being of Christendom, to the needs and the knowledge of the present. And now Meynell had risen and was speaking to that thronged nave, crowded by men and women of many types and many distinctions, with that mingling of passion and simplicity which underlies success in all the poetic arts, and first and foremost the art of religious oratory. The sermon was to be known in after years by the name of "The Two Christianities," and became one of the chief landmarks, or rather rallying cries, of the Modernist cause. Only some fragments of it can be suggested here — one passage, above all, that Mary's brooding memory will keep close and warm to her life's end:

"Why are we here, my friends? For what purpose is this great demonstration, this moving rite in which we have joined this day? One sixth at least of this congregation stands here

under a sentence of ecclesiastical death. A few weeks, perhaps, and this mighty church will know its white-haired Bishop no more. Bishop and chapter will have been driven out; and we, the rank and file, whose only desire is to cling to the Church in which we were baptized and bred, will find ourselves exiles and homeless.

"What is our crime? This only — that God has spoken in our consciences, and we have not been able to resist Him. Nor dare we desert our posts in the national Church till force drives us out. Why? Because there is something infinitely greater at stake than any reproach that can be hurled at us on the ground of broken pledges; pledges made too early, given in ignorance and good faith, and broken now, solemnly, in the face of God and this people, for a greater good. What does our personal consistency — which, mind you, is a very different thing from personal honesty! — matter? We are as sensitive as any man who attacks us on the point of personal honour. But we are constrained of God; we bear in our hands the cause of our brethren, the cause of half the nation; and we can no other. Ask yourselves what we have to gain by it. Nay! With expulsion and exile in sight — with years perhaps of the wilderness before us — we stand here for the liberties of Christ's Church! — its liberties of growth and life. . . .

"My friends, what is the life either of intellect or spirit but the response of man to the communication of God? Age by age, man's consciousness cuts deeper into the vast mystery that surrounds us — absorbs, transmutes, translates ever more of truth into conceptions he can use and language he can understand.

"From this endless process arise science — and history — and philosophy. But just as science and history and philosophy change with this ever-living and growing advance, so religion — man's ideas of God and his own soul.

"Within the last hundred years man's knowledge of the physical world has broadened beyond the utmost dreams of our fathers. But of far greater importance to man is his knowledge of himself. There, too, the century of which we are now the heirs has lifted the veil — for us first among living men — from secrets hitherto unknown. HISTORY has come into being.

"What is history? Simply the power — depending upon a thousand laborious processes — of constructing a magic lens within the mind which allows us to look deep into the past, to see its life and colour and movement again, as no generation but our own has yet been able to see it. We hold our breath sometimes, as for a brief moment perhaps we catch its very gesture, its very habit as it lived, the very tone of its voices. It has been a new and marvellous gift of our God to us; and it has transformed or is transforming Christianity.

"Like science, this new discipline of the human mind is divine and authoritative. It lessens the distance between our human thought and the thought of God, because, in the familiar phrase, it enables us to 'think, in some sort, his thoughts after him.' Like science, it marches slowly on its way — through many mistakes, through hypothesis and rectification, through daring vision and laborious proof — to an ever-broadening certainty. History has taken hold of the Christian tradition. History has worked upon it with an amazing tenderness and patience and reverence. And at the end of a hundred years what do we see? — that half of Christendom, at least, which we in this church represent?

"We see a Christ stripped of Jewish legend and Greek speculation and medieval scholasticism, moving simply and divinely among the ways of his Jewish world, a man among men. We can watch — dimly indeed by comparison with our living scrutiny of living men, but still more clearly than any generation of Christendom since the disappearance of the first has been able to watch — the rise of his thoughts, the nature of his environment, the sequence of his acts, the original significance, the immediate interpretation, the subsequent influence of his death. We know much more of Jesus of Nazareth than the fathers of Nicaea knew; probably than St. Paul knew; certainly than Irenaeus or Clement knew.

"But that is only half the truth — only half of what history has to tell. On the one side we have to do with the recovered fact; on the other with its working through two thousand years upon the world.

"*There*, for the Modernist, lies revelation! — in the unfolding of the Christian idea, through the successive stages of human thought and imagination it has traversed, down to the burst of revelation in the present day. Yet we are only now at the beginning of an immense development. The content of the Christian idea of love — love, self-renouncing, self-fulfilling — is infinite, inexhaustible, like that of beauty or of truth. Why? At this moment I am only concerned to give you the Christian answer, which is the answer of a reasonable faith. Because, like the streams springing for ever from 'the pure founts of Cephissus' to nourish the swelling plains below, these governing ideas of our life — tested by life, confirmed by life — have their source in the very being of God, sharers in his Eternity, his Ever-Fruitfulness. . . .

"But, even so, you have not exhausted the wealth of Christianity. For to the potency of the Christian idea is added the magic of an

incomparable embodiment in human life. The story of Jesus bears the idea which it enshrines eternally through the world. It is to the idea as the vessel of the Grail.

". . . Do these conceptions make us love our Master less? Ask your own hearts. There must be many in this crowded church that have known sorrow — intolerable anguish and disappointment — gnawing self-reproach — during the past year or months or weeks; many that have watched sufferings which no philosophic optimism can explain, and catastrophes that leave men dumb. Some among them will have been driven back upon their faith — driven to the foot of the Cross. Through all intellectual difference, has not the natural language of their fathers been also their language? Is there anything in their changed opinions which has cut them off from that sacrifice,

"Renewed in every pulse,
That on the tedious Cross
Told the long hours of death, as, one by one,
The life-strings of that tender heart gave way?

"Is there anything in this new compelling knowledge that need — that does — divide *us* — whose consciences dare not refuse it — from the immortal triumph of that death? In our sharpest straits, are we not comforted and cleansed and sustained by the same thoughts, the same visions, that have always sustained and comforted the Christian? No! — the sons of tradition and dogma have no monopoly in the exaltation, the living passion, of the Cross! We, too, watching that steadfastness, grow steadfast; bowed before that innocent suffering, grow patient; drinking in the wonder of that faith amid utter defeat, learn to submit and go forward. In us, too, as we behold, 'hope masters agony'! — and we follow, for a space at least, with our Master into the heavenly house, and still our sore hearts before our God."

Quietly and low, in tones that shook here and there, the words had fallen upon the spellbound church.

Mary covered her eyes, but they saw only the more intently the vision of Hester maimed and dying, and the face of Meynell bending over her.

Then from this intimity, this sacredness of feeling, the speaker passed gradually and finally into the challenge, the ringing yet brotherly challenge, it was in truth his mission to deliver. The note of battle — honourable, inevitable battle — pealed through the church; and when it ceased the immense congregation rose, possessed by one heat of emotion, and choir and multitude broke into the magnificent Modernist hymn, "Christus Rex," written by the Bishop of the See, and already familiar throughout England.

The service was over. Out streamed the great congregation. The Close was crowded to see them come. Lines of theological students were drawn up there, fresh-faced boys in round collars and long black coats, who, as the main body of the Modernist clergy approached, began defiantly to chant the Apostles' Creed. Meynell, with the old yet stately Bishop leaning on his arm, passed them with a friendly, quiet look. He caught sight for a moment of the tall form of Fenton standing at their rear — the long face ascetically white and sternly fixed.

He left the Bishop at the gates of the Palace, and went back quickly for Mary. Suddenly he ran into an advancing figure and found his hand grasped by Dornal.

The two men gazed at each other.

"You were not there?" said Meynell, wondering.

"I was." Dornal hesitated a moment, and then his blue eyes melted and clouded. "And there was one man there — not a Modernist — who grieved, like a Modernist, over the future."

"Ah, the future!" said Meynell, throwing his head back. "That is not for you or me — not for the bishops, nor for that body which we call the Church; that is for *England* to settle."

But another meeting remained.

At the parting with Dornal, Meynell turned a corner, and saw in front of him, walking alone, a portly gentleman with a broad and substantial back. A start ran through him. After a moment's hesitation he began to quicken his steps, and soon overtook the man in question.

Barron — for it was he — stopped in some astonishment, some confusion even, which he endeavoured to hide. Meynell held out his hand — rather timidly; and Barron just touched it.

"I have been attending the service at St. Mathias," he said stiffly.

"I imagined so," said Meynell, walking on beside him, and quite unconscious of the fact that a passing group of clergy opposite were staring across the street in amazement at the juxtaposition of the two men, both well known to them. "Was it fine?"

"Extremely fine. Fenton surpassed himself."

"He has a great gift," said Meynell heartily.

They moved on in silence, till at last Meynell said, with renewed hesitation: "Will you allow me to enquire after Maurice? I hope your mind is more at ease about him."

"He is doing well — for the moment." Another pause — broken by Barron, who said hurriedly, in a different voice: "I got from him the whole story of the letter. There was no-

thing deliberate in it. It was a sudden monkeyish impulse. He didn't mean as much harm by it as another man would have meant."

"No doubt," said Meynell, struck with pity as he looked at the sunken face of the speaker. "And, anyway — bygones are bygones. I hope your daughter is well?"

"Quite well, I thank you. We are just going abroad."

There was no more to be said. Meynell knew very well that the orthodox party had no room in its ranks, at that moment, for Henry Barron; and his own sensitiveness told him what exclusion and ostracism must mean to a man so proud and combative. But the generous compunction in his mind could discover no practical expression; and after a few words they parted.

Next morning, while every newspaper in the country was eagerly discussing the events at Dunchester, Catherine, in the solitude of Long Whindale, and with a full two hours yet to wait for the carrier who brought the papers from Whinborough, was reading letters from Rose and Mary, written from Dunchester on the preceding afternoon. Her prayer-book lay beside her. She had been reading by herself the Psalms and Lessons, according to the old-fashioned custom of her youth.

The sweetness of Mary's attempt to bring out everything in the Modernist demonstration that might be bearable or even consoling to Catherine, and to leave untold what must pain her, was not lost upon her mother. Catherine sat considering it, in a reverie half sorrow, half tenderness, her thin hands clasped upon the letter:

Mother, beloved! Richard and I talked of you all the way back to the Palace; and, though there were many people waiting to see him, he is writing to you now, and so am I. Through it all he feels so near to you — and to my father; so truly your son, your most loving son. . . .

Dearest, I am troubled to hear from Alice this morning that yesterday you were tired and even went to lie down. I know my too Spartan mother doesn't do that without ten times as much reason as other people. Oh, do take care of yourself, my precious one. To-morrow I fly back to you with all my news. And you will meet me with that love of yours which has never failed me, as it never failed my father. It will take Richard and me a life-time to repay it. But we'll try! . . . Dear, love to my poor Alice. I have written separately to her.

Rose's letter was in another vein:

Dearest Catherine: It is all over — a splendid show; and Richard has come out of it finely, though I must say he looks at times more like a ghost than a man. From the Church point of view, dear, you were wise not to come, for your feelings must have been sadly mixed, and you might have been compelled to take Privy Council proceedings against yourself. I need not say that Hugh and I felt an ungodly delight in it — in the crowd and the excitement — in Richard's sermon — in the dear, long-nosed old Bishop (rather like a camel, between you and me, but a very saintly one), and in the throng of foolish youths from the theological college, who seemed to think they settled everything by singing the Creed at us. (What a pity you can't enjoy the latest description of the Athanasian Creed! It is by a Quaker. He compares it to "the guesses of a ten-year-old child at the contents of his father's library." Hugh thinks it good — but I don't expect you to.)

Then followed a vivacious account of the day and its happenings:

And now comes the real tug of war. In a few weeks the poor Modernists will be all camping in tents, it seems, by the wayside. Very touching and very exciting. But I am getting too sleepy to think about it. Dear Cathie — I run on — but I love you. Please keep well. Good-bye.

Catherine laid the letter down, still smiling over some of its pleasant chatter, unconsciously made happy by the affection that breathed from its pages no less than from Mary's.

Yet certainly she was very tired. She had been so for some days, and the sense of weakness was increasing upon her. She sat on, however, by the fire, listening for Alice's step upon the stairs. Alice had grown very dear to Catherine, partly for her own sake and partly because to be in bitter need and helplessness was to be sure of Catherine's tenderness. Very possibly they two, when Mary married, might make their home together. And Catherine promised herself to bring calm at least and loving help to one who had suffered so much.

The window was half open to the first mild day of March; beside it stood a bowl of growing daffodils, and a pot of freesias that scented the room. Outside a robin was singing, the murmur of the river came up through the black buds of the ash trees, and in the distance a sheep-dog could be heard barking on the fells. So quiet it was — the spring sunshine — and so sweet. Back into Catherine's mind there flowed the memory of her own love-story in the valley; her hand trembled again in the hand of her lover.

Then, with a sudden onset, her mortal hour came upon her. She tried to move, to call, and could not. There was no time for any pain of parting. For one remaining moment of consciousness there ran through the brain the images, affections, adorations of her life. Swift, incredibly swift, the vision of an opening glory — a heavenly throng! . . . Then the tired eyelids fell, the head lay heavily on the cushion behind it, and in the little room the song of the robin and the murmur of the stream flowed on — unheard.

THE END

PROVIDE FOR CHRISTMAS

PROVIDE for Christmas ere that it do come,
To feast thy neighbor good cheer to have some;
Good bread and drink, a fire in the hall,
Brawn, pudding, souse, and good mustard withal:
Beef, mutton, pork, and shred pies of the best,
Pig, veal, goose, capon, and turkey well drest;
Apples and nuts to throw about the hall,
That boys and girls may scramble for them all.
Sing jolly carols, make the fiddlers play —
Let scrupulous fanatics keep away;
For oftentimes is seen no arranter knave
Than some who do counterfeit most to be grave.

From Poor Robin's Almanac, 1664